Nov. 25, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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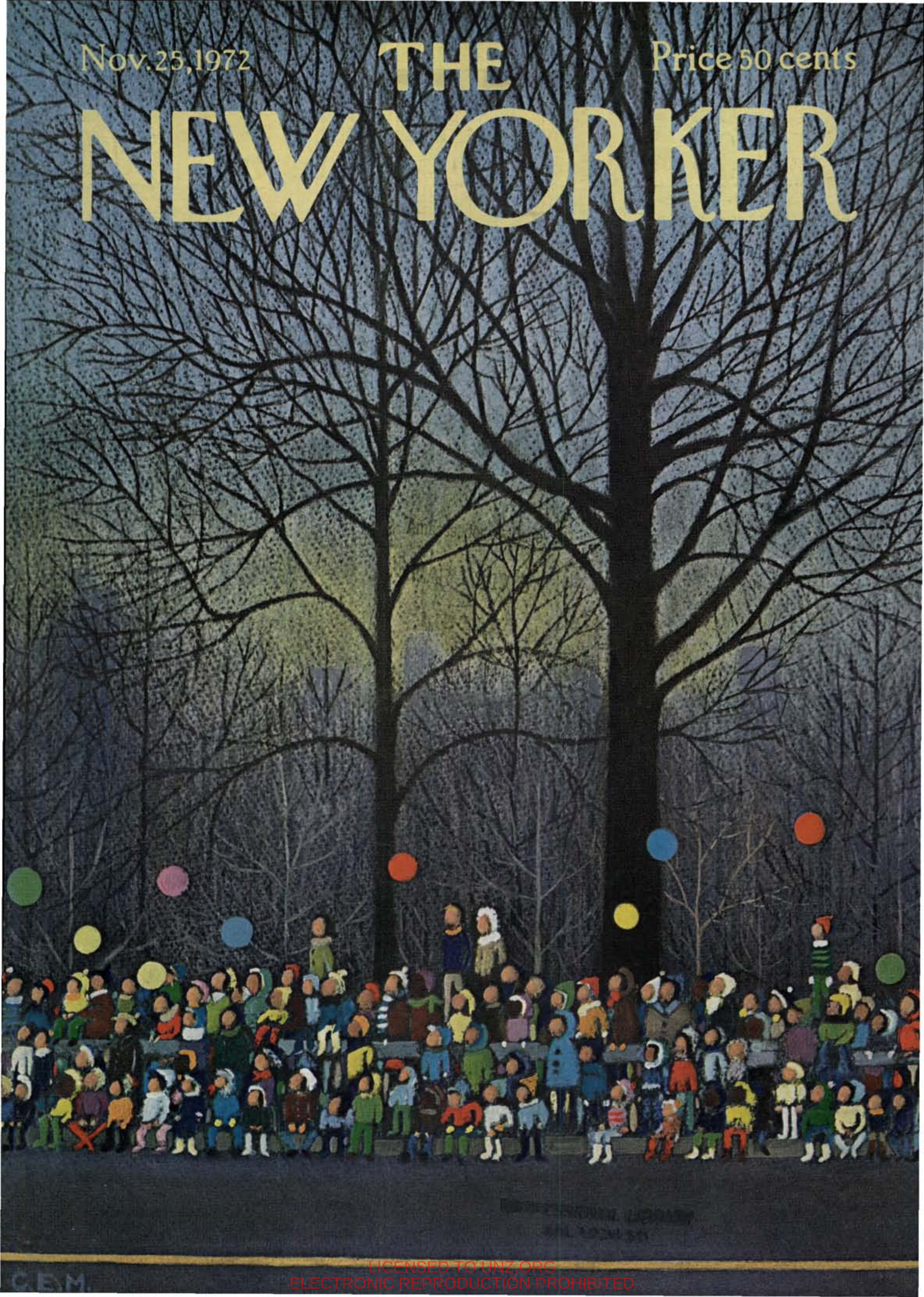

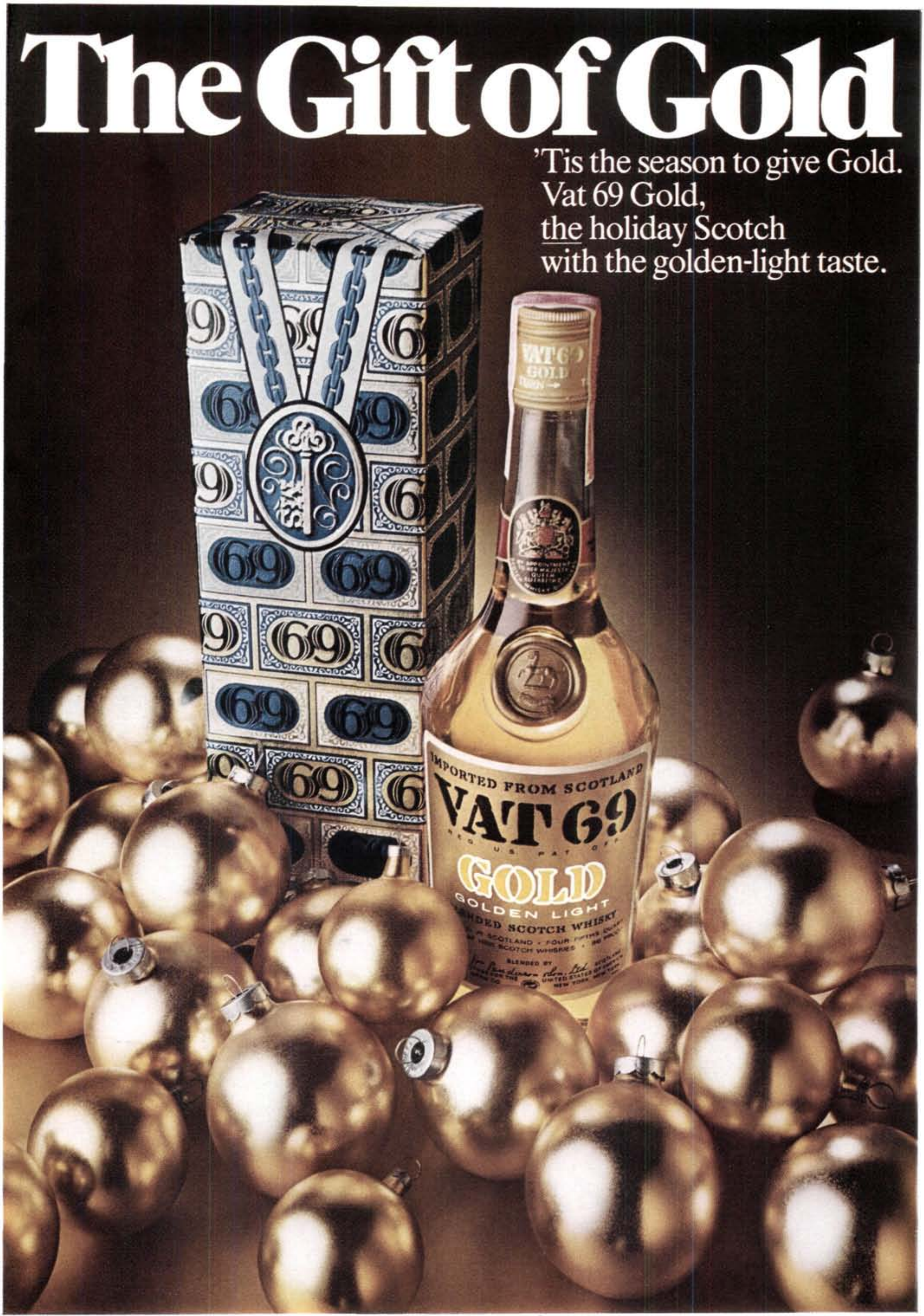

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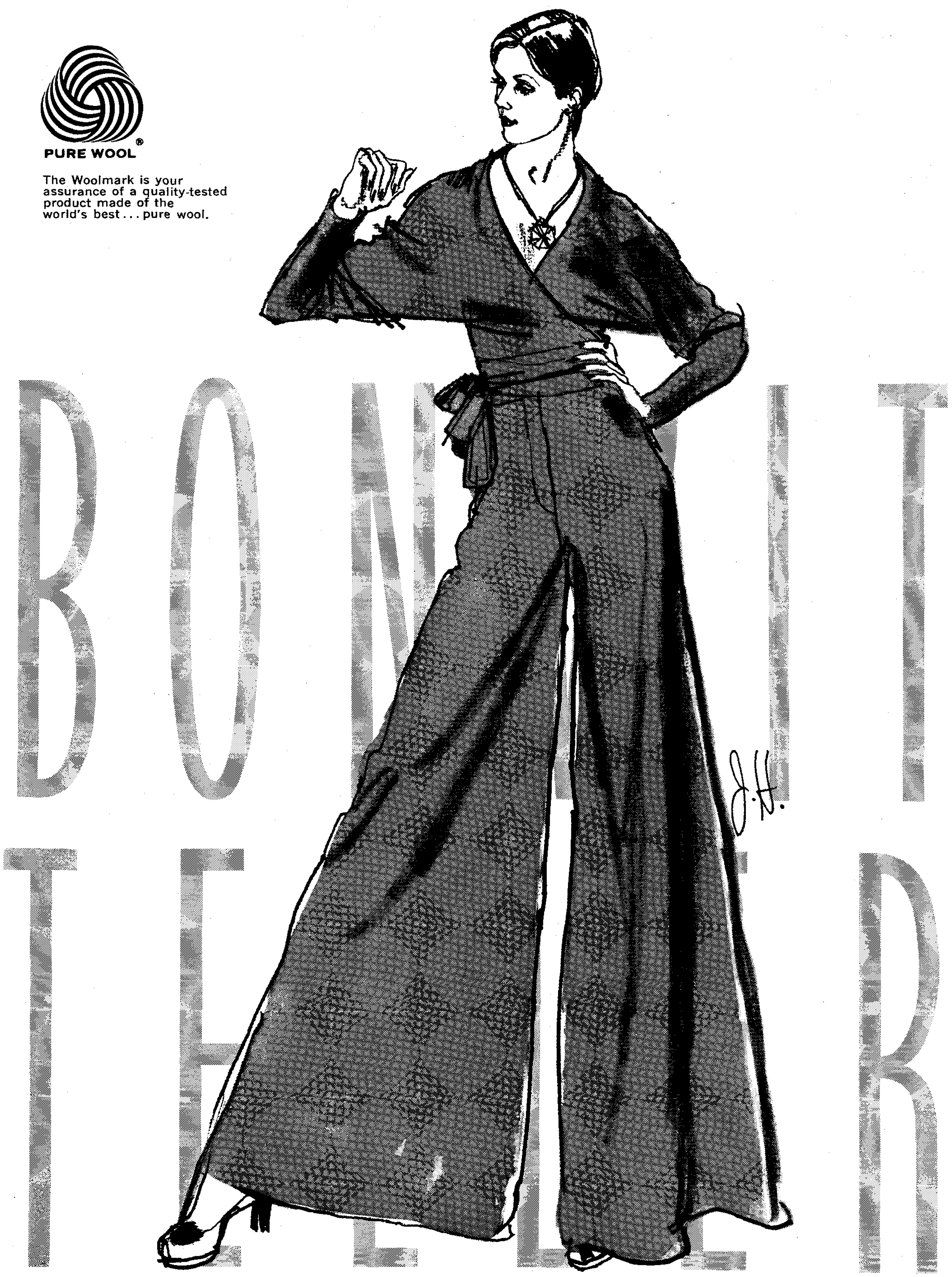

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ambassador—Howard Keel and Danielle Darrieux in a musical version of Henry James's "The Ambassadors." The music is by Don Gohman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Don Ettlinger and Anna Marie Barlow. Stone Widney is the director. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

American Gothics—Four plays by Donald Kvares. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writings of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Simon Gray's study of a brilliant professor in a state of intellectual and emotional disarray. An extraordinary performance by Alan Bates. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Children—A new play by Robert Elston and Harvey Keith, directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 24-26, at 7:30. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3. Free.)

The Creation of the World and Other Business—A play by Arthur Miller, with Zoe Caldwell, George Grizzard, Bob Dishy, Stephen Elliott, and Barry Primus. Gerald Freedman directed. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 30. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Dear Oscar—A musical based on the life of Oscar Wilde, with book and lyrics by Caryl Gabrielle Young and music by Addy O. Fieger, and with Richard Kneeland in the title role. Directed by Hale McKeen. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A musical with a book by Richard Foreman, music by Stanley Silverman, and lyrics by Tom Hendry. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 23, at 7. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Frank Loesser's musical **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.** (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

F.O.B.—Jeff Weiss (the author of this comedy) and William Finley are the entire cast. Previews through Thursday, Nov. 23. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 24. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Green Julia—A two-character play by Paul Ableman, imported from London. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kid—A play by Robert Coover. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—An almost perfect revival of the great O'Neill play, with Colleen Dewhurst, Pamela Payton-Wright, Donald Davis, and Alan Mixon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Much Ado About Nothing—A musical version of the staunch old comedy, teased into freshness by the director, A. J. Antoon, and a marvellous cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at

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DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, William Steig, Alan Dunn, Mischa Richter, Charles Barsotti, George Price, George Booth, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Charles Addams, Syd Hoff, Frank Modell, Henry Martin, Kenneth Mahood, Robert Day, Herbert Goldberg*

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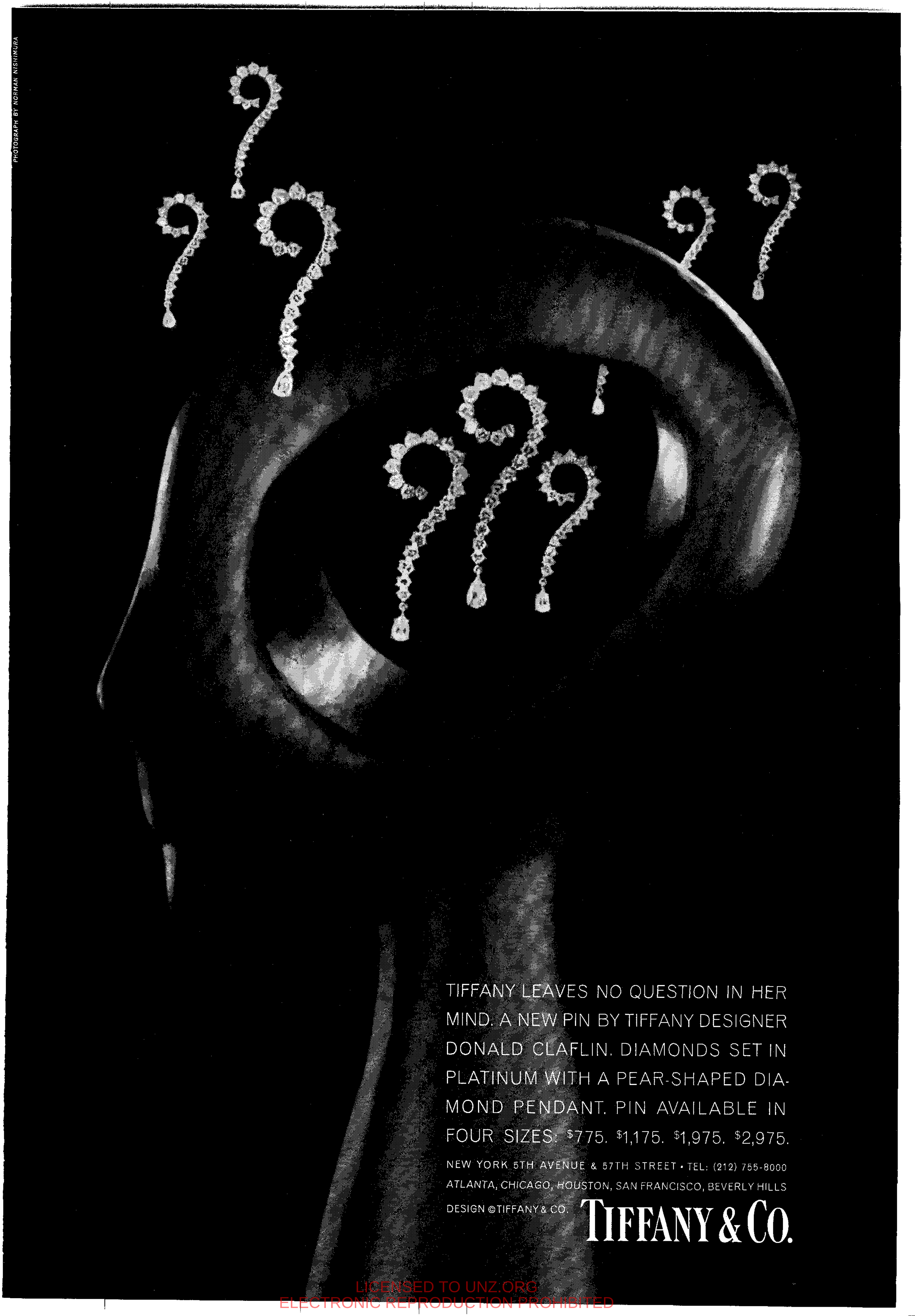

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Mr. Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Maxim Gorky's play **ENEMIES**, in an English version by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter-Blair, directed by Ellis Rabb. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 22. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: A Beckett festival, running through Sunday, Dec. 17, and starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. **NOT I / KRAPP'S LAST TAPE:** Opens Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8. Other performances Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26, at 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28-29, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, at 8.... **HAPPY DAYS / ACT WITHOUT WORDS I:** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2; Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 2.

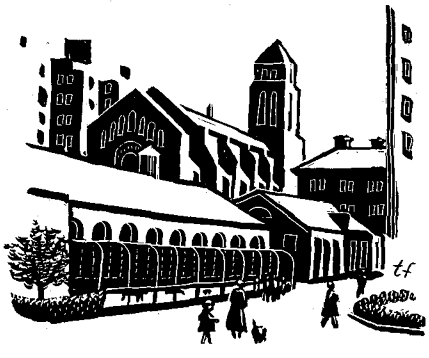
The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild—A ramshackle comedy by Paul Zindel, worth seeing for Maureen Stapleton and the rest of an exemplary, if hard-pressed, cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect, and so is Santo Loquasto's setting. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Via Galactica—A musical with a score by Galt MacDermot, lyrics by Christopher Gore, a book by Mr. Gore and Judith Ross, and a cast headed by Raul Julia and Keene Curtis. Peter Hall is the director. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)



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26	27	28	29	30	1	2

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee and James Broderick, in the leading roles, and the actors who support them are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Yoshe Kalb—David Opatoshu and Jacob Ben-Ami in a Yiddish musical (with an English narration) adapted by David Licht from I. J. Singer's novel. The music is by Maurice Rauch. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays—except Nov. 22—and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

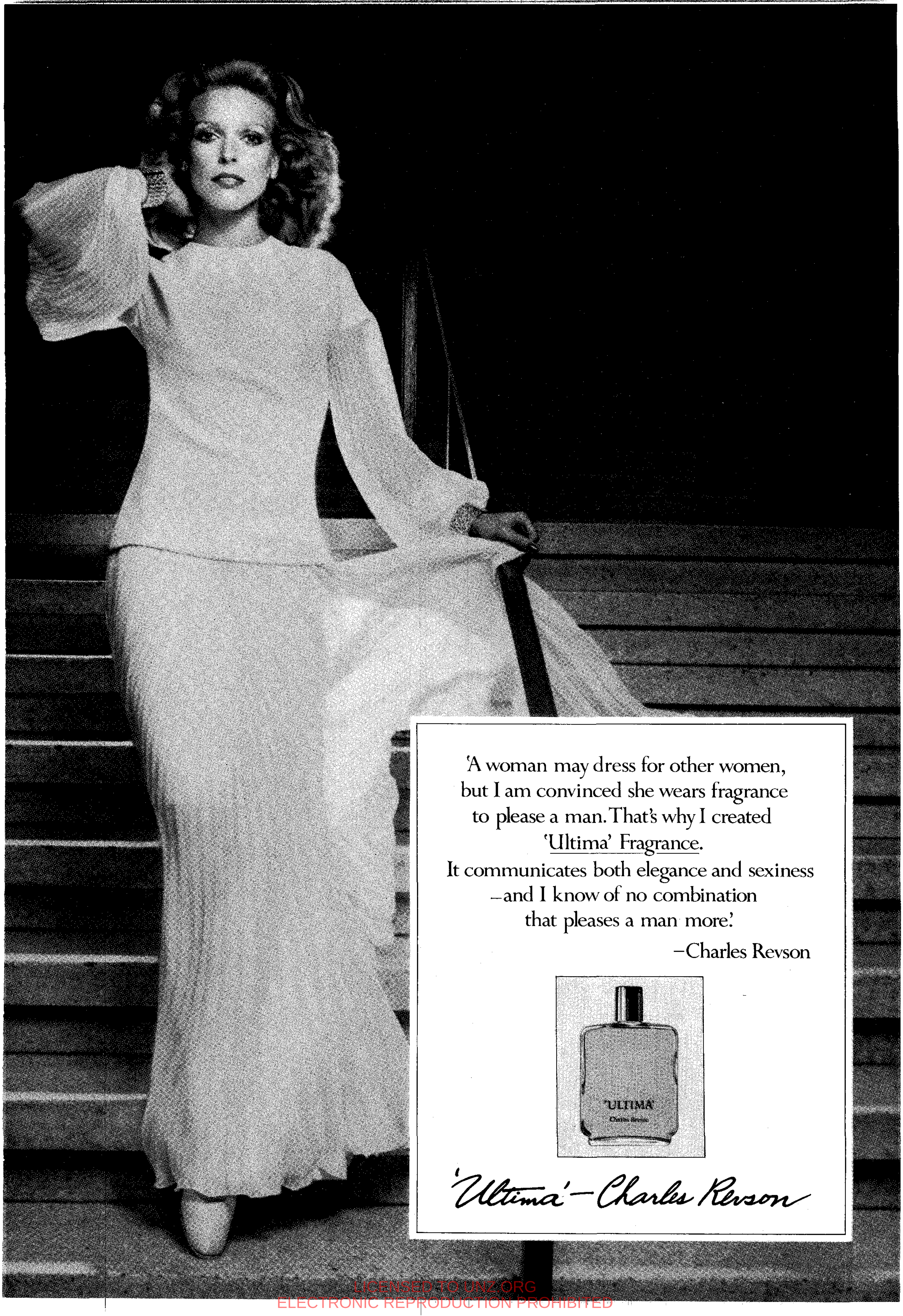
Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,230 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) ... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Orpheus," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," "Pas de Deux," and "Agon."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Violin Concerto," and "Orpheus."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 26, at 1: "Episodes," "Irish Fantasy," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 26, at 7: "Scènes de Ballet," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Danses Concertantes."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Serenade," "Episodes," and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Serenade," "Orpheus," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "The Concert," "Agon," and "Pulcinella." ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Duo Concertant," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—A three-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, Nov. 22: "Blues Suite," "Journey," "Metallics," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Toccata," "Love Songs," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Mary Lou's Mass." ... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Streams," "According to Eve" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "Dance for Six," "Nubian Lady" (première), "Metallics," "Choros," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 26: "Choros," "Nubian Lady," "Myth," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 26: "Choros," "Love Songs," "According to Eve," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 28: "Kinetic Molpai," "Masekela Langage," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, Nov. 29: "Choros," "Metallics," "Nubian Lady," "The Lark Ascending," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 29: "Toccata," "Icarus," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Kinetic Molpai."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 30: "Choros," "Nubian Lady," "Icarus," "According to Eve," and "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 1: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 2: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 3.)

Dukla Ukrainian Dance Company—A troupe of ninety dancers, singers, and musicians from Czechoslovakia. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459.



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–Charles Revson

'Ultima'—Charles Revson

Friday, Nov. 24, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 7:30: "Aureole," "So Long Eden," "Scudorama," and "Book of Beasts." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8, and Thursday, Nov. 30, at 1 and 8: "Insects and Heroes," "Big Bertha," "Private Domain," and "Guests of May." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated one-ring circus, with Popov the clown, cycling bears, Cossack riders, strongmen, jugglers, aerialists, and acrobats. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and also Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Monday, Jan. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Labelle, a recently revamped all-girl pop group, will appear Thursday through Monday, Nov. 23-27. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 22.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. A trio headed by pianist Cedar Walton will play through Sunday, Nov. 26. Music from nine-thirty to three. A soul-music session is held each Monday from eight until two.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Guitarist Jimmy Raney and bassist Mike Moore will be here through Saturday, Nov. 25. Mike Abene, piano, and Harvey Schwartz, bass, open Tuesday, Nov. 28. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy entertains. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of Bobby Short, nine-forty-five until one-forty-five, every night but Sunday and Monday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Dinner and supper.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Small-group jazz from ten until four on Fridays and Saturdays only. The menu is soulful.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Ray Bryant is at the Steinway most nights, turning out some solid-foundation jazz in conjunction with bassist Wilbur Little. On Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Buzzy Linhart, who sings in a sabre-sharp voice about some of life's difficulties, will be onstage Tuesdays through Saturdays. The mikes are switched on at about nine. No music Sundays or Mondays.

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Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffee and contemporaneity. Rock groups play every night but Wednesday, when a twenty-nine-piece band named Brownie's Revenge takes the stand. Dancing.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. The same evenings, from five-thirty to eight, Tad Bruce does an earlier stint at the piano. Sundays, from four until late, Mr. Larkins and others do some jamming. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Sam Brown, guitar, and Bill Salter, bass, will share the music platform with classical guitarist David Qualey through Saturday, Nov. 25. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Dizzy Gillespie, king (or, anyway, beloved regent) of trumpeters, will be leading his quintet through Saturday, Nov. 25. The vocal duo of Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss will share the bill. Beginning Monday, Nov. 27, Woody Herman will present his latest big band. Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—a couple of skilled cats—will play opposite the Herman Herd. Sundays, between six and midnight, pianist Duke Pearson leads a seventeen-piece band. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece. Sandy Bull—an eclectic who, while being deep into Eastern music, is no stranger to the blues—will be here with guitar and oud through Sunday, Nov. 26. Pearls Before Swine, which largely reflects the tastes of its leader, singer-guitarist-composer Tom Rapp, will be on the same program. On Mondays, various other entertainers drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, two honest-to-God country-blues men, will perform through Sunday, Nov. 26. Paul Geremia, a singer-guitarist who uses folk, blues, and ragtime material, will alternate with them. Another singer and guitarist, Roy Bookbinder, arrives Wednesday, Nov. 29. Shows from nine-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from eight-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, there is a showcase for new talent. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from nine until one, Barbara Carroll displays her very melodic, highly developed jazz-piano technique. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays. No music Sundays or Mondays.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The sometime home of the Half Note, which moved to midtown a few weeks ago. The room is dark and the streets are deserted, but the interior sights and sounds are approximately what they always were. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz—who used to be regarded as the coolest of the cool but who recently has warmed up a bit—will lead his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 26. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Formerly farther east, this bar-and-restaurant has moved to the West Village, where it looks entirely at home. Bassist Raphael Grinage and pianist Cecil Young turn out some mainstream jazz Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight until two. A comprehensive soul-food menu.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, Delphic but never oracular, answers—in rhymed words and music—the questions that most concern mating man and maid, and answers them wryly and wittily. Jimmy Lyon's piano is her background. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups perform on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. The piano, sad to say, does not come up to the quality of most of those who play it. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, pianist Teddy Saunders will lead a trio. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, pianist Frank Bell will lead one. Snacks.

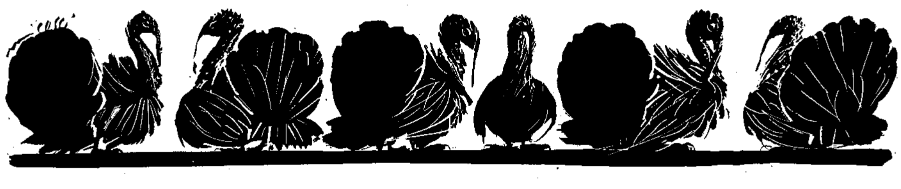
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal, a keyboard specialist with verve, is directing his trio six nights a week. On Wednesdays, a threesome led by harpist Daphne Hellman also appears. On other evenings, an accomplished piano man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine-thirty, and goes on to play between sets by the other musicians. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

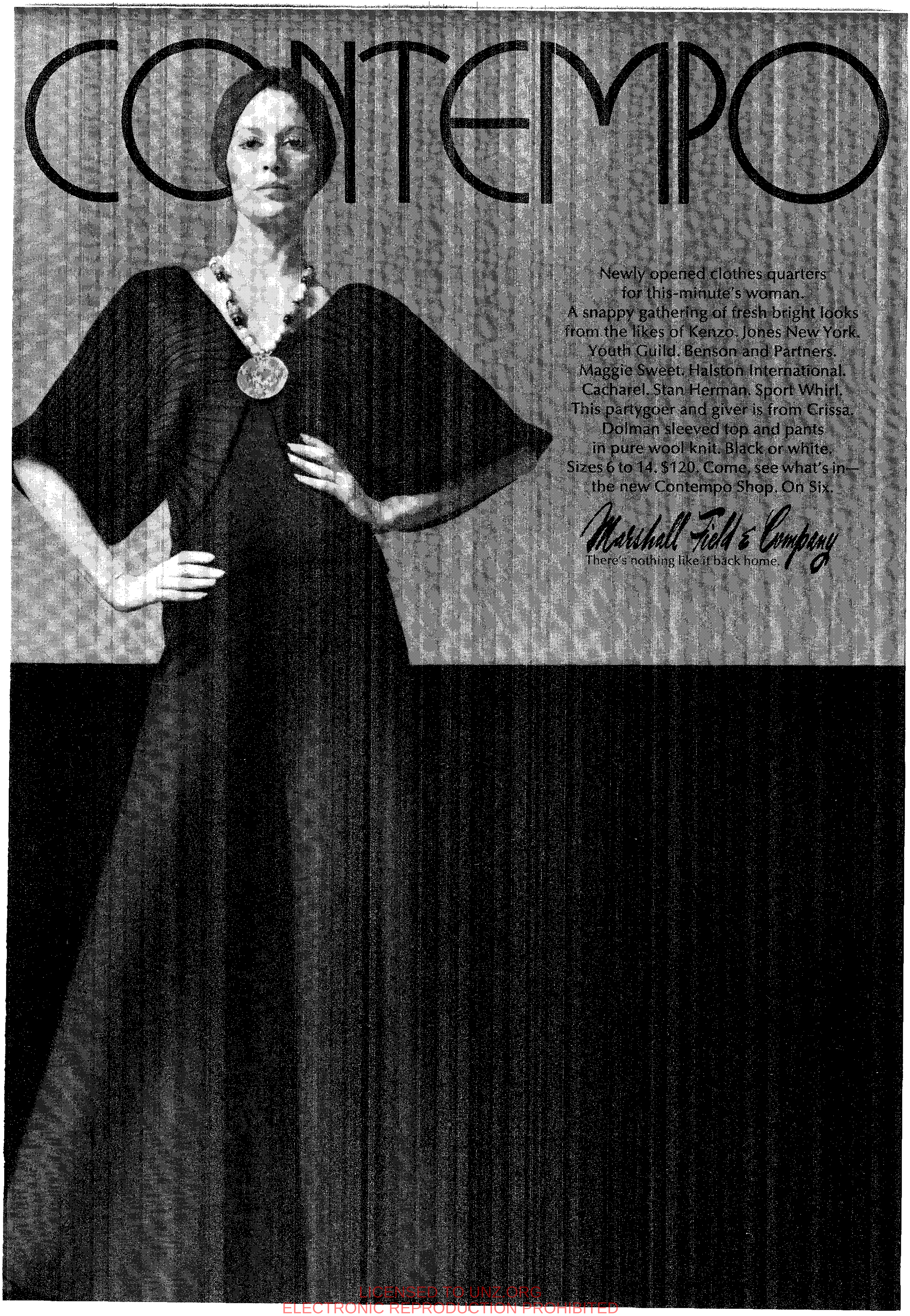
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The valley of the jolly jazz giants. The quartet of pianist Thelonious Monk (with Thelonious Monk, Jr., on drums) will be doing "Well, You Needn't" and other Monk classics through Sunday, Nov. 26. Flutist and reedster Yusef Lateef will bring in a quartet on Tuesday, Nov. 28. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

Hartford's, 130 E. 52nd St. (751-2507)—Upstairs: See Dick. See Jane. See Dick and Jane sitting at a cocktail table, looking elegant. See Tanden Heyes at his guitar. See Kal Anthony at his piano. Did you know that Tanden and Kal alternate between five and ten every night except Saturday and Sunday? . . . ¶ Downstairs: Jane is on the dance floor. Now Dick is on the dance floor, too. Watch Dick and Jane dancing to record after record. Don't they dance well together? Someday maybe





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

you can dance that well. Soon Dick and Jane are going to dine. Later they may sup, because this new place stays open every night until three or four in the morning. Where is Spot?

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by The Gentlemen and Their Lady, who sing and play. Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The head of the house is Sandy Baron, a man-in-the-street philosopher, but one who indulges in original thinking; the nightingale is Henrietta Valor. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Nine to one are the hours. Drinks and snacks.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new revue, is up for inspection at nine and eleven, every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—"Catch a Rising Star" is the name of the revue in the **ROYAL BOX.** Shows are at nine and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays and Mondays. Dancing to the Charles Peterson orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, Puerto Rican soprano Yolandita Monge does a recital of songs, while Los Muchachos de San Juan deal in both song and dance. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays.... ¶ In the **FLAMENCO ROOM,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Through Wednesday, Nov. 22, the stander-upper will be Pat Cooper, and the singer will be Bobby Rydell. Frankie Avalon will begin chirruping away on Thursday, Nov. 23. Closed Mondays.... ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, Mark Monte presides over his dance orchestra during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven. Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule.... ¶ Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad is on duty Sundays and Mondays.

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PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** is providing a spate of new singers and musicians this season. The Troubadours of Spain are the current show. Their schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Every night but Sunday, from five to ten, the **GREEN TULIP** is patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. ... ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the grand rooftop, comedians Bernie Allen and Steve Rossi are heading a revue at dinner and supper. On Monday, Nov. 27, Frank Sinatra, Jr., starts singing in their stead. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Saturday, Nov. 25, is the final night for Ed McMahon and his variety show in the **MAISONETTE.** Lana Cantrell will begin singing on Monday, Nov. 27. Twice a night is the house rule. The dance bands are Burt Farber's orchestra and Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **LA BOITE RUSSE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Janì Sarkozi. The menu is Russian. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** reopens on Tuesday, Nov. 28, to admit Leslie Uggams, who will prove all over again that a pretty girl is just like a melody. Dancing to Charles Turecamo's band and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gas-light flickers.... **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four.... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant,* what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.... **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque,* and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day.... **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): This bit of Colonial Americana has gone Gaelic, with Arnold Elder and Brandon Sheridan singing ballads Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Paddy Noonan and Martin Flinn joining the proceedings Tuesdays through Thursdays. The dinners are Hibernian, too. Silent Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious.... **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Beau Bergersen, a composer of note, does his own works and those of his compeers every night but Sunday and Monday, from five to nine and ten to one.... **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays.... **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays.... **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be post-prandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays

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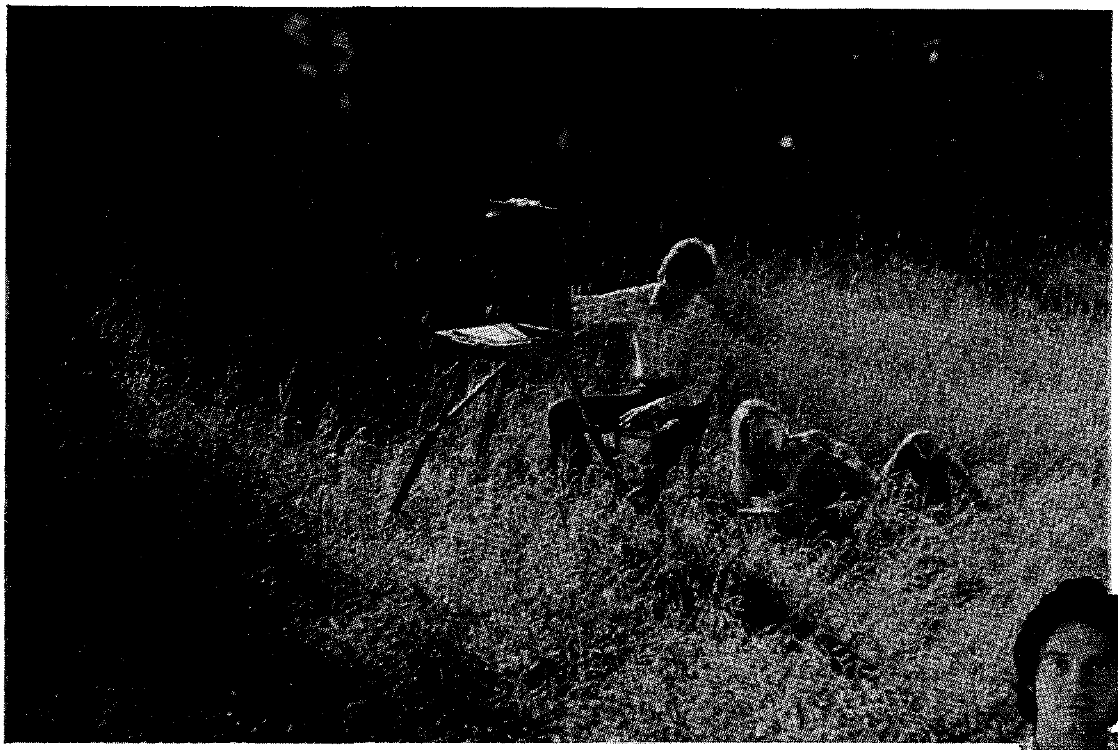

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through Fridays is the routine, but on Thanksgiving Day the King's Inn will be the only scene.... **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.... **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings (troubadours should have been so gifted) and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Otmar Alt—Figure paintings in jigsaw arrangements by a German artist; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Large canvases that incorporate words; through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings by this American colorist; through Dec. 15. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Peggy Bacon—Mostly watercolors and ink drawings of New England subjects in a humorous vein; through Dec. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Malcolm Bailey—Enamel-on-Plexiglas paintings of expanses of color with silhouetted portions of the human figure along the borders; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract compositions in acrylic and charcoal; through Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margit Beck—Mathematically composed landscapes as seen from the air; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Bertoia—Metal sculptures with movement and resonances; through Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen—Black plywood models for outdoor sculptures, plus related drawings; through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nell Blaine—Oils, watercolors, and ink drawings by this well-known figurative and landscape artist; starting Tuesday, Nov. 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Blythe Bohnen / Barbara Zucker—Brushstrokes inserted in a grid format. / Plaster or latex sculptures, including wall, ceiling, and floor pieces. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Dec. 6. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Braun—Versions of Ingres's "Le Bain Turc;" through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

James Brooks—Paintings by a prominent Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Paintings of Jerusalem, landscapes, and symbolic figures; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Caldwell—Figure compositions by a former student of Hans Hofman; through Friday, Nov. 24. (National Urban League and United Negro College Fund, 55 E. 52nd St.)

Andrea Cascella—Interlocking curved forms in marble and granite; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Minna Citron—Drawings, prints, and constructions, going back to the thirties, on the theme of women in society; through Dec. 5. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, from 10 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 4.) ... ¶ Abstract paintings on panels, some with collage; through Dec. 7. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dewasne—Paintings of interlocking forms in strong colors; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Paintings and collages by this leading American Constructivist; through Dec. 14. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Dobkin—Graphics from 1932 to the present; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

Erté—A large selection of works covering the entire range of creations in fashion and theatre done since 1913 by this internationally known designer; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New sculptures in copper and welded steel; through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Fluorescent-light compositions; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Kristina Friberg—Pictorial embroideries, most of them landscapes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

A. E. Gallatin (1881-1952)—Abstract paintings and some collages done in the thirties by this early American patron of abstract art; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maud Gatewood—Abstracted landscapes with backgrounds in low relief; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Dec. 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Paintings from 1970 to 1972 by this Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Herbert—Six two-panel Expressionist figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Tom Holland—Abstract paintings with a slight metallic quality; through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Hollerbach—Paintings of contemporary scenes in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

John Hoyland—Large abstract paintings; through Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—Paintings and sculptures that make use of geometric shapes, numbers, and letters by this Pop artist; through Dec. 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Johnson—Paintings of fantasies in a realistic manner; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Fifteen landscapes in oil by this well-known New Yorker; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jane Kaufman—Sprayed canvases in atmospheric colors; through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Kelly—Still-lifes and allegories done from 1955 to 1970; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—More than two hundred drawings, including illustrations, done from 1900 through the nineteen-sixties; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Betty Klavun—Large abstract sculptures, plus models, in metal, paper, and wood; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Kosuth—A conceptual project; through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

George Kuehn—Constructions for indoors and outdoors of wood, chain, and pipe; through Dec. 7. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Diana Kurz—Paintings and watercolors of landscapes and nude figures; first solo show here. Starts Friday, Nov. 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Jan Lebenstein—Expressionist compositions of figures, mostly nude, by a Polish artist who resides in Paris; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract wall sculptures in cast acrylic lighted to stress shadow formations;

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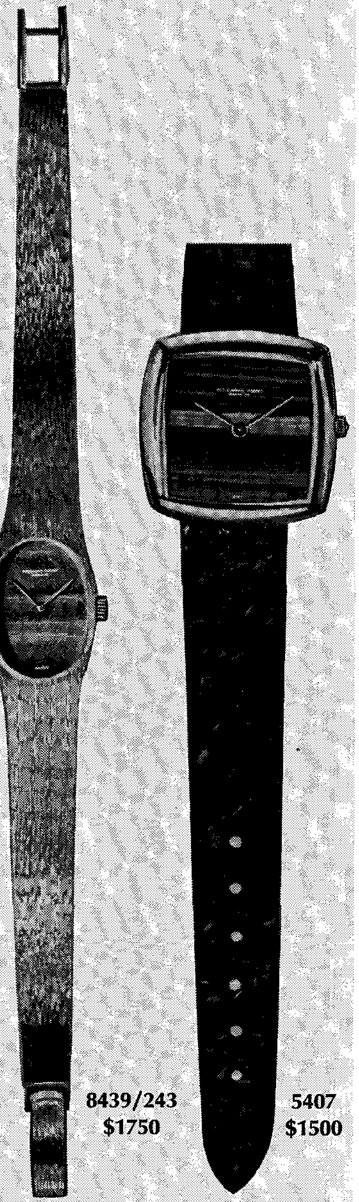

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Dec. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffrey Lew—Sculptures in various mediums, such as metal, plastic, and rock; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (112 Greene Street. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Stanton Macdonald-Wright—Paintings, woodblock prints, and lithographs produced during the past eight years by this pioneer American abstractionist; through Friday, Dec. 1. (Suzuki Graphics, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John L. McNally—Wood sculptures and kinetic- and static-light compositions; through Dec. 16. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1:30 to 6.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two works, one consisting of seven painted panels representing the rehearsal of a dance company being painted by the artist, the other comprising two panels depicting family life; through Dec. 16. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Amedeo Modigliani (1884-1920)—Six oils, four gouaches, seventeen drawings, and one stone sculpture; through Dec. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Complex "box" sculptures in black wood, also paper collages; through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ogden Pleissner—Paintings of Europe and New England; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Archie Rand—Abstract paintings with collage; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, Nov. 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Raymo—Wall pieces made of cloth, some of them containing words; through Dec. 9. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William David Ridenhour—Lyrical abstractions on paper mounted on canvas; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Rombola—Portraits in various mediums, collages, and takeoffs on Picasso's Cubist paintings; through Dec. 9. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Schucker—Abstract paintings that emphasize color; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Niles Spencer (1893-1952)—Drawings covering the development of this Precisionist painter, plus works from the artist's collection by, for instance, Davis, Kuhn, and Kuniyoshi; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Stokes / Kathleen Cooke—Atmospheric abstractions. / Sculptures, paintings, and drawings of animals. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Starts Tuesday, Nov. 28.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Drawings and prints by this Chicago-born sculptor who studied with Rodin and later worked in Cubist-derived styles; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Norman Turner—Realistic figure paintings; first solo show here. Through Dec. 7. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings dating from 1914 to 1940; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Interiors and landscapes with figures by this Magic Realist; through Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Freely handled landscapes with and without figures; through Dec. 7. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—Paintings continuing this artist's studies of the American nude, also still-lifes; through Friday, Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Neil Williams—Abstract paintings on chevron-shaped canvases; through Dec. 9. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

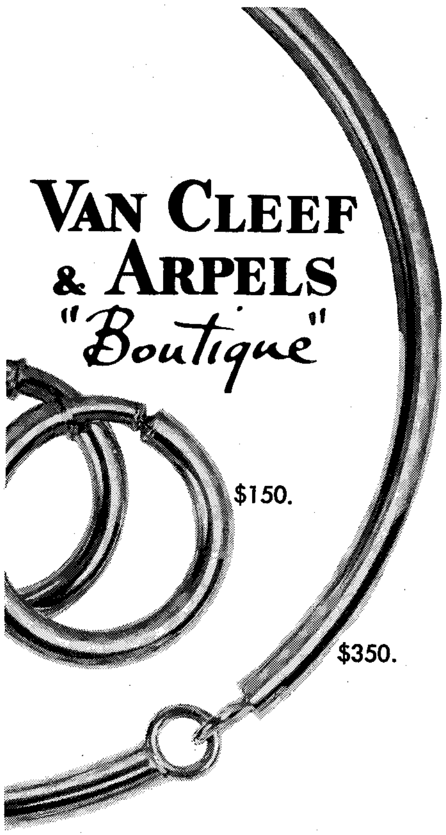
Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Recent acquisitions of works by Avery, Cornell, Dali, Ernst, Feininger, Klee, and Schiele, for instance; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **fischbach**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by, among others, Braque, Dubuffet, Gottlieb, Matta, and Pollock; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gordon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An educational exhibit comparing original prints, from Goya to Miró, with restrikes and reproductions—the spectator is challenged to choose between the genuine prints and fakes; through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Contemporary paintings of birds of North America; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **horticultural society of new york**, 128 W. 58th St.: Sculptures by Boxer, Calder, Hepworth, Lassaw, Nadelman, Nevelson, and others, in a setting of plant arrangements; through Dec. 15. (Closes Saturdays at 3.) . . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans (Burchfield, Marin, Hopper, Baskin, and Shahn, for example); through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints devoted to humor, satire, and irony by such artists as Bombois, Botero, Red Grooms, William King, Klee, Magritte, Picasso, and Saul Steinberg; through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, except Nov. 24-25, from 10 to 5.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Works in several mediums by a large group of artists, among them Bonnard, Dubuffet, Korbel, Ernst, and Oldenburg; through Jan. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by Léger, Masson, and Picasso; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **spanish institute**, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St.: Replicas of the prehistoric Spanish cave paintings and drawings; through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Matthew Feinman, Robert Feldgus, and Charles Meyers; starting Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters, including Manet, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Bonnard; through Dec. 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Forty works by Whistler—oils, selections from a scrapbook, watercolors, drawings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nine paintings done by Hans Hofmann a few years before his death; through Sunday, Nov. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings, collages, and sculptures, done in the first four decades of the twentieth century, from the Louise and Walter Arensberg and Albert Eugene Gallatin collections, now owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among them are ten sculptures by Brancusi, eleven major Picassos, and works by Léger, Matisse, Duchamp, Miró, Rousseau, and many others. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Nine abstract paintings with graffiti-like images, which constitute the last works of Gastone Novelli (1925-68), the Italian painter-poet; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Works by



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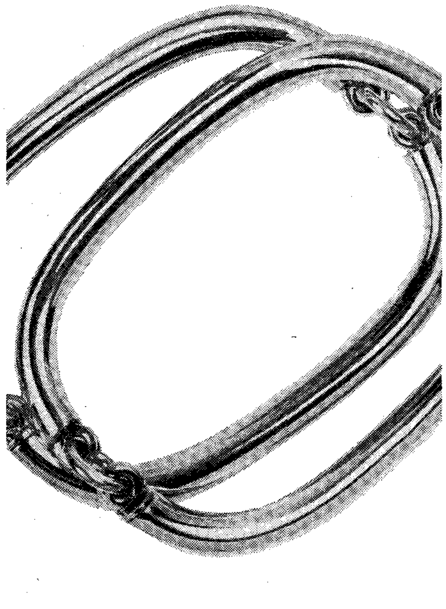

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

younger artists from Amsterdam, Paris, and Düsseldorf; *through Sunday, Nov. 26.* (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Frederick Law Olmsted's New York," a show focussing on the New York creations of the landscape architect who designed Central Park. With slide projections, original plans, maps, and sketches. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Lithographs from 1923 to the present by Louis Lozowick, the well-known New York printmaker; through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Naïve drawings of fantasies based on travels by Joseph Yoakum, an Indian who became an artist at the age of seventy-six; through Sunday, Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Never Say Die," an exhibit devoted to the subject of five threatened North American species: the alligator, the peregrine falcon, the timber wolf, the Atlantic salmon, and the black-footed ferret. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Benny Andrews, Ann Freilich, Howard Kanovitz, and Herman Rose, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 17. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A major exhibition of ninety-eight Siamese bronze and stone sculptures and gold bas-reliefs representing a thousand years of Siamese art, all being shown in the United States for the first time; through Dec. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Over a hundred small paintings, sculptures, and graphics with a Constructivist tendency, by Gabo, Calder, Bolotovsky, Max Bill, and others; through Thursday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A hundred and fourteen drawings done between 1893 and 1946 by Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947); through Dec. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Limited editions of books by poets, most of them French, which are illustrated by Picasso; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and watercolors by Boris Penson, a twenty-six-year-old Soviet Jewish artist now serving a ten-year prison sentence in the Soviet Union; through Dec. 5. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 6; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Sketches by E. Lee Spruyt of architectural details and interior rooms of the Old Met; through Jan. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library and Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Seventeen drawings by the poet E. E. Cummings (1894-1962), of nudes, circus performers, friends, and Paris street scenes; through Friday, Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Heineman Collection of musical manuscripts and letters by major composers (Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and the like) and German and French books, manuscripts, and letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Schiller, Kant, Voltaire, Balzac, and others; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-three brilliantly colored illuminations from a fourteenth-century choir book, recently linked together and attributed to a Florentine abbot; through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Autograph letters of an intimate nature by personages in the fields of politics, arts, and literature; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Nearly five hundred historical and contemporary objects used in preparing food, from an antique egg separator to a microwave oven. Supplementary slides and films are shown, including the mind-boggling "French Lunch," *taken in the kitchen of* La Caravel restaurant.Through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Over two hundred and fifty toy automobiles and accessories revealing the development in the design of the automobile as seen in its toy counterpart; through Jan. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About sixty paintings, many of them illustrations for "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," "The Last of the Mohicans," and other books, by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945), the celebrated American illustrator who was the father of Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About sixty paintings by thirty-one artists constituting a survey of nineteenth-century Italian painting; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings *until* 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Colette Boky, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; conducted by Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: "La Sonnambula," with Renata Scotto, Betsy Norden, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Edith Mathis, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, and Colette Boky; Charles Mackerras. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Gerhard Stolze, Thomas Stewart, Gustav Neidlinger, and Hans Sotin; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Edith Mathis, Edda Moser, George Shirley, John Reardon, Hans Sotin, and Donald Gramm; Günther Rennert. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Ruza Baldani, Richard Tucker, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Louis Sgarro; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . .

¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, Ezio Flagello, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Jan Behr. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Raymond Michalski; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Friday, Nov. 24, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 25, and Monday, Nov. 27, at 8:30 (all with Natalie Hinderas, piano). . . . ¶ James DePreist conducting on Friday, Dec. 1, at 2, and Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 (with Jerome Lowenthal, piano).

Hungarian State Symphony—János Ferencsik conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Dénes Kovács, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass-baritone; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—William Steinberg directing, with Benita Valente, soprano; Beverly Wolff, contralto; and the Westminster Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 29, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of twentieth-century music, with the Concord String Quartet; Zvi Zeitlin, violin; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 25, from 6 to 10:30.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting his new chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Murray Perahia, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Ensemble of New York, with Paul Sperry, tenor, in the first in a series of four concerts which include appearances by contemporary composers conducting their own works. The man of parts this time will be Hans Werner Henze. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Stephen Manes, piano, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the second in a series of Haydn-Mozart programs, with soloists. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Nov. 24, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Hiroko Yajima and Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 5.)

André Watts—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

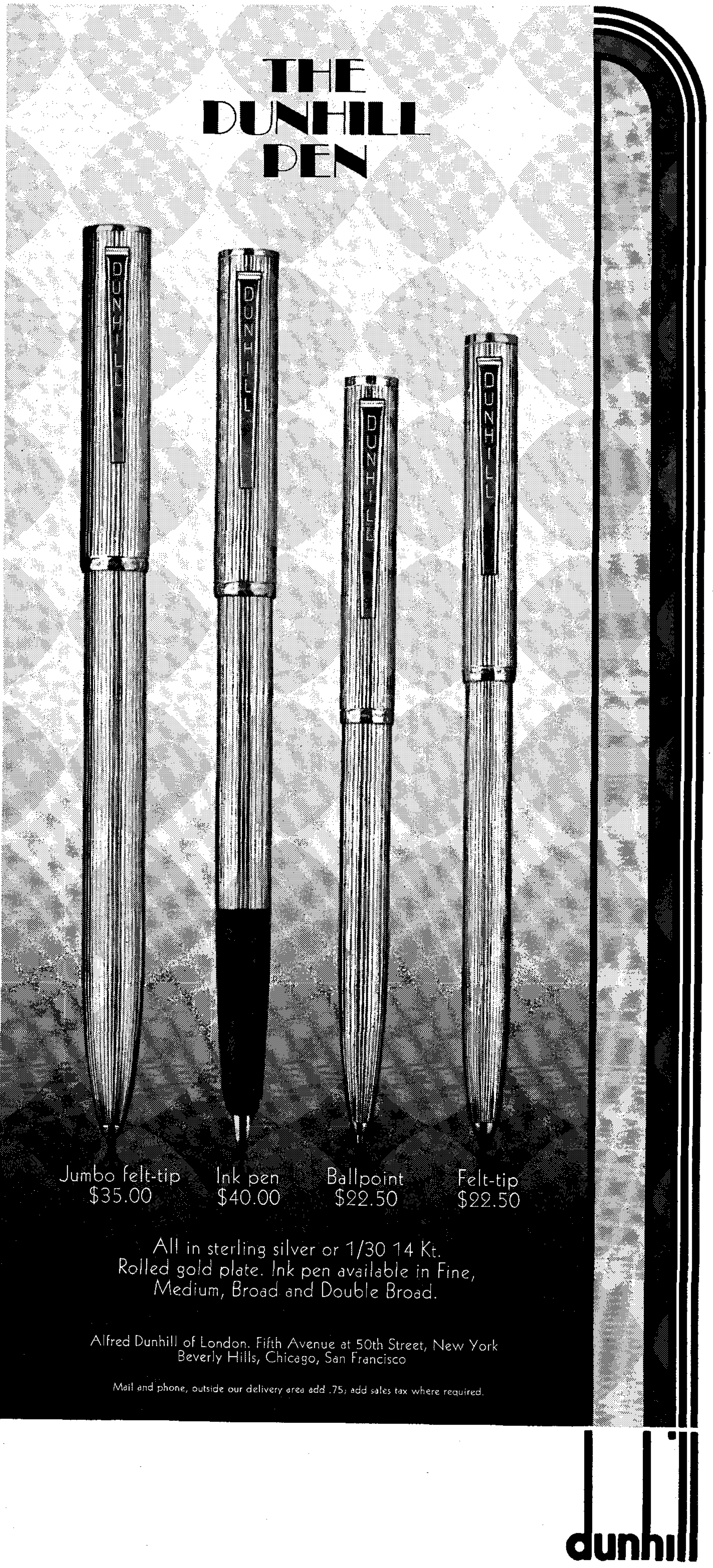
Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

James Kreger and Garrick Ohlsson—Cello and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Kun Woo Paik—The complete solo-piano works of Maurice Ravel. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Festival of Court Music—The second in a series of six concerts, this one a program of English and Spanish songs performed by Lucy Cross, lute, and Janet Steele, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

David Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts by this group of seven singers and instru-



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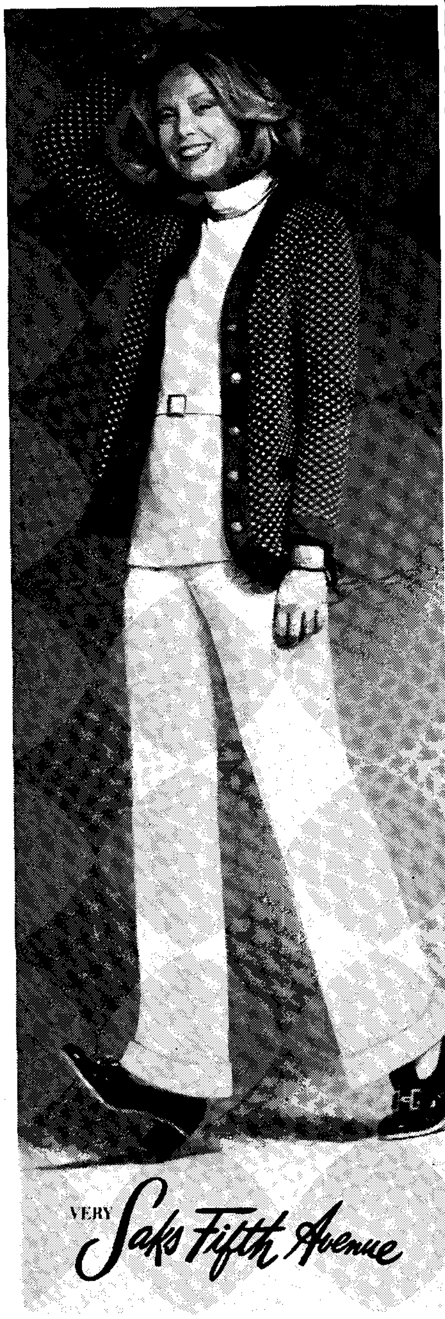

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mentalists. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Teresa Zylis-Gara—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Nathaniel Rosen—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Rhys Chatham and Charles Morrow—A program of new works composed by them for small ensemble and electronic music. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Anne English—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Gerald Ranck and Eric Herz—Harpsichord and flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Roman Totenberg—Violin, with Artur Balsam, piano, and the Boston University String Players. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Richie Havens—With Jimmy Spheeris. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

New Riders of the Purple Sage, Jonathan Edwards, and Orphan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Beach Boys—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8 and 11:30.

Sly and the Family Stone and the Staple Singers—With Bulldog. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 8.)

Gordon Lightfoot—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Savoy Brown and It's a Beautiful Day—Academy of Music. Friday, Nov. 24 (plus Hoodoo Rhythm Devils), and Saturday, Nov. 25 (plus Wild Turkey), at 8 and 11:30.

Jazz Composer's Orchestra—Performing the première of Don Cherry's "Relativity Suite." (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Dec. 1, at 7, preceded by four workshop rehearsals of the piece Monday through Thursday, Nov. 27-30, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & the Americans, the Four Tops, Martha Reeves and the Vandellas—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Sergio Franchi—Romantic tenor, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.

Canned Heat, Spirit, and R.E.O. Speedwagon—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:15): Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Friday, Dec. 1. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 25 (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Raiders vs. New England, Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Alberta, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. New England, Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Minnesota, Thursday, Nov. 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Houston, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 16. The post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 25; the Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 29; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 2. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays; last day Monday, Jan. 1. Post time will be 1 on Wednesday, Nov. 22; after that it will be 12:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 25-26, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, Dec. 2, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 1 and 3:30, and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Golden Melon." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 24, at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Nov. 24, at 1 and 3:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Stars of Christmas." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 24, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

Movies—At ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): "Shenandoah," with James Stewart, Friday, Nov. 24, at 3. . . . ¶ "The King and I," with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 3. . . . ¶ "The Canterville Ghost," with Charles Laughton and Margaret O'Brien, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 3. . . . BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: "The King and I," with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

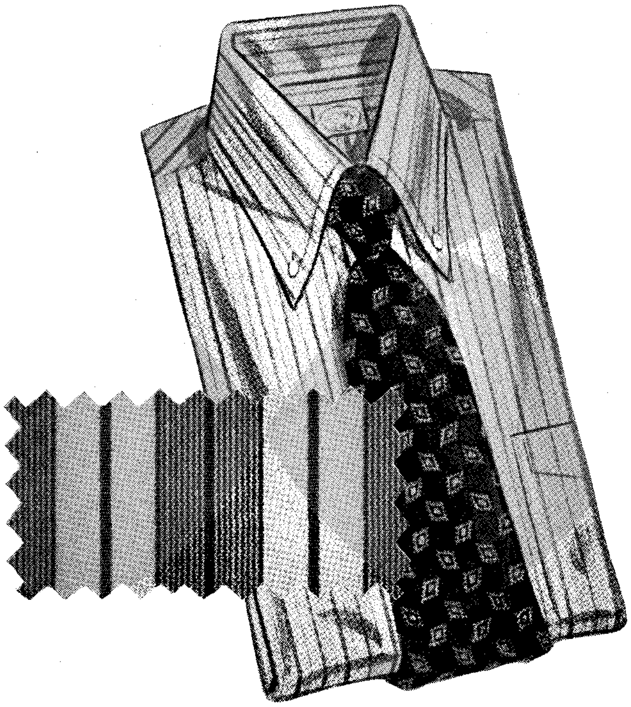
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Alan Dugan reading from his own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

LECTURE—"Human Freedom," by Alfred Kazin. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints, from various owners....¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2: English and French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from many collectors. ...¶ Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 2: Autographs and manuscripts, including Einstein scientific material, Mark Twain letters, and Presidential autographs; from a number of owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2: English and Continental silver, from several sources.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including items by Carl Fabergé; from many collections.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 22 at 5:30: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable....¶ Nov. 24 at 2: "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine" (1972), directed by Gordon Davidson, with Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson....¶ Nov. 24 at 5:30 and Nov. 25 at noon: "Astray from Steerage" (1920), "High and Dizzy" (1920), and "The Balloonatic" (1923)....¶ Nov. 25 at 3: "Dirty Money" (1972), in French, directed by Denys Arcand....¶ Nov. 25 at 5:30: "Walkover" (1965), in Polish, directed by Jerry Skolimowski....¶ Nov. 26 at 12:30 and 3: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire....¶ Nov. 26 at 5:30: "Dirty Money" (1972)....¶ Nov. 27 at 2: "Walkover" (1965)....¶ Nov. 27 at 5:30: "Mandabi" (1968), in Wolof (a Senegalese language), directed by Ousmane Sembene....¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire....¶ Nov. 28 at 5:30: "Eat the Document" (1966)....¶ Nov. 29 at 5:30: "Swing Time" (1936)....¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "The Ravens" (1972), in Italian, directed by Ivo Micheli....¶ Nov. 30 at 8: "The Automobile" (1971), in Italian, directed by Alfredo Giannetti, with Anna Magnani. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)...**NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of films directed by Donald Siegel: Nov. 22: "Madigan" (1968), with Richard Widmark and Henry Fonda....¶ Nov. 23-24: "Coogan's Bluff" (1969), with Clint Eastwood. ...¶ Nov. 25-26: "Death of a Gunfighter" (1969), with Richard Widmark and Lena Horne....¶ Nov. 29-30: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1970), with Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dreyer, Brakhage, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Nov. 22 and 28) at 10. No Mondays.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 29: "Moonwalk One," directed by Theo Kamecke. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 5:45, 7:30, and 9:15 on Tuesday evenings)....¶ Starting Nov. 30: "Eat the Document." Showings at noon, 1:10 (neither on Thursdays), 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40 (plus 6, 7:15, 8:30, and 9:40 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Four Nights of a Dreamer."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Singin' in the Rain."
Nov. 26-28: "Footlight Parade" and "Blonde Crazy."
From Nov. 29: "Maytime" and "Sweethearts."
St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 28: "Performance," "THX 1138," and "Taking Off."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Mechanic."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 28: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Richard III."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Valachi Papers."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Emigrants."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 28: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Two English Girls."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sounder."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Baby Doll."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Savage Messiah."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Black Girl."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Asylum."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ruling Class."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Separate Peace."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The King of Marvin Gardens."
Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Play It As It Lays."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."
Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Fantasia."
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Honey Comb."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Trouble Man."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 28: "Rage."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 28: "The Mechanic."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lady Sings the Blues."
Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Valachi Papers."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Great Waltz."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Black Girl."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Asylum."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Wednesday's Child."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 28: "The New Centurions" and "$."
From Nov. 29 (tentative): "Bad Company."
Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 28: "The Green Wall," "Simon of the Desert," "Fantasia," "Honey Comb," "You'll Like My Mother," and "Frenzy."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 28: "El Topo" and "The Last Movie."
Nov. 29-30: "Frenzy" and "Psycho."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 28: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "The Man."
From Nov. 29 (tentative): "Superfly."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Dumbo" and "The Legend of Lobo."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fellini's Roma."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Nov. 28: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
From Nov. 29: "And Hope to Die."
Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 28: "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times" and "City Lights."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 28: "Why."
From Nov. 29: "Pygmalion."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 22: "The Twelve Chairs."
From Nov. 23: "Belated Flowers."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Chloé in the Afternoon."
Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 28: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "The Man."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 28: "Rage."
From Nov. 29: "Bad Company."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 28: "Rain" and "The Blue Angel."
From Nov. 29: "Phantom India."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 28: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Oh! What a Lovely War."
From Nov. 29: "Klute" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 23: "Moby Dick" and "Animal Farm."
Nov. 24-26: "The Clowns" and "King of Hearts."
Nov. 27-28: "Marat/Sade" and "Putney Swope."
Nov. 29-30: "Weekend" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 28: "They Only Kill Their Masters" and "Wild Rovers."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Nov. 28: "Ulzana's Raid."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 28: "The New Centurions" and "$."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

And Hope to Die—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Robert Ryan, directed by René Clément. (Festival; starting Nov. 29.)

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative. (Thalia; through Nov. 23.)

Asylum—With Peter Cushing and Britt Ekland, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Baronet.)

Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Nov. 29, tentative.)

Belated Flowers—Directed by Abram Room. In Russian. (Regency; starting Nov. 23.)

Black Girl—Based on J.E. Franklin's Off Broadway play, directed by Ossie Davis. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Blonde Crazy (1931)—Minor Warner Brothers musical, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ray Milland, Louis Calhern, and Guy Kibbee. The songs are undistinguished, but the period flavor is sharp and fresh. Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26-28.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker; through Nov. 28.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Thalia; Nov. 24-26.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 28.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis ap-

The real

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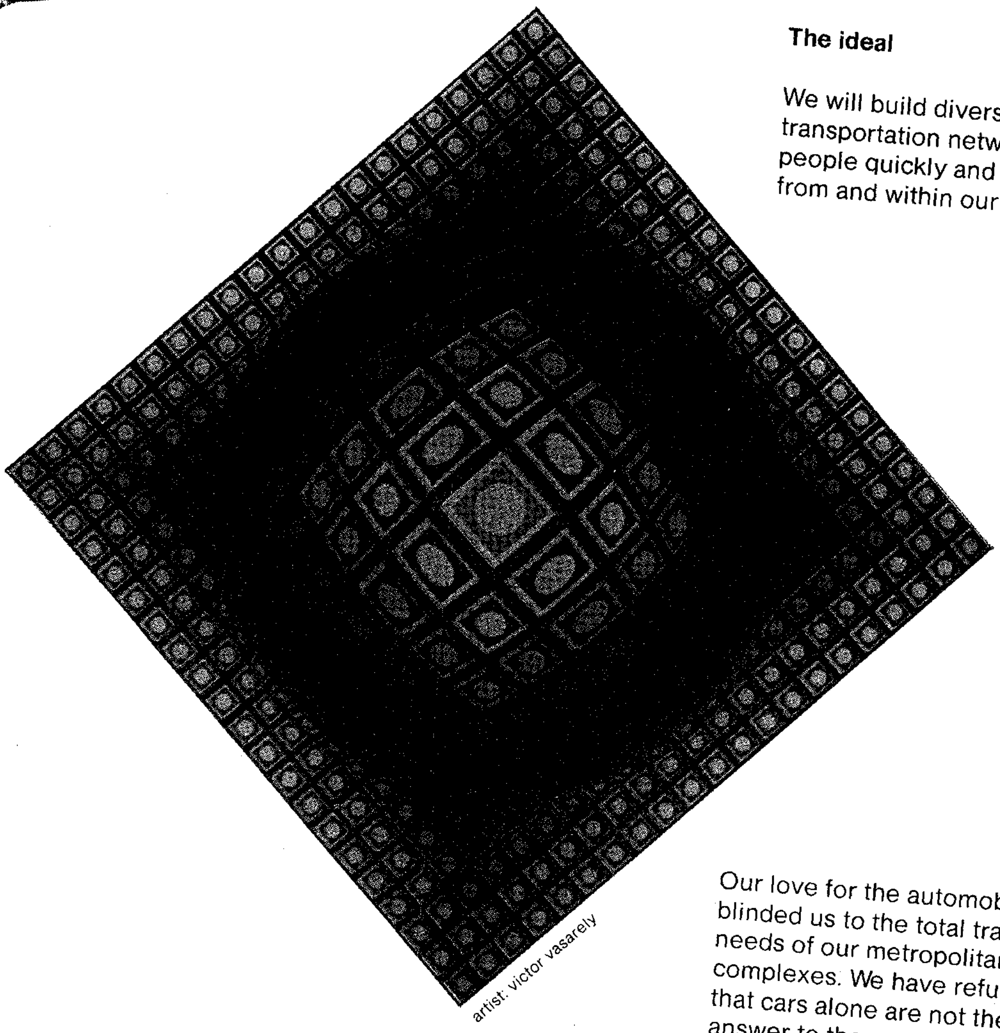

artist: victor vasarely

The ideal

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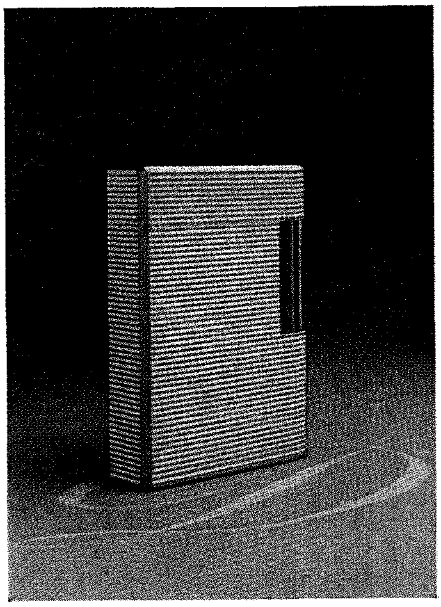

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

pear to be homosexual werewolves. (Festival; through Nov. 28.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Festival; through Nov. 28.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Greenwich and Olympia; through Nov. 28.)

Dumbo (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Guild.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A burstingly resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Sutton.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Cinema Studio.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (72nd St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 2; through Nov. 28.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Ziegfeld.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8, Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 1:30, and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes. Joan Blondell is tough and honest. Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26-28.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Art.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McGowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Quad Cinema 4; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 29-30.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Paramount.)

The Great Waltz—With Horst Buchholz playing Johann Strauss. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. (86th St. East. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 9:45, and Sundays and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 23-24, at 6 and 9. Matinées daily at 2.)

The Green Wall—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema 1; through Nov. 28.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 29-30.)

Honey Comb—With Geraldine Chaplin and Per Oscarsson, directed by Carlos Saura. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 3; through Nov. 28.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Thalia; Nov. 24-26.)

The King of Marvin Gardens—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Columbia I.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Symphony; starting Nov. 29.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Loews Orpheum.)

The Last Movie (1971)—Dennis Hopper directed this put-on, knockabout tragedy, in which he stars as a stunt man with an American film company in Peru who becomes a Christ figure when the natives imitate filmmaking. The movie grinds to a painful halt right at the start; it is visually beautiful, but the editing is so self-destructive that it's as if Hopper had slashed his own canvases. (Elgin; through Nov. 28.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz-comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Nov. 28.)

The Legend of Lobo (1962)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Guild.)

The Man—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Serling. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Nov. 28.)

MARAT/SADE (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Thalia; Nov. 27-28.)

MAYTIME (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 29.)

MCCABE & MRS. MILLER (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Symphony; starting Nov. 29.)

THE MECHANIC—With Charles Bronson and Jan Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Nov. 28.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 25.)

MOBY DICK (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Thalia; through Nov. 23.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

THE NEW CENTURIONS—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. (Greenwich and Olympia; through Nov. 28.)

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 28.)

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR (1969)—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Symphony; through Nov. 28.)

PERFORMANCE (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

PHANTOM INDIA—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film, previously shown in seven segments, runs close to seven hours in all, and is now being presented in two parts by the New Yorker Theatre (Parts 1-4 Nov. 29-Dec. 2 and Parts 5-7 Dec. 3-5). Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Symphony; through Nov. 28.)

PLAY IT AS IT LAYS—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll, as Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine. (She's discovered the nothingness of life.) The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Beekman.)

PSYCHO (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Elgin; Nov. 29-30.)

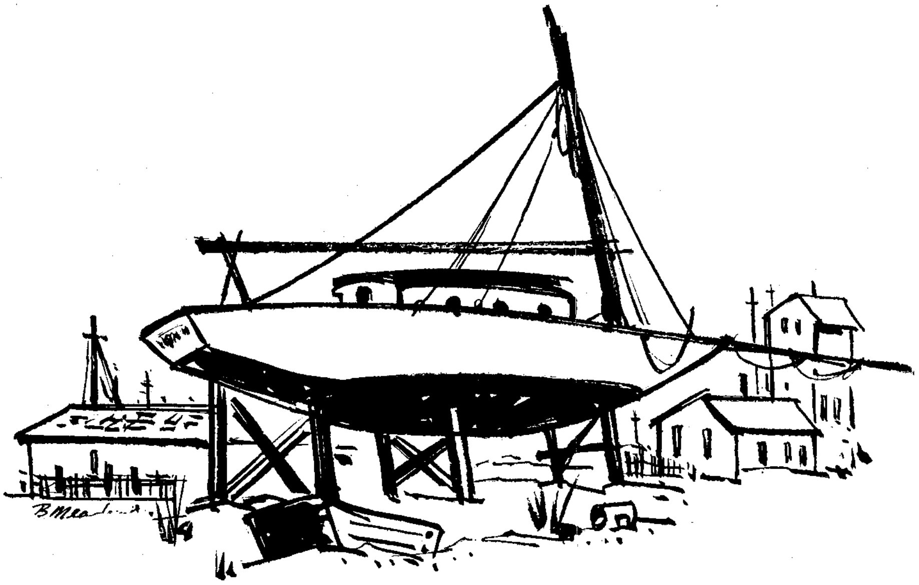
PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Thalia; Nov. 27-28.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Paris; starting Nov. 29.)

RAGE—Directed by, and with, George C. Scott. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 28.)

RAIN (1932)—You don't have to be a great actress to play Sadie Thompson; you don't even have to be an actress—practically any transvestite could do it. But Joan Crawford took the role *seriously*; she really works at it—eyes flashing, scar-mouth twisting. Every nuance feels like an earthquake. Lewis Milestone is the director; Walter Huston is the Reverend. (New Yorker; through Nov. 28.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy



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arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Murray Hill.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Cinema I.)

Savage Messiah—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists; it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Coronet.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Cinema II.)

1776—A musical about the signing of the Declaration of Independence, with William Daniels as John Adams, Howard Da Silva as Ben Franklin, and Ken Howard as Thomas Jefferson. Directed by Peter Hunt. (Music Hall.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema 1; through Nov. 28.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 25.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Plaza.)

Superfly—Gaudy black exploitation film with explicit racism and some that's implicit (the hero deals in cocaine, which is supposed to be O.K., since most users here are white). Partly slick, partly amateurish. With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 29, tentative.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the best of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy together, with the spectacle of them fighting playfully offstage in the middle of being operetta stars. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 29.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

They Only Kill Their Masters—With James Garner and Katharine Ross, directed by James Goldstone. (Trans-Lux East, Playboy, and Riverside; through Nov. 28.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; through Nov. 28.)

Trouble Man—With Robert Hooks and Paul Winfield, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

The Twelve Chairs—Directed by Leonid Gaidai. In Russian. (Regency; Nov. 22.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Ulzana's Raid—With Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Riviera; through Nov. 28.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (34th St. East and Loews Ciné.)

Wednesday's Child—Valuable as an attack on the use of shock treatment and drugs in the care of disturbed people, but somewhat simplistic in its brief for R. D. Laing's methods of treatment. Ken Loach directed this *ciné-ma-vérité*-style English movie, which centers on a girl (Sandy Ratcliff) crushed by her rigid family and falling apart because of her regimented existence. David Mercer wrote the script. (8th St. Playhouse.)

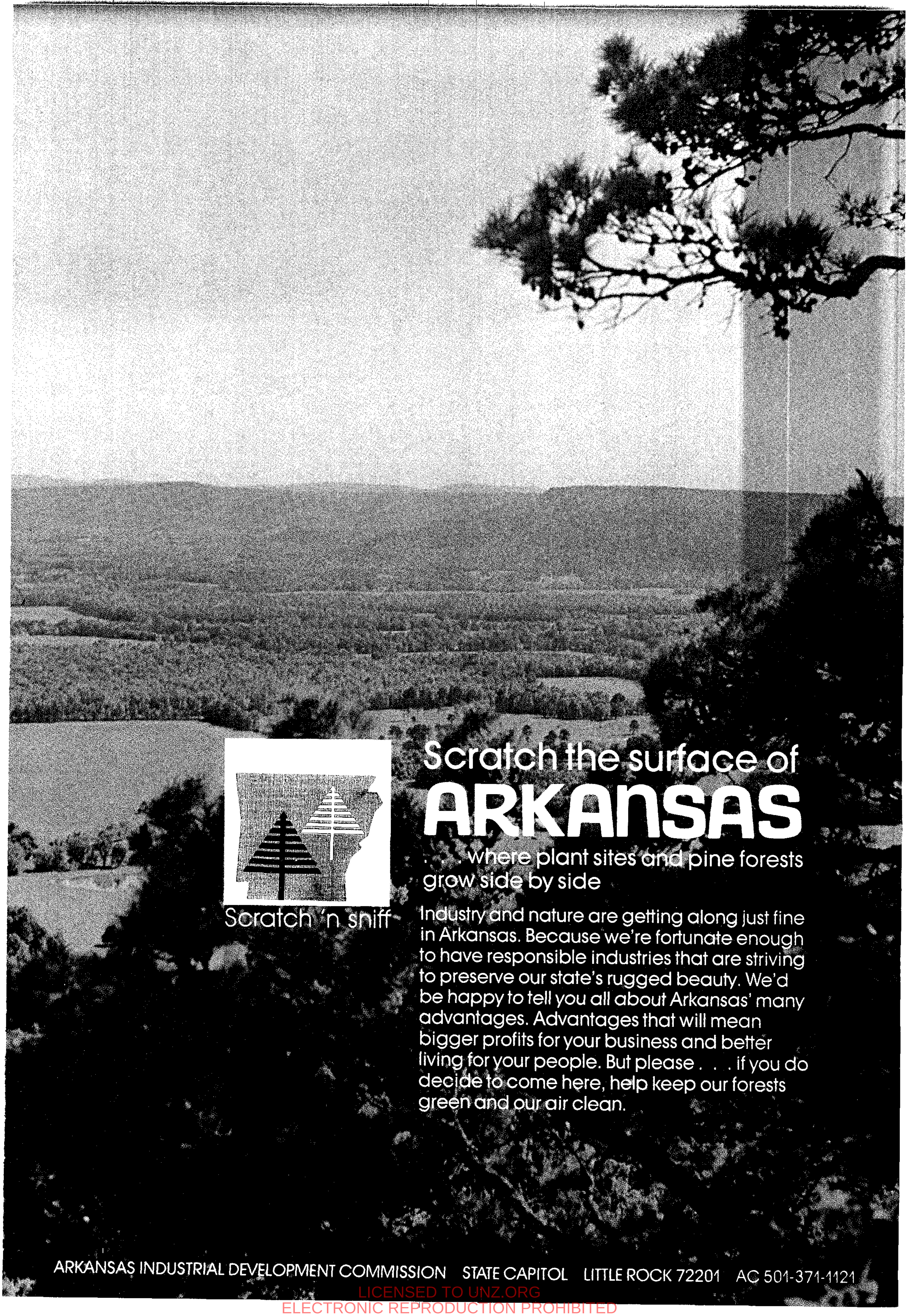
Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 29-30.)

Why—With Alberto Sordi, directed by Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Paris; through Nov. 28.)

Wild Rovers (1971)—With William Holden and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Blake Edwards. (Riverside; through Nov. 28.)

You'll Like My Mother—With Patty Duke, Richard Thomas, and Rosemary Murphy, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Quad Cinema 4; through Nov. 28.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)



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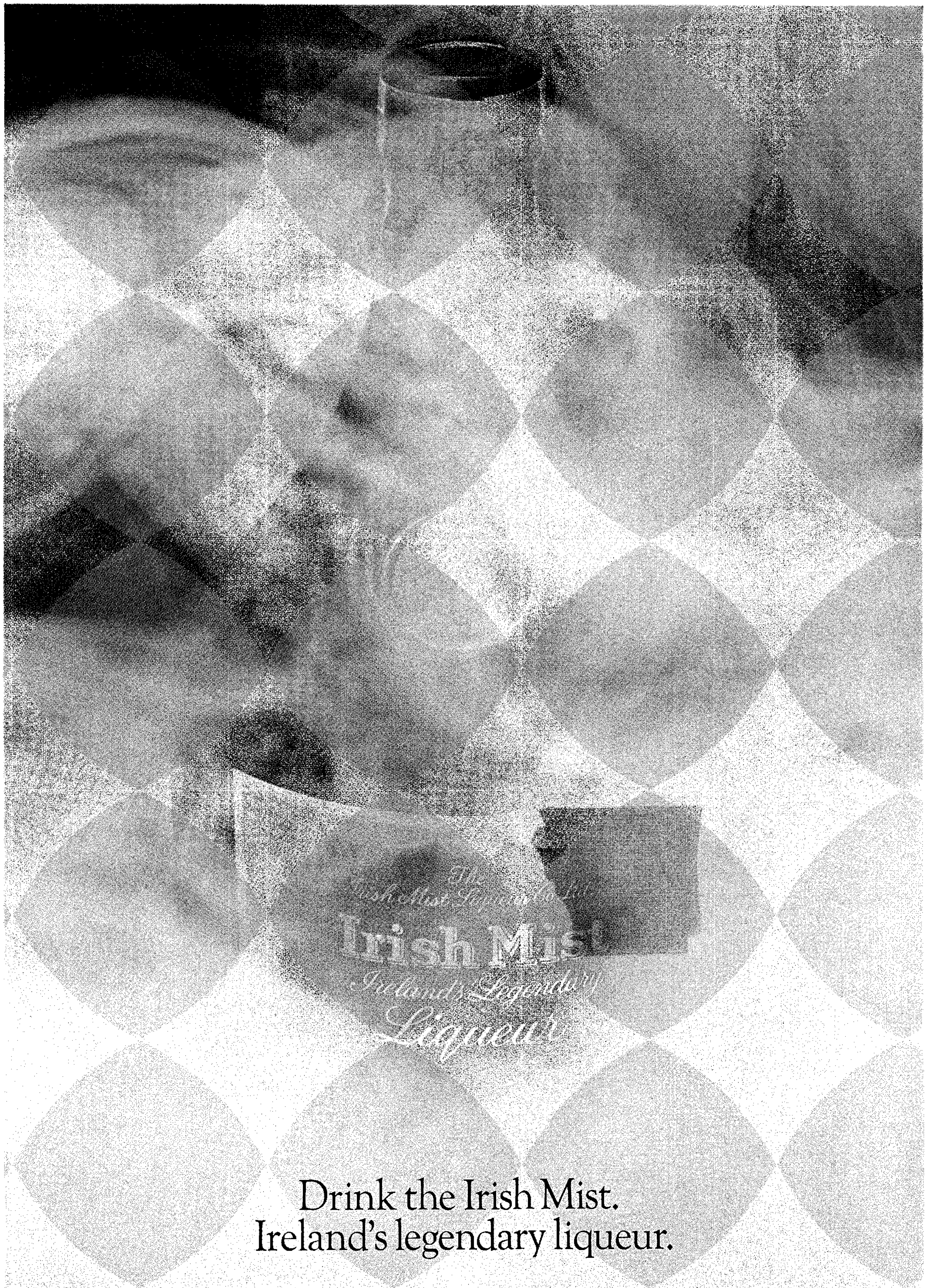
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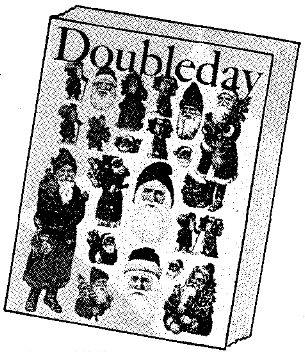

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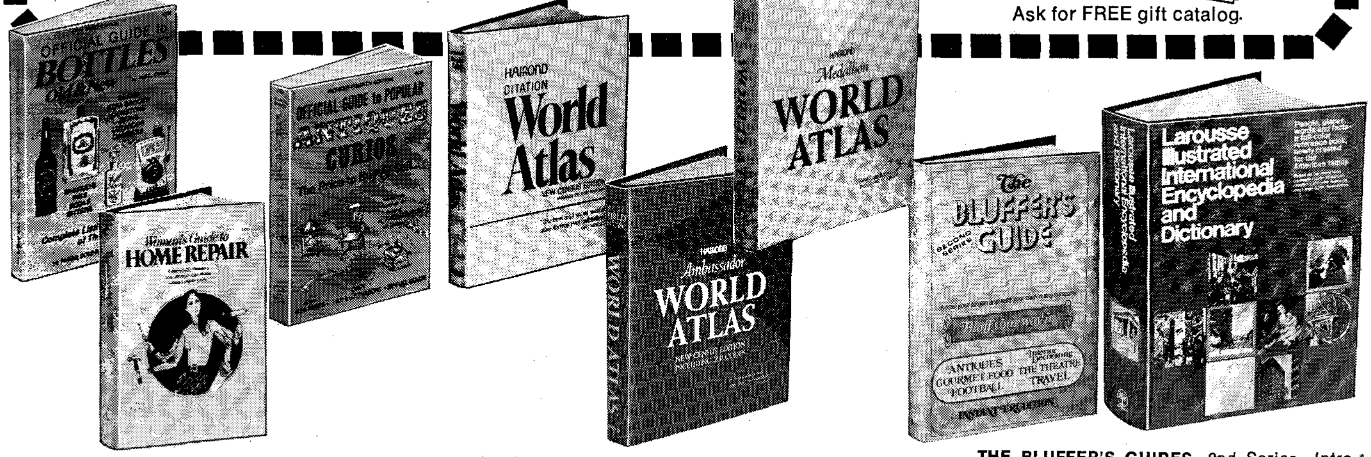
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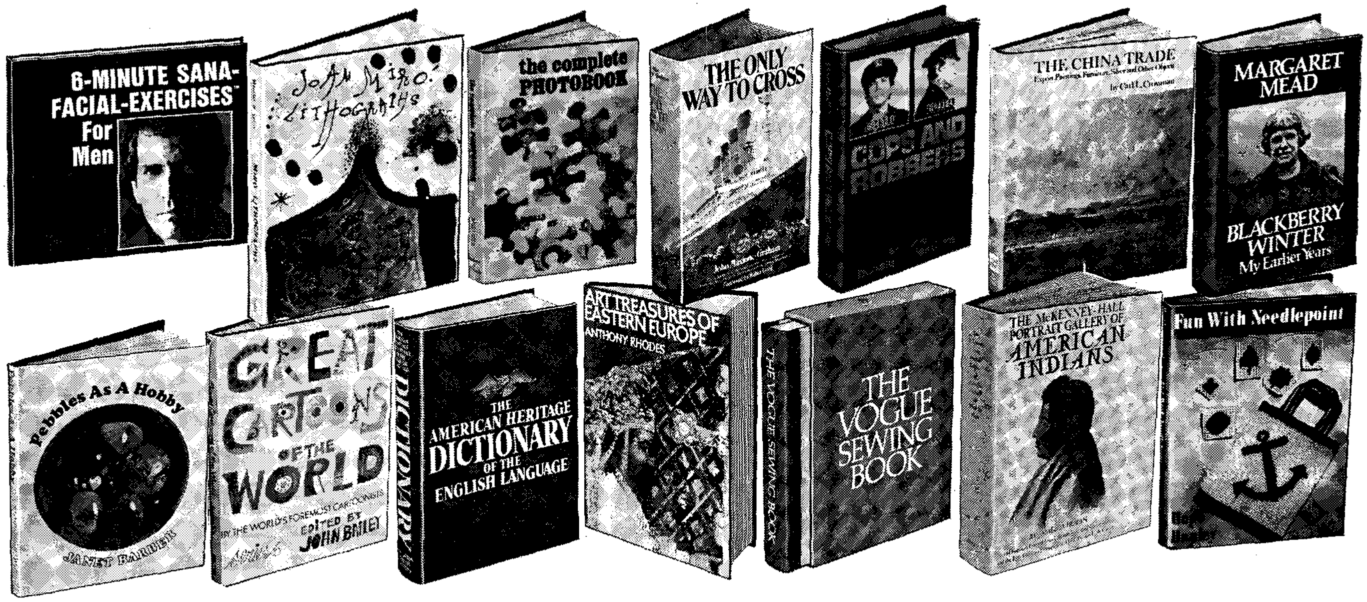
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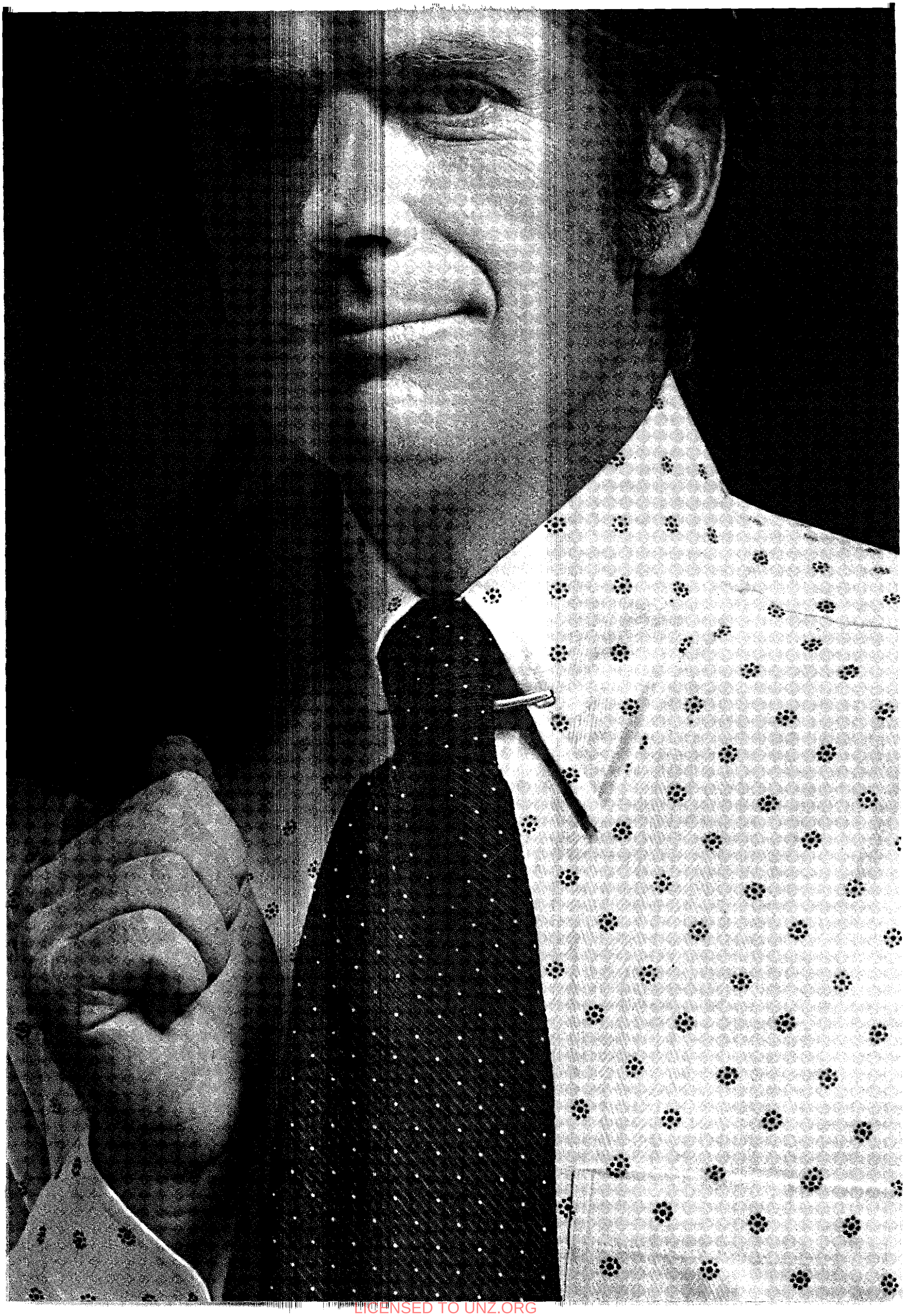

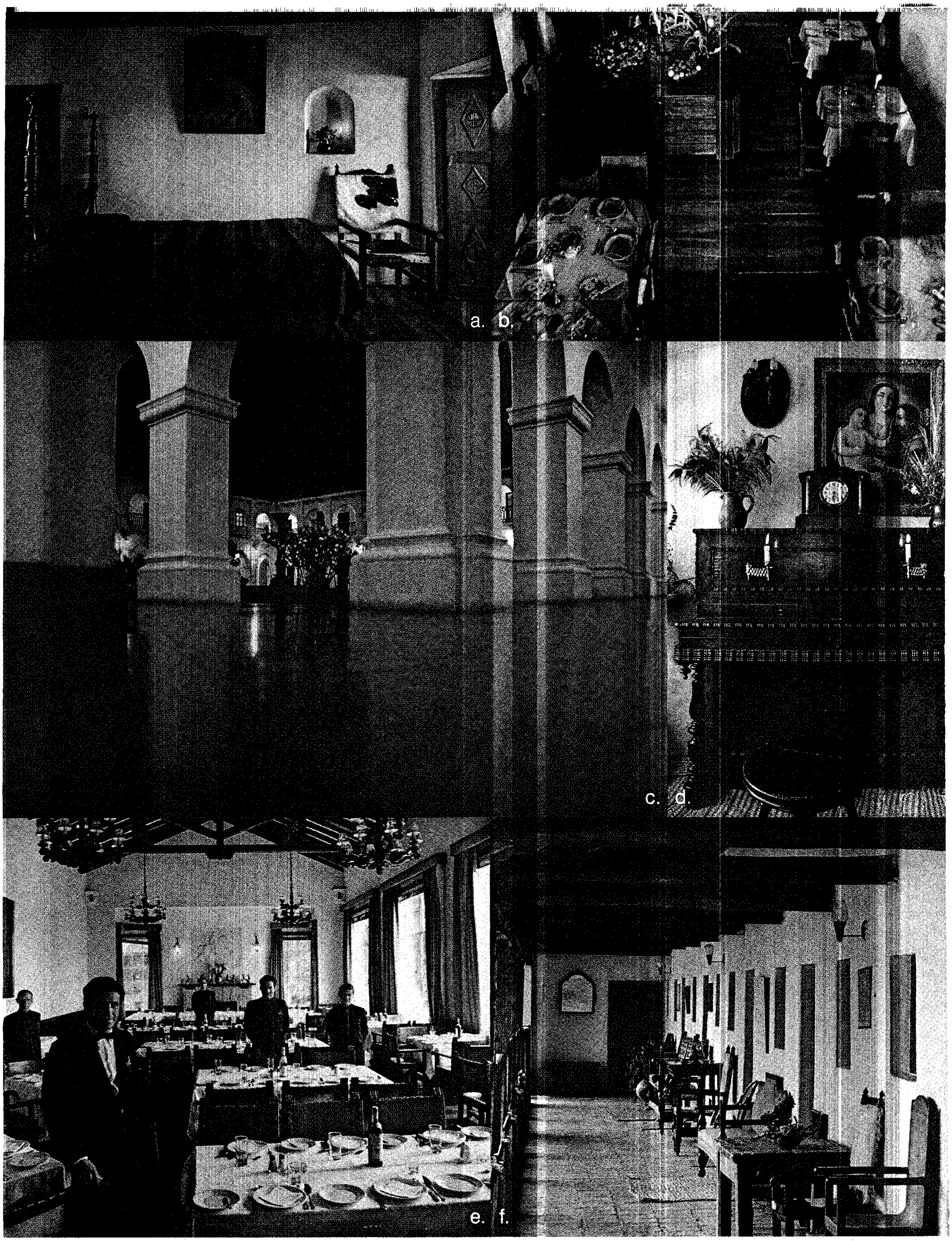

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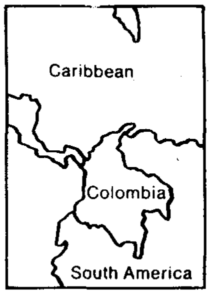

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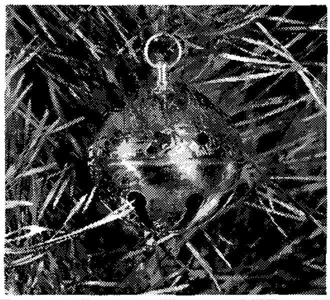

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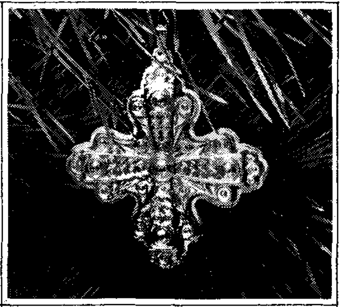

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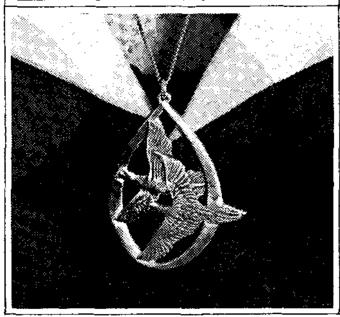

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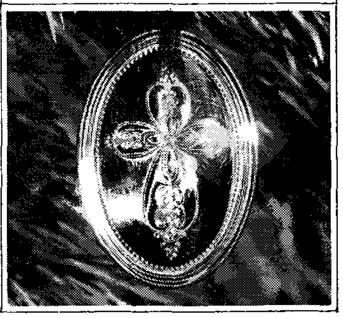

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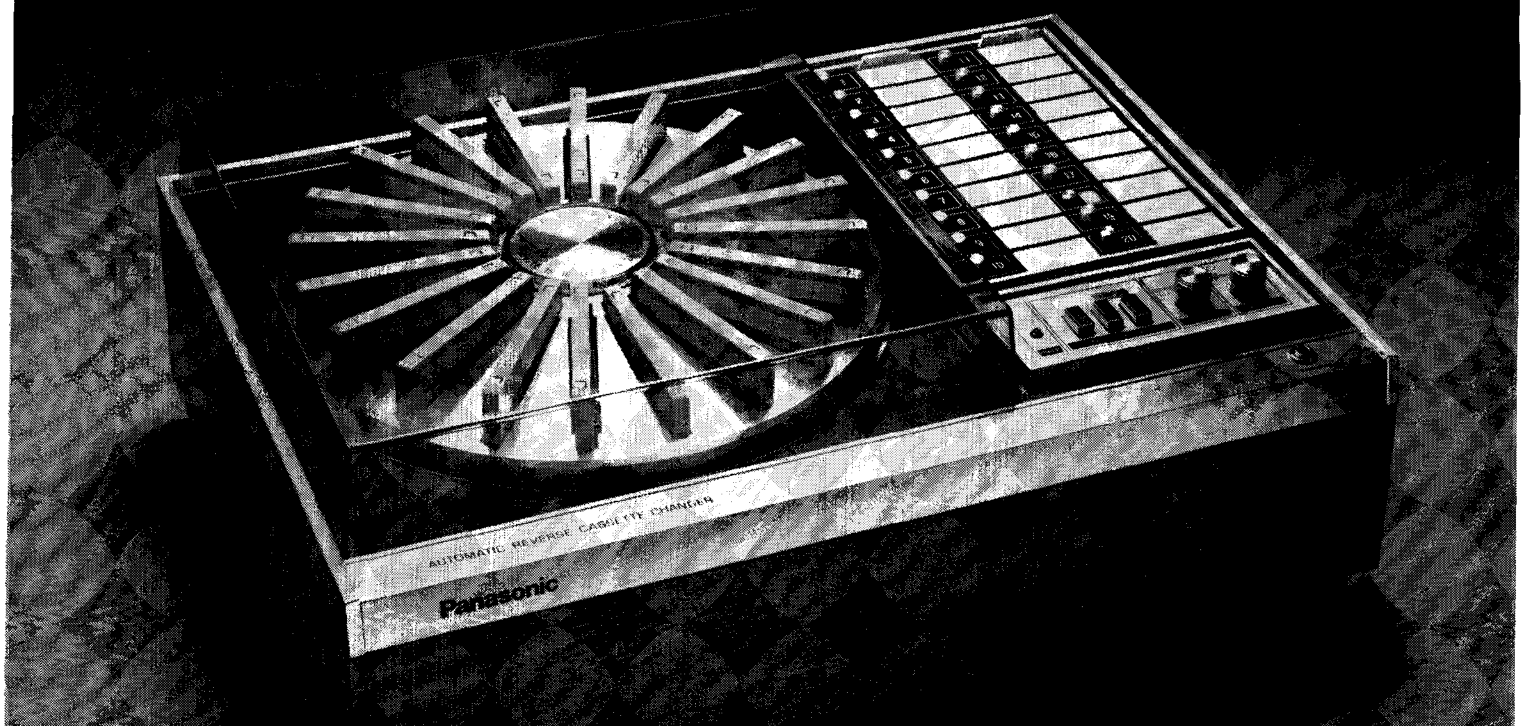

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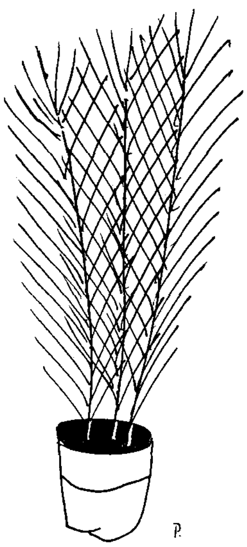
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a recent interview, President Nixon said, "The average American is just like the child in the family." It was a remarkable way for an American President to express himself. The *Times* called it "authoritarian," and it was that, but for the exact parallel one has to look still farther afield: it was Confucian. The President went on to say of the average American, "You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. . . . If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled, and eventually a very weak individual." The President also said he was worried about "those of us who basically have a responsibility of leadership not recognizing that above everything else you must not weaken a people's character." Certainly not. But neither should our leaders seek to discipline or strengthen it. In America, a person's character is his own business, and it is not up to the government to shape it, whether through pampering or through punishment. A President may, it is true, help set the country's moral tone by the force of his example, but he cannot influence it by direct action. That kind of action, such as the issuing of executive orders, must be reserved for more tangible ends. Take welfare, for instance. The President describes the welfare problem as a matter of character and morals, and in his interview he observed that "this escalation of the numbers on welfare . . . is a result simply of running down what I call the work ethic." Yet it has been in the Nixon years—years in which "the work ethic," far from having been run down, has had constant encouragement at the highest levels—that we have seen the most dramatic rise in the welfare rolls. For when it comes to welfare it is not "the work ethic" that counts for most, it is *work*—opportunities for jobs and training for jobs—and in this area the Administration, like earlier Administrations, has yet to find any answers. The welfare program is meant to supply a livelihood to those who can't otherwise find one—not to build character. If the welfare problem has a moral dimension, it is to be found not in the "character" of the luckless people in the welfare hotels but in the character of the rest of us and of the politicians who have backed away from the sacrifices and efforts that alone offer the hope of a solution. Or take the matter of crime. Here, too, we are offered moralizing, along with symbolic action, instead of the far-reaching and probably costly measures that might actually bring us some relief.

The President speaks of putting an end to "the whole era of permissiveness." The idea seems to be that the government, besides cutting down our allowance ("goodies" is the President's word), is going to stiffen our punishments. But how can a President, who has enough trouble putting an end to particular social ailments, put an end to a "whole era"? President Nixon looks to the Supreme Court to do the job, and promises more "conservative" appointments. But if morality cannot be legislated, it cannot be appointed, either. The Supreme Court, which is not, after all, a junta, will be powerless, even with a new "conservative" cast, to curb a wave of crime, just as the "liberal" Court that preceded it was powerless to cause one. Indeed, if the Court is truly conservative, and so is exceptionally respectful of judicial precedent, its power to effect large social changes will be all the less, whatever those changes might be. The federal government cannot order up a new era as easily as that. For the average American is not a child—not a soft, spoiled child, not a chastened, obedient child. Nor is the government his parent or the guardian of his character and morals. The average American is a grown man or a grown woman. It is *he* who is the guardian—the guardian of his own morals, and the guardian, too, of the government he elects to serve him.



Taylor at Midnight

A WEEK or so ago, we heard James Taylor sing at midnight at Radio City Music Hall. We had a good time. We have heard rock stars sing at midnight many times, but before last week we had never heard any rock star sing at Radio City Music Hall. James Taylor is what is called a soft-rock star, which is to say that he is definitely a star and that he pleases people who happen to like rock. James Taylor calls his songs "tunes" ("Here's a little tune . . ."), and what his tunes are are sensitive ballads about a vulnerable post-adolescence, with not much to tie them to any kind of rock and roll. James Taylor's audience, like the audiences of a number of other singers, is creeping out of post-adolescence toward some kind of proto-adulthood, and the people at Radio City the night we went seemed to be approaching the event as *entertainment* rather than as the gathering of any tribe. Polite applause—something not heard at any popular-music event in many years—made an appearance from time to time. A band called The Section played before Taylor came on, and when its four members left the stage, spotlights followed them off, in old-time show-business fashion. We kept careful track of the lighting. Radio City Music Hall has wonderful lighting. There are little lights built into seats on the aisles; there is subtle overhead lighting (where we were, in the mezzanine, we could see over our head, on the underside of the balcony, blue lights of a flawless nineteen-thirties design) and also subtle sidelighting; and there are remarkable colored spotlights that travel enormous distances, from the top of the house to the stage. While The Section was playing, its members were covered in a deep green by the spotlights, and the floor was lit in puce by floodlights standing at the back of the stage. Production values lay all around.

It seemed to us likely that most of the people in the Music Hall were there after a considerable absence. We asked a young lady sitting next to us when she had last been there. "When I was eight," she said. "Or maybe it was twelve. I know I saw 'Silk Stockings.' " A young man sitting next to the young lady who had seen "Silk Stockings" said that he hadn't been to the Music Hall since "North by Northwest." The young man told us that his name was Paul Solman, and he introduced us to the young lady, who was his wife, Judy. Mr. Solman and his wife looked to be in their late twenties. "I'm the editor of the *Real Paper*, in Cambridge," Mr. Solman said. "The staff of the *Real Paper* was the staff of the old *Phoenix*, which, I guess, was the most successful middle-ground paper—a weekly—in Boston. We had the *Phoenix* sold out from under us by our owner with three hours' notice."

James Taylor came on at about one-twenty-five. For much of his performance, there was one pink spot on him. James Taylor announced that he had been married that day to the singer Carly Simon. James Taylor's announcement and his performance were well under control. It seems that James Taylor decides in no very impetuous way how much of himself to give his audience, and it seems that his audience, whose acquaintance with rock music is now some twenty years old, doesn't want much more than it gets.

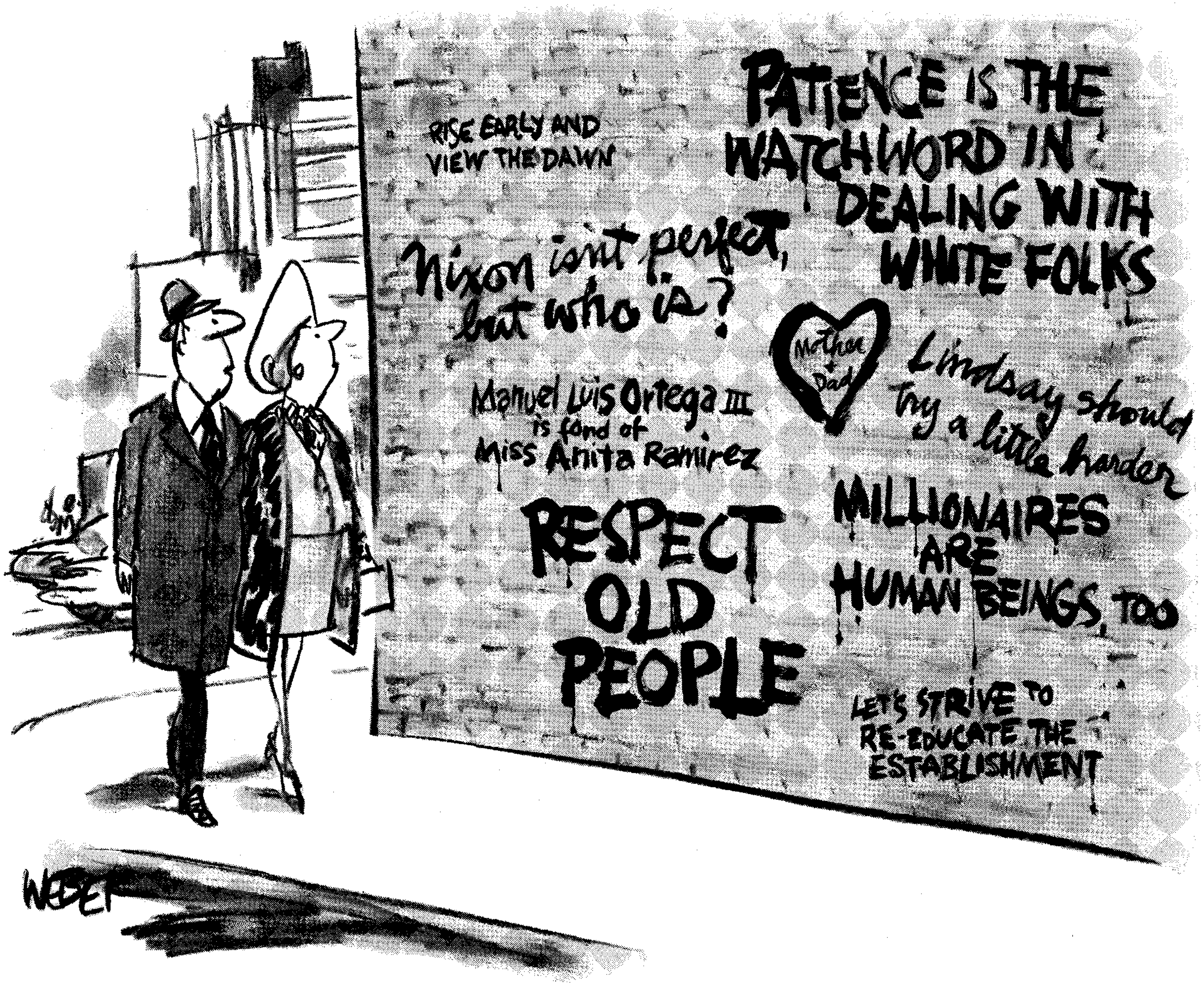
Protest

ONE of the more ironic aspects of Manhattan life is that it is becoming increasingly perilous to live in the vicinity of a large, modern, affluent, expansion-minded hospital. This fact was brought home to us the other day when we attended a community meeting and procession on East Nineteenth Street that had been organized to honor the memory of St. Frances Xavier Cabrini—the first American saint and the founder of Columbus Hospital—and to protest the hospital's plans for replacing two rent-controlled tenements with a luxury-apartment building and a fifty-car garage. Columbus Hospital, which is operated by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, is an eighty-year-old voluntary hospital (private but nonprofit) that derives more than three-quarters of its financing from public funds. The main building, a gray stone *palazzo* on the north side of Nineteenth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, stands next to a half-finished four-hundred-and-forty-bed annex, which will be opened next year, and faces St. Cabrini Towers, a modern brick apartment building that combines staff housing and office space. To the west of St. Cabrini Towers are the disputed tenements—layers of ancient railroad flats, their tall, thin, crumbling brownstone façades standing in sharp contrast to the trim appearance of the rest of the street. Columbus bought the buildings in 1969 and induced more than half of the tenants to leave by the simple expedient of allowing the property to deteriorate. Next month, the hospital has to answer, in Criminal Court, twenty-three pages of charges of Housing Code violations that city inspectors say they have uncovered.

Hostilities between Columbus and the holdouts grew more serious in August of 1971, when the local assemblyman, Andrew Stein, and two of the tenants filed suit in State Supreme Court to block a thirty-nine-million-dollar state mortgage for hospital expansion. A week later, a truce was arranged: the suit was withdrawn, Columbus got its mortgage money, and Sister Cyprian Branco, the hospital's executive director, signed a contract guaranteeing that the tenements would not be demolished and that tenants would not be bribed to leave by attractive relocation fees. Several months ago, the Columbus board of trustees disavowed the contract and offered the tenants eight thousand dollars apiece to vacate their apartments, with the option of moving into the new building. The tenants and the politicians—Stein had been joined by City Councilman Eldon Clingan—replied by getting a restraining order and instituting a half-million-dollar damage suit that alleged breach of contract. Columbus counter-sued the Messrs. Stein and Clingan and three of the tenants for a million dollars, complaining that the defendants coerced them into signing the contract and had conspired to "interfere with the conduct, operation, and management of the hospital." In the midst of this legal imbroglio, a committee of tenants asked Father Daniel Berrigan, the Catholic Church's most outspoken critic of the Vietnam war, to lead a Mother Cabrini procession for the homeless in celebration of the Saint's feast day. When Father Berrigan accepted the invitation, the hospital wrote him a stiff note, pointing out that (1) Mother Cabrini was the patron saint of the *immigrant*, and (2) Columbus had offered the remaining tenants apartments in the new building to replace their present homes. Father Berrigan wrote back that this description of Mother Cabrini was "frivolous," because "most immigrants, I believe, are also homeless," and indicated that he felt that an offer to meet with him was "mendacious." He added, "Please join me in the streets on November 11. Together we can renounce our sins of injustice against the poor."

We arrived at the pre-procession meeting, which was held in the spacious living room of an apartment in another building that is menaced by Columbus, to find forty-odd community leaders—ranging from a trim, gray-haired matron in a suède trenchcoat to a shaggy-haired young lawyer in blue-jeans—listening as Harriet Putterman, coördinator of the Neighborhood Save-Our-Homes Committee, outlined their common problem.

"Welcome to Bedpan Alley, in case you don't realize where you're living," Harriet Putterman, a willowy brunette with a warm smile, said to the group. "Our six-block area contains four hospitals—New York Eye and Ear, on Fourteenth Street; New York Infirmary, on Fifteenth; Beth Israel, on Seventeenth; and Columbus, on Nineteenth—and they are *all* trying to buy up property for expansion. There are twenty buildings and four hundred apartments involved, with more than fifty apartments being deliberately held vacant, despite the need for low-cost housing in this city. Five years ago, when hospitals told tenants to leave, they left, even though there was no legal eviction. Now the Office of Rent Control is reluctant to give eviction certificates to institutional landlords, and we're going to stay and fight for our homes." Harriet Putterman introduced the leaders of the procession—Father Berrigan, Councilman Clingan, State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein, a


RISE EARLY AND VIEW THE DAWN
PATIENCE IS THE WATCHWORD IN DEALING WITH WHITE FOLKS
Nixon isn't perfect, but who is?
Mother + Dad
Manuel Luis Ortega III is fond of Miss Anita Ramirez
Lindsay should try a little harder
RESPECT OLD PEOPLE
MILLIONAIRES ARE HUMAN BEINGS, TOO
LET'S STRIVE TO RE-EDUCATE THE ESTABLISHMENT
WEBER

"Well, I must say, this is a heartening change."

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representative of Assemblyman Stein, and William Worthy, chairman of the tenants' committee—and suggested that it would be a good idea to get moving. Out on the street, a chill rain clouded the air as the demonstrators picked up cardboard signs and formed a picket line in front of St. Cabrini Towers, chanting, "Housing, yes! Parking lots, no! We won't move!" A group of radio and television reporters surrounded Father Berrigan, who was wearing a light-blue ski jacket and carrying a sign that read "Stop U.S. Imperialism in Indo-China. Stop Columbus Imperialism on 19th Street," and he told them he felt that the tenants were being subjected to a form of medical imperialism. "For a hospital to own a tenement is equivalent to a hospital's engaging in germ warfare," he said. "At least, they'll be sure of always having their own patients."

"Don't you think they have a right to tear the tenements down?" asked a tall, gray-haired man, who identified himself as Peter Schneider, the hospital's lawyer.

"No," Father Berrigan said flatly. "No more than the government has a right to tear Vietnam down. Most people, here and there, would like to attain a life style that means more than survival."

"If the rentals paid in the new building were the rentals paid in low-cost housing, would that satisfy you?" asked Mr. Schneider.

"Go talk to the tenants," said Father Berrigan. "The real question is whether these people are willing to be evicted by the hospital."

Having attracted the television cameras, Mr. Schneider raised his voice and made what appeared to be a prepared statement. "To any tenants that are here, we'll pay you eight thousand dollars for moving expenses and the differential in rent between the time that you move out and the time that you come back into the new building," he said. "Your new rental there will be the schedule established by the New York City Housing Authority for low-cost housing. That's a definite commitment."

"What about the rest of the apartments in the building?" asked Councilman Clingan, a round-faced, bespectacled man wearing a navy-blue suit and carrying a sign that read "Liberate Columbus' Empty Apartments."

"I'm addressing myself only to the present tenants," replied Mr. Schneider.

"Well, let me give *you* a message for your board of directors," said Senator Ohrenstein, a forceful, tweedy type with longish black hair, aviator glasses, and a drooping mustache. "We know that every voluntary hospital in this city gets ninety per cent of its construction and operational money from public funds—state, city, and federal. They are no longer private institutions; this is no longer a private enclave. It's not enough to buy off a few tenants. You've got to consult with the whole community before you start building empires at the expense of poor people. Do you have a conscience, sir?"

"Senator, you know as well as I do that you can't run a hospital from the streets," Mr. Schneider said, looking annoyed.

"I think I'd better rejoin the picket line," Father Berrigan said gently.

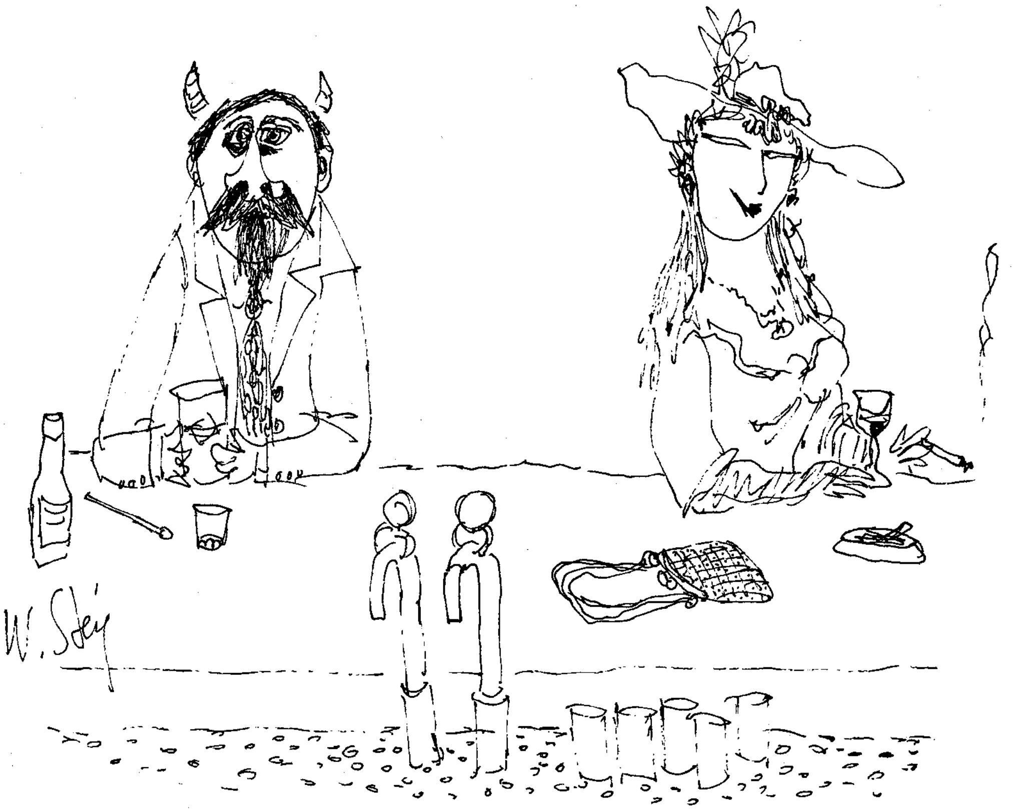
Half an hour later, the pickets marched south to Stuyvesant Square Park, where, despite an increasingly heavy downpour, they listened intently to several speakers.

"I'm going to be merciful and brief," said Father Berrigan, looking down at the half-frozen demonstrators with a compassionate smile. "I'm reminded of something that Florence Nightingale wrote from the Crimea. She said, 'I'm not sure what a hospital is for, but I'm sure it's not for the spreading of diseases.' As a member of a religious order, I'm not sure what a religious order is for, but it's certainly not to be a slumlord. Why are the daughters of Mother Cabrini in business? Can it be for the encouragement of illness and the creation of homeless people?"

African Show

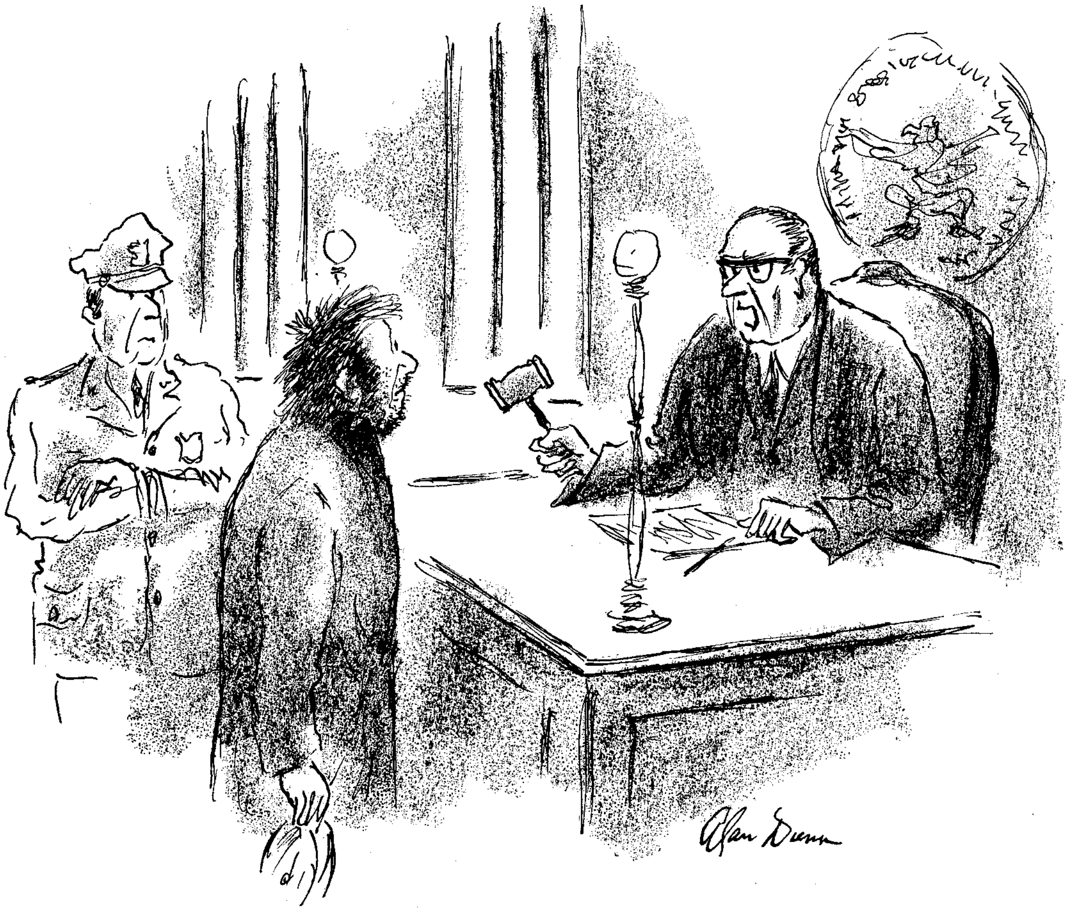
THE Museum of Modern Art's stunning "African Textiles and Decorative Arts" show ("an exhibition exploring the rich and varied world of African textiles, costumes, jewelry, and body ornament," its posters call it) was directed by an Indiana University professor of art, Roy Sieber, who was born, in 1923, in Shawano, Wisconsin, where one of his grandfathers had a lumbermill and his father was an automobile salesman. How did Mr. Sieber, who has made extensive research trips to Ghana and Nigeria, get hooked on Africa—and before that continent became so fashionable? In an account of the Museum's exhibit, John Canaday, of the *Times*, refers to "those cases full of dusty ethnological odds and ends in the obscure corridors of natural history museums," and it was precisely those cases that turned Mr. Sieber on. "After getting out of the Army, in 1945, I studied painting at the New School for Social Research," he told us when he was here for the show's opening. "I prowled around the anthropological museums in New York, especially the Museum of Natural History, and found these terribly exciting cases of African and New Guinea material. Things were just piled three deep in those days; I'm not sure that the way museums rarefy objects now doesn't minimize one's sense of discovery."

He went on to teach art, including African art, at the University of Iowa, and in 1957 he got a Ford Foundation grant that took him to northern Nigeria for nine months. His wife and three small children (there are now four *big* children) went with him. "I did a survey up and down the Benue River valley, looking at art traditions," he said. "I covered five or six different language areas—the Benue River is more than eight hundred miles long—and I had an interpreter with me. People were remarkably generous with information and material." He collected some masks and took a lot of photographs, and after his return he arranged an African show at the Museum of Primitive Art. "Since then, I've been back seriously three times—twice to Ghana, in 1964 and 1967, and once to Nigeria, in 1971. 'Seriously' means for at least six months. I've also gone to several international conferences in Africa for a week or two."



By the time of his first serious return, Mr. Sieber had moved to Indiana University, where he formed a considerable collection of Africana. "I have a fine case of greed when it comes to Africa," he told us. Three years ago, when the Museum of Modern Art was planning its current show, it recruited him as guest director. Katherine White Reswick, of the Museum's International Council, took twenty-four hundred photographs of possible material in eighty private and institutional American collections, and she and Mr. Sieber and Arthur Drexler, the Museum's director of architecture and design, winnowed this down to the two hundred and forty items on exhibition, which Mr. Drexler installed. "I suppose if there's a core it's a sense of the human body ornamented, rather than household utensils and so forth," Mr. Sieber said as we followed him around the display. "Even our one sword is a prestige piece, used ceremonially as a symbol of royal authority." He paused before the sword—an iron one from the Republic of Zaïre, lent by Hampton Institute. "Collected by William H. Sheppard, an early black missionary," Mr. Sieber said. "He kept sending marvellous things back to Hampton." These included, in the show, "a prestige hat of cowries and imported blue and white beads and bells over a basketry foundation," and a copper comb that "had belonged to the Kuba King, Lukenga." A great bar of hats is in the show; our favorites were a beaded Yoruba crown from Nigeria (and, more recently, from the Brooklyn Museum)—over three feet high, surmounted by a funny-looking bird, and with funny-looking people on its sides, among them a man on horseback wearing what looks like a beaded derby—and a feathered red hat from Senegal (by way of the Smithsonian), with "additive decorations" on its brim that reminded us of hotel hors d'oeuvres. "They're both too fragile to travel any distance," Mr. Sieber said. "The show is going on to Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Cleveland, but the hats have to go back to Brooklyn and Washington. The bird on top of the Yoruba hat may be protective imagery—anti-witchcraft."

We travelled on to war dresses, prestige dresses, silver and ivory hairpins, gold earrings, sweat scrapers, men's weaves, women's weaves, pendants, and necklaces. "We've tried to avoid sculpture, but this hunter's jacket is partly sculpture," our guide said of an Ivory Coast tunic covered with claws, horns, and bundles of medicine. "Parts of animals are thought to be amulets for the hunter."



"*Speaking as a strict constructionist, ninety days.*"

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Public-Spirited

Bow Bridge, which connects the Ramble to Cherry Hill in Central Park, was built in 1859, and for a hundred years it perched there, quietly rusting away. Over the last decade or so, its deterioration has grown noisier, with an occasional loud splash as a piece of the structure fell into the Lake. Now, thanks to Mrs. Lucy G. Moses and Mrs. Lila Acheson Wallace, Bow Bridge will be restored to the glory it enjoyed in the days of Olmsted and Vaux. The two ladies, both of whom are tiny and rich and public-spirited and (as Mrs. Moses puts it) "of a certain age, or, rather, of an *un*certain age," had not met until last Wednesday afternoon, when, at the invitation of August Heckscher, the Parks Commissioner, they inspected the bridge together. Mr. Heckscher was there, too, as were a dozen assorted Parks people, as were we. Mr. Heckscher introduced the two ladies to each other.

"I'm thrilled that we're working on this together," Mrs. Moses said to Mrs. Wallace. "I have the feeling that you and I think alike, and I want to see a lot of you from now on."

"It's a date," Mrs. Wallace said.

"Now let's have a look at our bridge," Mrs. Moses said.

Bow Bridge, which has a span of ninety feet, was still showing hints of its old handsomeness, but it looked as if it had been mugged. There was scaffolding along one side, the wood decking was patched with plywood, and great chunks of the cast-iron ornamentation, which has an elegant pattern of interlocking circles, were missing. Mrs. Moses, who was wearing a fur cap and a dark cloth coat with a green-and-white scarf at the neck, and Mrs. Wallace, who had on a turquoise coat with a fur collar, shook hands with everybody and exclaimed over old photographs of the once and future bridge. It was brisk rather than cold, and the sky was overcast. The bridge commands a good view of the Lake and of the ornate old apartment buildings on Central Park West.

As the party left the bridge, Mrs. Moses went up to Harmon Goldstone, chairman of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission, and said, mock-sternly, "When are you going to change that law for me?"

"We're changing the bridge for you," he said.

"No, *I'm* changing the bridge for *you*," she replied. "Now *you* change the law for *me*."

Mrs. Moses offered us a ride in her car, a huge charcoal-gray chauffeur-driven Fleetwood, and, once inside, we asked her what law she had been talking about.

"The law under which the Landmarks Commission holds public hearings to designate new landmarks only at three-year intervals," she said. "I'm always agitating for a change in that. Why, in three years every good house in New York can be pulled down."

"How did you get involved in saving Bow Bridge?" we asked.

"I had been walking across that bridge for aeons and aeons, and I saw that it was falling apart," Mrs. Moses said. "For the last three years, I've been after Mr. Heckscher to do something about it, and he always points out that the Parks Department hasn't any money. I gave the Friends of Central Park five thousand dollars just to make a study, and the actual restoration work is going to cost more than three hundred thousand. Last spring, before I went to Oxford, I said to Mr. Heckscher, 'Now *you* do *your* homework. Find somebody to go in on this with me, and we'll fix that bridge.' "

"What were you doing at Oxford?"

"Taking a course in archeology. One evening, I was sitting at home over there and I got a cable from him that he had found Mrs. Wallace. She was the person I would have wanted in my wildest dreams. She and her husband, DeWitt Wallace, founded the *Reader's Digest*, and she's done so much for New York. The new aviary she built at the Bronx Zoo is too gorgeous for words."

Mrs. Moses nodded firmly, as if to herself, and said, "I *specifically* said I didn't want any man with me. I wanted this to be done by two public-spirited women. It sounds nice, doesn't it? A park seems to me a female thing."

THE GUN SHOP

BEN'S son Murray looked forward to their annual Thanksgiving trip to Pennsylvania mostly because of the gun. A Remington .22, it leaned unused in the old farmhouse all year, until Murray came and swabbed it out with oil and begged to shoot it. The gun had been Ben's. His parents had bought it for him soon after they moved to the farm, when he was thirteen, Murray's age now. No, the boy was fourteen, his birthday was in September, Ben resisted keeping track. Murray still looked small and beardless, but several months before, when, at the noisy dinner table, Ben had tapped him on the back of the head to silence him, the child had pointed his steak knife at his father's chest and said, "Hit me again and I'll kill you."

Ben's feelings had been hurt. The tap hadn't been meant unkindly; one struck children as one struck animals, to get their attention, to give them direction. In bed, Sally explained, "It was his way of saying he's too big to be hit anymore. He's right. He is."

But the boy, as he and Ben walked with the gun across the brown field to the dump in the woods, didn't seem big; he carried the freshly cleaned rifle under his arm, as hunters do in illustrations, and the barrel tip kept snagging on loops of matted grass. And when, at their destination, with the tin-can targets neatly aligned, the gun refused to fire, Murray threw an infantile tantrum. Tears filled his eyes as he tried to explain, "There was this little *pin*, Dad, that fell out when I cleaned it, but I put it back, and now it's not *there!*" Ben, looking down into this small freckled face so earnestly stricken, couldn't help smiling. Murray, seeing the smile, pronounced a word Ben would never have said to his own father—not out of fear of punishment but fear of shocking him. The boy hurled the gun into the underbrush (yet with a certain care, so the gun was cushioned by saplings) and threw himself onto the cold leaf-mold floor of the woods. He writhed there and repeated the obscenity as each fresh slant of anger, of embarrassment, and of injustice struck him; but Ben couldn't quite erase his own disastrous smile. The boy's tantrums loomed quite impressively in the intimate scale of their Boston apartment, amid fragile furniture and eavesdropping neighbors, but out here, among these mute trees—indifferent second growth edging into dying farms and abandoned right-of-ways—his fury was rather comically dwarfed. Also, in retrieving and examining the .22, Ben bent his face close into the dainty forgotten smell of gun oil and remembered the Christmas noon when his father had taken him out to the barn and shown him how to shoot the virgin gun; and this kept his smile alive.

The dainty scent. The dangerous slickness. The ribs of burnishing on the bolt when it slid out. The amazing whorl, a new kind of star, inside the barrel when pointed toward the light. The snug clicks of reassembly. The docile look of the lead-headed, copper-jacketed bullets, like a toy platoon in their box and then aligned like sleeping soldiers in the clip. The less than deafening slap of firing and the acrid perfume that floated, as the spent jacket spun, from the bolt. His father had thrown an empty oilcan into the snow of the barnyard and propped the gun on a windowsill and taken the first shot. He was forty-five when Ben was thirteen, and a schoolteacher; to see him commit this physical act—the oilcan jumped, punctured—and to smell, at his side, the gunsmoke and the dry wood and chaff of this barn had been for Ben a precious moment, a revelation: his father could shoot a gun. Ben remembered the cold of that day pressing on his bare hands and the way his father's mouth, seen from the side, sucked back a bit of saliva that in his concentration had escaped. As, now, he pulled the trigger and slid out the bolt to see why the old .22 was broken, he remembered his father's arms around him, guiding his hands on the newly varnished stock and pressing his head gently down to line up his eyes with the sights. "Squeeze, don't get excited and jerk," his father had said.

"*Get* up," Ben said to his son. "Shape up. Don't be such a rotten sport. It doesn't work, it doesn't work; I don't know why. It worked the last time we used it."

"Yeah, that was last Thanksgiving," Murray said, surprisingly conversational, though still stretched on the ground. "I bet one of these idiot yokels around here messed it up." He seemed relieved that because of the woods he could not intimidate his father.

" 'Idiot yokels,' " Ben repeated, hearing himself in that snobbish phrase. "My, aren't we a young city slicker."

Murray stood and brushed the sarcasm aside. "Can you fix it or not?"

Ben slipped a bullet into the chamber, closed the bolt, and pulled the trigger. A limp click. "Not. I don't understand guns. Why don't we just point our fingers and say '*Bang*'?"

"Dad, you're quite the riot."

They walked back to the house, Ben lugging the disgraced gun. He noticed in the dead grass the little rusty serrate shapes of strawberry leaves, precise as fossils. When they moved here, the land had been farmed out—"mined," the local phrase was—and the one undiscouraged crop was the wild strawberries running from ditch to ridge on all the sunny slopes. They were still here.

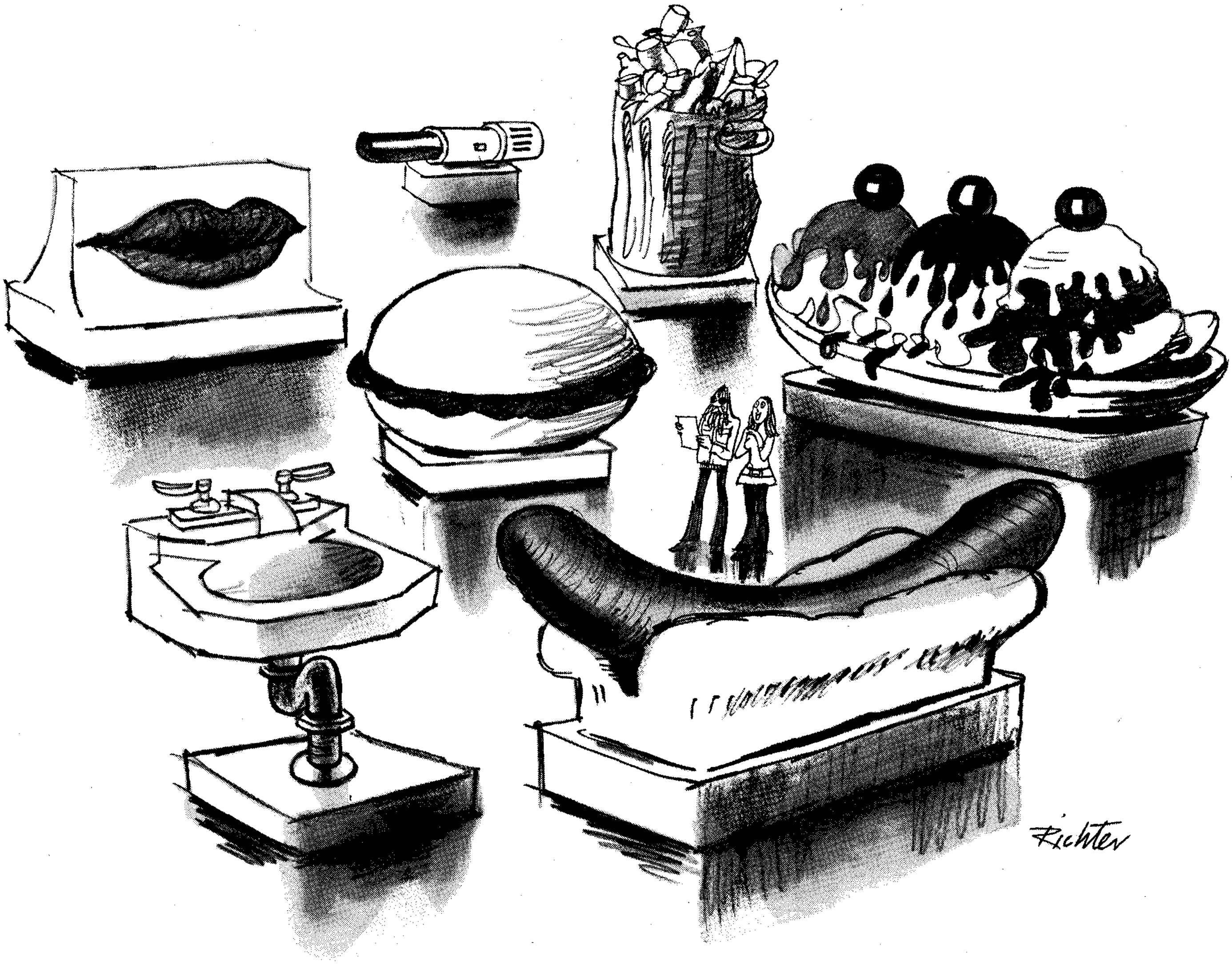
And his parents were still in the square sandstone house. His mother looked up from the sink and said, over Sally's shoulder, "I didn't hear the shots."

"There weren't any, that's why."

Something pleased or amused in Ben's voice tripped Murray's temper again; he went into the living room and kicked a chair leg and swore. "Goddam thing *broke*."

Sally froze, plate in one hand and dish towel in the other, and called weakly, "*Hey*."

That she was afraid of the boy irritated Ben; he went in after him. The living room was heavy with the torpor that follows a feast. The two girls were watching the Gimbels parade on television. The older glanced over at Murray and said, "Spoiled." The younger merely sniffed. Their grandfather was sitting with them; obligingly he had taken the chair with the worst angle



"Wow! You mean they got all this in exchange for just one van Gogh?"

* * *

on the television screen, watching in fuzzy foreshortening a flicker of bloated animals, drum majorettes, giant cakes bearing candles that were really girls waving. "He's not spoiled," Ben's father told the girls. "He's like his daddy, a perfectionist."

Ben's father had become an old man, but a wonderfully strange old man, with a long white face, a blue nose, and the erect carriage of a child who is straining to see. His circulation was poor, he had been to the hospital, he lived from pill to pill, he had uncharacteristic quiet spells that Ben guessed were seizures of pain; yet his hopefulness still dominated any room he was in. He looked up at Ben in the doorway. "Can you figure it out?" He was hopeful that his son, who had snubbed tools all the years they lived together, had become a mechanic in the years since, when he had merely become a lawyer.

Ben said, "Murray says some pin fell out while he was cleaning it."

His father stood, prim and pale. He was wearing a threadbare overcoat, in readiness for adventure. "I know just the man," he said. He called into the kitchen, "Mother, I'll give Dutch a ring. The kid's being frustrated."

"Aw, that's O.K., forget it," Murray mumbled. But his eyes shone, looking up at the promising apparition of his grandfather. Ben was hurt, remembering how his own knack, as father, was to tease and cloud those same eyes. There was something too finely tooled, too little yielding in the boy that Ben itched to correct. Even as a baby Murray had been pure bone and muscle, as hard to hold in your arms as a struggling cat.

The two women crowded into the doorway to intervene. Sally said, "He doesn't *have* to shoot the gun. I hate guns. Ben, why do you always inflict the gun on this child?"

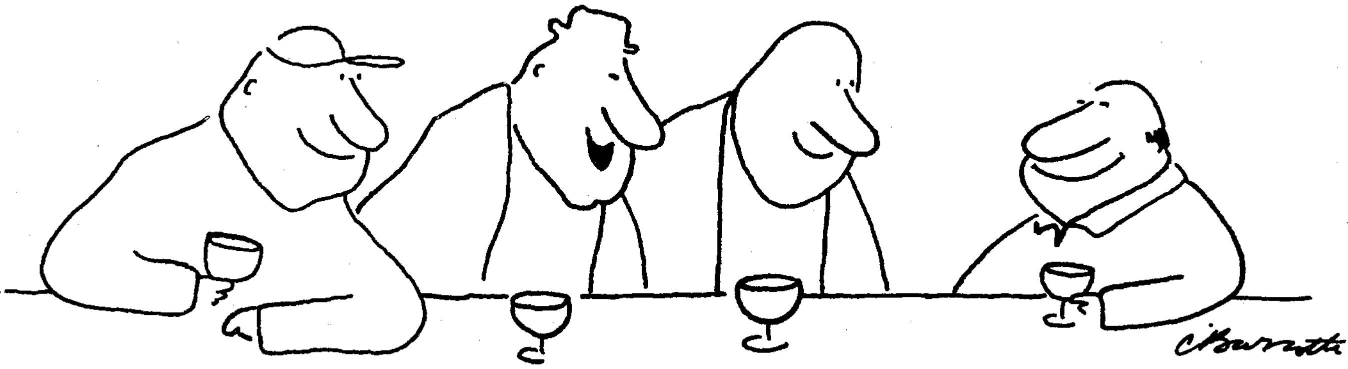
Ben answered sharply, "Nostalgia."

His mother called over Sally's shoulder, "Don't bother people on Thanksgiving, Murray. Let the man have a holiday."

"This man never takes a holiday," Ben's father said. "He's out of this world. You'd love him. Everybody in this room would love him." And, irrepressibly, he was at the telephone, dialling with a touch of frenzy, the way he would scrub a friendly dog's belly with his knuckles.

Ben's son had looked up, startled, at the sound of his name pronounced rebukingly. They tended to forget he had been named for his grandfather. Two Murrays: one small and young, one big and old. Yet alike, Ben saw, in a style of expectation, in a tireless craving for—he used to wonder for what, but people had a word for it now—"action."

AFTER a supper of leftovers, they went out into the night, the two Murrays, Ben, and the gun. The house of women was left behind. Ben drove his father's car, at his father's direction. Under the headlights the road wound



"Let's ask Harry here what 'viable' means. He's the goddam intellectual."

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off their hill into a valley where stone farmhouses had been joined by wooden ranch houses, aluminum trailers, a wanly lit Mobil station, a Pentecostal church built of cement block, with a neon "JESUS LIVES." "JESUS SAVES" must have become too much of a joke.

"The next driveway on the left," his father said. "There isn't any sign." It was a ranch house, but not a new one—one of those built in the early fifties, when the commuters first began to come this far out from the city. They walked up the flagstones to the front door in order of age; Ben could feel his son's embarrassment at his back, deepening his own. A woman in a pink wrapper answered, and, with sinking stomach, Ben decided that there had been a mistake; this was a rural brothel, his father had humiliated them once again. But no, the woman greeted them pleasantly, as her husband's customers, and led them across the front hall, with its braided rug and overdusted knickknacks, to the cellar stairs. As they climbed down, Ben's father said loudly, "I shouldn't have done that, that was embarrassing to her, I wasn't thinking. We should have gone in the side, but then he has to disconnect the burglar alarm. When you get to be my age, Ben, it hurts like the devil just to think. Just to *try* to think. Just to *try* not to annoy people."

The cellar seemed bigger than the house. Cartons, old chairs and sofas, a refrigerator, piled newspapers, gun racks lined an immense cement room. At the far end, there was a counter and, behind it, a starkly lit smaller room, a workshop. Ben saw his son's eyes widen; Murray's boyhood had known no gun shops. Whereas in an alley of Ben's boyhood, before the farm, there had been a mysterious made-over garage called "Ammo & Repairs"—sounds of pounding and grinding came out of it, and on dark winter afternoons, racing home with his sled, Ben would see blue sparks shudder in the window. But he had never gone in. So this was an adventure for him as well. There was that about being his father's son: one had adventures, one blundered into places, one *went* places, met strangers, suffered rebuffs, experienced breakdowns, exposed oneself in a way that Ben, as soon as he was able, made impossible, hedging his life with such order and propriety that no misstep could occur. He had become a lawyer, reducing the embarrassments of others to formulas, hiding himself in that unimpeachable mass of distinctions called the Law. Even in his clothes he had retained the anonymous stiffness of the fifties, while his partners blossomed into cherry-and-peach stripes and plum-colored bell-bottoms. Seeing his son's habitual tautness relax under the mystery of this novel, potent cellar, Ben regretted that he had been so much less a father than his own had been, a father's duty being to impart the taste of the world. Golf lessons in Brookline, sailing off Maine, skiing in New Hampshire, the "right" schools insofar as any were right anymore—what was this but captivity compared to the wealth of openings poverty and misadventure punch in one's existence? In this cave the metallic smell of murder lurked, and behind the counter two men bent low over something that gleamed like a jewel.

Ben's father went forward. "Dutch, this is my son Ben and my grandson Murray. The kid's just like you are, a perfectionist, and this cheap gun we got Ben a zillion years ago let him down this afternoon." To the other man he said, "I know your face, sir, but I've forgotten your name."

The other man, blinking, said, "Reiner." He was a pale mild-looking man, wearing a Day-Glo hunting cap, and a dirty blue parka over a clean shirt and tie. The mild look may have come from his spectacles, which were rimless. He seemed to be a customer, and the piece of metal in the gunsmith's hand apparently concerned him. It was a small slab with two holes bored in it; a shiny ring had been set into one of the holes, and Dutch's gray thumb moved back and forth across the infinitesimal edge where the ring was flush with the slab.

"About two-thousandths," the gunsmith slowly announced, growling the "ou"s. It was hard to know whom he was speaking to, his eyelids were so remarkable. They looked swollen—leaden hoods set slantwise over the eyes, eclipsing them but for a glitter. His entire body appeared to have slumped away from its frame, from the restless ruminating jowl to the undershirted beer belly and bent knees. His shuffle seemed deliberately comic. His hands alone had firmness—hands battered and nicked and so long in touch with greased machinery that they had blackened flatnesses like worn parts. The right middle finger had been shorn off at the first knuckle. "Two- or three-thousandths at the most."

Ben's father acted as interlocutor to make the drama clear. "You mean you can just tell with your thumb if it's a thousandth of an inch off?"

"Yahh. More or less."

"That's incredible. That to me is a miracle." He explained to his son and grandson, "Dutch was head machinist at Hager Steel for thirty years. He had hundreds of men under him. Hundreds."

"A thousand," Dutch growled. "Twelve hunnert during Korea." Ben saw that their routine was practiced; his father had been here often.

"Boy, I can't imagine it. I don't see how the hell you did it. I don't see how any man could do what you did; my imagination boggles. This kid here has what you have. Drive. Both of you have what it takes."

Such compliments used to come Ben’s way; now they passed through him, on the way from grandfather to grandson. He had ceased to exist and resented it. For who, in this cellar of yokels, was as important as he? He had dickered with Cabots, he had cowed mayoral assistants, he owned a closetful of gray suits. Dutch was the reigning presence here; Ben struck up a collusion with him. In a few crisp phrases he explained how the gun had failed to fire.

His father said to the man in spectacles, “It would have taken me all night to say what he just said. One thing I’m grateful the kid never inherited from me, his old man’s gift for blarney.”

Ben felt himself relax. His insides had been waiting for it: recognition.

Dutch slipped out the bolt of the .22 and, holding the screwdriver so the shortened finger lay along a groove of the handle, turned a tiny screw that Ben in all his years of owning the gun had never noticed. The bolt fell into several bright pieces, tinged with rust, on the counter. The gunsmith picked a bit of metal from within a little spring and held it up. “Firing pin. Sheared,” he said. His mouth when he talked showed the extra flexibility of the toothless.

“Do you have another? Can you replace it?” Ben, in this acoustical cellar, heard his own voice and winced at the way it had become an advocate’s—high-pitched, pushy.

Dutch declined to answer. He lowered his lids to gaze at the metal under his hands; one hand closed again around the curious little slab, with its gleaming ring, touching it as if for strength.

Ben’s father interceded, saying, “He can make it, Ben. This man here can make an entire gun from scratch. Just give him a lump of slag is all he needs.”

“Erskine, you know that different drummer you’re always marching to?”

“Wonderful,” Ben said, to fill the silence.

Reiner unexpectedly laughed. “How about,” he said to the gunsmith, “that old damascus double Jim Knauer loaded with triple FG and a smokeless powder? It’s a wonder he still has a face.”

After a pause, Dutch chuckled.

Ben recognized in these pauses something of courtroom theatrics; at his side he felt his son taut with suspense. “Shall we come back tomorrow?” Ben asked.

He was ignored. Reiner was going on, “What was the make on that? A twelve-gauge Parker?”

“English gun,” Dutch said. “A Westley Richards. He paid three hunnert for it yet, some dealer over in Royersford. Such foolishness, his first shot yet. Even split the stock.” His eyelids lifted. “Who wants a beer?”

Ben’s father said, “Jesus, I’m so full of turkey a beer might put me to sleep forever.”

Reiner looked amused. “They say liquor is good for bad circulation.”

“I’ll be happy to sip one, but I can’t take an oath to finish it. The first rule of hospitality, don’t look a gift horse in the face.” After the effort of forming these sentences, the old man sat down, in a concave easy chair with exploded arms. He had gone paler; his nose was livid as a bruise.

“Sure,” Ben said. “If they’re being offered. Thank you.”

“Son, how about you?” Dutch asked the boy. Murray’s eyes widened, realizing nobody was going to answer for him.

He said at last, “I guess I shouldn’t.”

Ben wondered, Had he ever? Aloud he explained, “He’s in training for his ski team.”

Dutch’s eyes stayed on the boy. “Then you should have good legs. How about now going over and fetching four cans from that icebox over there?” He gestured with a loose fist, turned his back, and fished through a shelf of cigar boxes for a cylinder of metal that, when he held it beside the fragment of firing pin, satisfied him. He grasped it and the beer that Murray brought and shuffled from the counter into the little room behind, that brimmed with cold light and dirty machinery.

As the boy took the other cans around, his grandfather explained to the man in parka and glasses, "This youngster is what you'd have to call an ardent athlete. He sails, he golfs, last winter he won blue medals at—what are they called, Murray?"

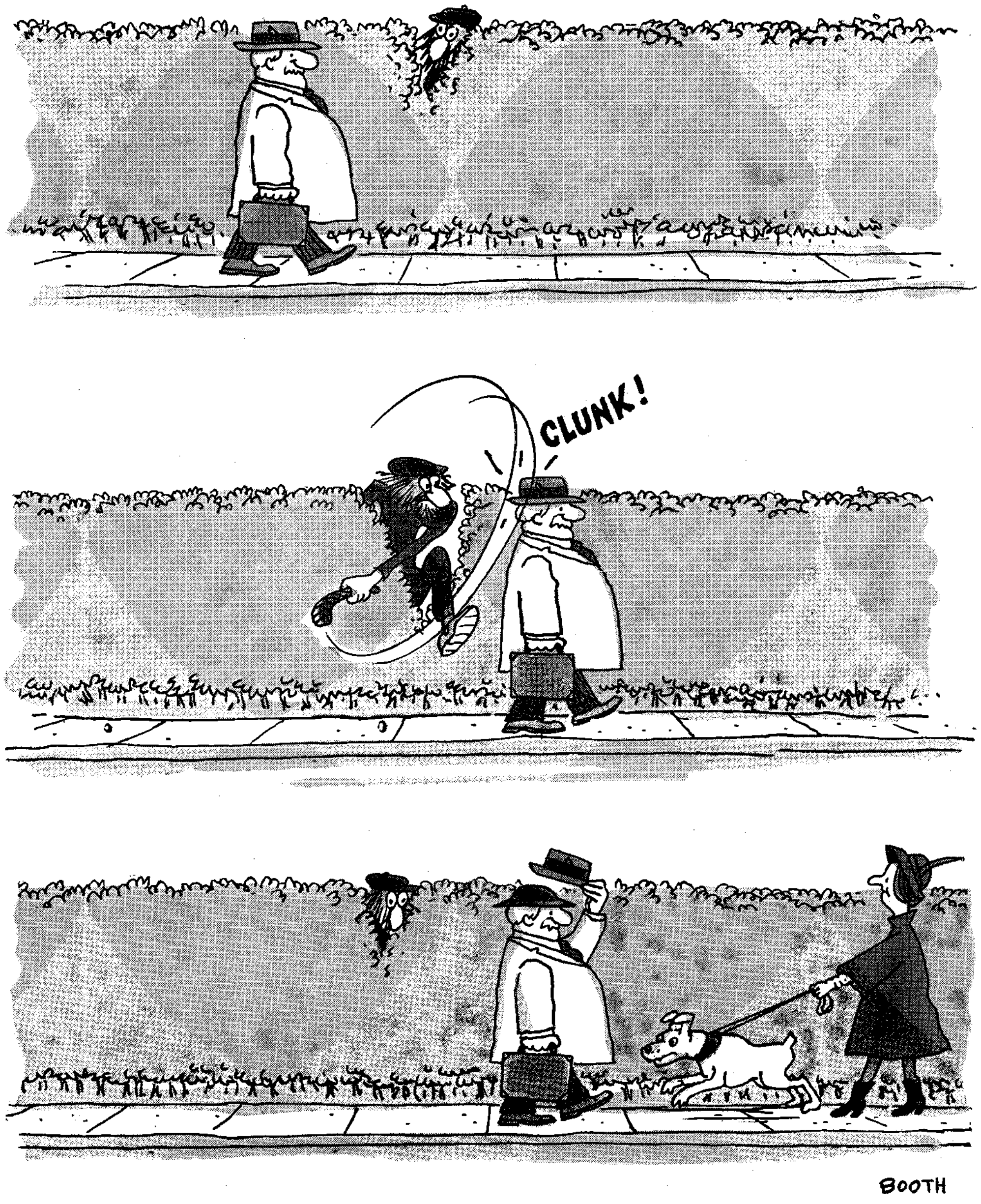
"Slaloms. I flubbed the downhill, though."

"Hear that? He knows the language. If he was fortunate enough to live down here with you fine gentlemen, he'd learn gun language too. He'd be a crack shot in no time."

"Where we live," the boy volunteered, "my mother won't even let me get a BB gun. She hates guns."

Ben heard the strained intake of breath between his father's sentences and tried to ignore the words. "Anything competitive, this kid loves. He doesn't get that from me. He doesn't get it from his old man, either. Ben always had this tactful way of keeping to himself. All the time he lived with us, you never knew what he was thinking."

Pained and embarrassed, emboldened by the beer, Ben walked around the counter and into the workshop. Dutch was turning the little cylinder on a lathe. He wore no goggles, and seemed to be taking no measurements. Into the mirror-smooth blur of the spinning metal Dutch delicately pressed a tipped, hinged cone. Curls of silver fell steadily to the scarred table. Sparks—not blue or red or even pink, but a kind of radiant tan—flew outward to the radius perhaps of a peony. The cylinder was becoming two cylinders, a narrow one emerging from the shoulders of another. Ben had once worked wood, in high-school shop, but this man could shape metal. He could descend into the hard heart of things and be among friends. Dutch switched off the lathe, with a sad grunt pushed himself away, and comically shuffled toward some other of his tools. Ben, fearing the love he felt for this man might burst his face and humiliate them both, turned back to the larger room.



Reiner was talking. ". . . you know your average bullet comes out of the barrel rotating; that's why a rifle is called that, for the rifling inside, that makes it spin. Now what the North Vietnamese discovered, if you put enough velocity into a bullet beyond a critical factor it tumbles, end over end like that. The Geneva Convention says you can't use a soft bullet that mushrooms inside the body like the dumdum, but hit a man with a bullet tumbling like that, it'll tear his arm right off."

The boy was listening warily, watching the bespectacled man's soft white hands demonstrate tumbling. Ben's father sat in the decrepit armchair, staring dully ahead, sucking back spittle, struggling silently for breath.

"Of course now," the lecture went on, "what they found was best over there for the jungle was a plain shotgun. You take an ordinary twenty-gauge, maybe mounted with a short barrel, you don't have visibility more than fifty feet anyway, a man doesn't have a chance at that distance. The spread of shot is maybe three feet around." With his arms Reiner placed the circle on himself, centered on his heart. "It'll tear a man to pieces like that. If he's not that close yet, then the shot pattern is wider and even a miss is going to hurt him plenty."

Ben asked him, "Were you there?"

Reiner took off his Day-Glo hunting cap and displayed a bald head. "You got me in the wrong war. Navy gunner, World Rumpus Two. With those 40-mm. Bofors you could put a two-pound shell thirty thousand feet straight up in the air."

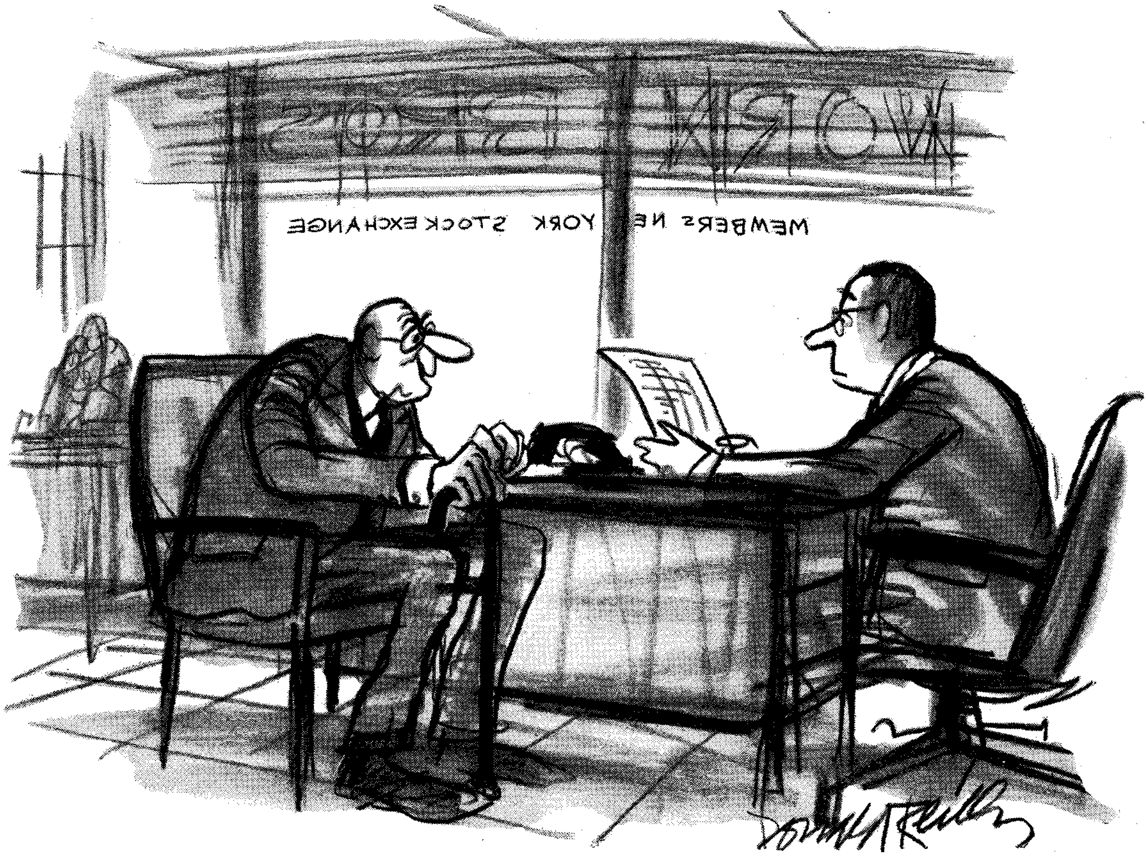
Dutch emerged from his workshop holding a bit of metal in one hand and a crumpled beer can in the other. Then he set the cylindrical bit amid the scattered parts of the bolt, fumbled at them, and they all came together.

"Does it fit?" Ben asked. The prosecuting edge had returned to his voice.

Dutch's clownish loose lips smiled. He slipped the bolt back into the .22 and turned back to the workshop. The four others held silent, but for Ben's father's breathing. In time the flat spank of a rifle shot resounded. "That's miraculous to me," Ben's father said. "A mechanical skill like that."

"Thank you very much," Ben said, too quickly, when the gunsmith lay the mended and tested .22 on the counter. "How much do we owe you?"

Rather than answer, Dutch asked Ben's son if he had ever seen a machine


MEMBERS NE YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

"Do you think I might have time to make it big on the Wankel engine?"

like this before. It was the device, operated by hand pressure, that assembled and crimped shotgun shells. He let the boy pull the handle. The shells marched in a little circle, receiving their allotment of shot and powder. "It can't explode," Dutch told Ben.

Reiner explained, "You see what this here is"—holding out the mysterious little slab with its bright ring—"is by putting in this bushing Dutch just made me I can reduce the proportion of powder to shot, when I go into finer grains this season."

Murray backed off from the machine. "That's neat. Thanks a lot."

Dutch studied Ben judgingly. "I guess two dollars."

Ben protested, "That's not enough."

Ben's father rescued him from the silence. "Pay the man what he asks; all the moola in the world won't buy God-given skill like that."

Ben paid, and was in such a hurry to leave he touched the side door before Dutch could switch off the burglar alarm. Bells shrilled, Ben jumped. Dutch laughed from the far side of the basement, and then everybody laughed, even—though he had hated, from schoolteaching days, what he called "cruel humor"—Ben's father.

IN the dark of the car, the old man sighed. "He's what you'd have to call a genius and a gentleman. Did you see the way your dad looked at him? Pure adoration, man to man. That's the kind of father he should have had, a real doer."

Ben asked him, "How do you feel?"

"Better. I didn't like Murray having to listen to all that blood and guts from Reiner."

"Boy," Murray said, "he sure is crazy about guns."

"He's lonely. He just likes getting out of the house and hanging around. Must give Dutch a real pain in the neck." Perhaps this sounded harsh to him, or applicable to himself, for he amended it. "Actually, he's a harmless sort of customer. He says he was in Navy artillery, but you know where he spent most of the war? Cruising around the Caribbean having a sunbath. He's like me. I was in the first one and my big accomplishment was surviving the flu. We were going to board in Hoboken, when they pulled off the Armistice."

"I never knew you were a soldier, Grandpa."

"Kill or be killed, that's my motto."

He sounded so faraway and fragile, saying this, Ben told him, "I hope we didn't wear you out."

"That's what I'm here for," Ben's father said.

In bed, Ben tried to describe to Sally their adventure, the gun shop. "The whole place smelled of death. I think poor Murray was a little frightened."

Sally said, "Of course. He's just a boy. You're awfully hard on him, you know."

"I know. I'd like to be nice like my father, but he was so nice I can't be. Anyway, what did it get him? Chest pains." Asleep, he dreamed he was a boy with a gun. A small bird, smaller than a dot, sat in the peach tree by the meadow fence. Ben aligned his sights and slowly, exquisitely squeezed. The dot fell like a stone. He went to it and found a wren's brown body, neatly deprived of a head. There was not much blood, just headless feathers. He awoke, and realized it was real. It had happened just that way, the first summer he had had the gun. After breakfast, he and his son went out across the dead strawberry leaves to the kiln again. There, a dreamlike thing occurred. Though Ben steadied his middle-aged trembling against a hickory trunk and aimed until his open eye burned, the cans and bottles proved impervious to his bullets, ignored them. Whereas when Murray took the gun, his little freckled face foreshortened into such concentration that the very muteness of the trees seemed willed. The cans jumped, the bottles burst. Ben had to laugh, out of pride and relief.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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IMPROVE YOUR ENGLISH USAGE

No matter how intelligent you are or how interesting what you write or say may be, a big part of the impression you make depends on how well you use the mechanics of English sentence construction. . . .

IRREGARDLESS OF YOUR AGE YOU
MAY NEED OUR HELP

—*Adv. in the Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

Irregardless of *your* age, you're in the wrong business.

THE OSPREY SUICIDES

Occasionally, an osprey locks its talons into a fish too large to handle and is pulled under to drown.—*Roger Tory Peterson.*

Casting from the Miami causeway
near Key Biscayne,
not a nibble
for hours into the sultry dawn (nor a scant gust,
no faint wind-whiffles),
my last tackle lost to heavy current and the bottom-
snags, I
empty the bucket
of live bait—squirming, eight-legged shrimp—
lean over the concrete guardrail, and stare
into the water below. A blurred
shadow, flashing, rises from the depths;
distorted by its violent whirring,
the image seems oddly close to, as if
somehow above the surface—
a ghostfish.
Now it hovers in one spot, halts, appears to settle
on the surface, stationary
but for a checkered dazzle of black-and-white splotches
blending
with the pale gray-white
reflection of the bridge—all image!

All's a mirroring, I think, as a soft,
rhythmic swishing overhead
twists my neck in an abrupt upward reflex.
I'm arrested—checked and held—
by a brilliant osprey (the exact
twin of the mirrored
water-blur)
suspended on laboring wings, transfixed, as if impaled
on a fifty-foot pole.
Then he plunges headlong, leaving me staring into vacancy.
My eyes,
two arrows streaking
for the target, race his plumb-line descent.
He strikes the water—talons thrown forward
on long white legs extended
like pitchforks—the only visible prey
is his own unblurred mirror-double:

the two birds, bilaterally symmetrical,
collide, melting into
each other:
both ospreys explode in foam! The powerful wingbeats
breaking his dive
churn the surface into a wall of spray that hides all
but outermost
wingtips and beak
held aloft, head never submerged.
The wings, never folded, madly quicken,
working ferociously for lift-off
as the bird slowly emerges from the cloak
of foam—airborne at last—
clutching a large red snapper
in his curled talons,
his burden
losing drag, approaching weightlessness, while he gains
speed and altitude.
As he straightens
into a vertical ascent,
his water-image dims and shrinks,

while a matching sky-image above, hanging
immobile like a lantern projection
on the cloudscape, awaits his swift approach
Grown distrustful of optic
fakes, I blink my eyes in wonder. . . .
I look again.
As the climbing osprey diminishes in size, his perfected
sky-twin, unshrinking,
glides in a slow circle on extended wings. Before the lower
bird meets
his soul-brother in heaven,
the upper bird swoops down from above,
declaring himself a piratical bald eagle.
Trying to catch the osprey unawares,

the eagle homes in on him
and executes
a precision-timed swipe at the snapper. The smaller bird,
screaming his outrage,
swerves at the last possible instant, easily dodging clear
without halting—
or even appreciably
slowing—his rate of ascension.
The emperor of birds,
infuriated, soars quickly above the osprey,
again and again, whose masterful
side-veerings always deftly elude
the eagle dive-bomber's
aerial thrusts
as both raptors, hurtling like runaway kites into the upper air,
are finally reduced
to little more than speckled motes against the sky. The osprey,
straining
to lift his freightage, climbs
slower and slower; his outleaps

grow fiercer; but at last
he drops the fish. The eagle, plummeting,
intercepts the falling carcass
just before it reaches the sea;
he glides
a few feet above sea level, flaunting his prize. Morning
trade winds arising,
I spot the osprey scanning the gusty bay
for surface game.
Following his search,
I notice a spread-winged highflier—
misidentified earlier
as obscure cloud-mirage—
now rapidly descending; he coasts

on motionless, vast, dark wings
outspread. Squinting
at the frigatebird's
unmistakable forked tail and webbed feet, I hardly notice
his side-slipping maneuvers
into position over the bald eagle. One savage pounce—
a bone-breaking
peck!—and his long
hooked beak instantly hijacks
the limp fish from the eagle's surprised claw
old baldy bested by the man-of-war bird,
master of sky-to-sea pirates. The frigate
never alights on the water;
despite his onetime
water-strutting
webbed feet—now shrunken and held close to his body

on legs shortened
for total streamlining—he is unable to rise
from the sea
once fallen. The eagle
haltingly cruises downwind,

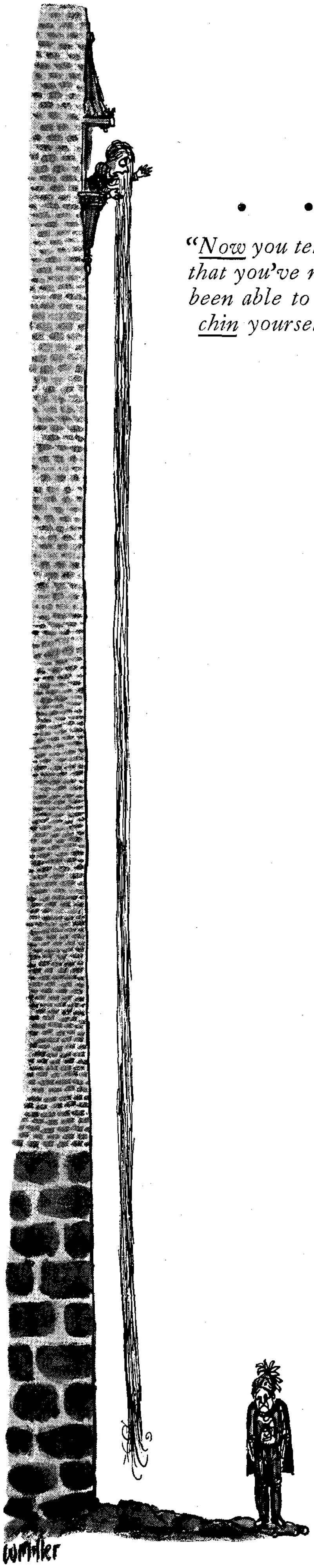
a dazed prince of the air drifting earthward.
The osprey keeps wending upward and outward, his wings
a weft in the wind's shuttle,
his body lofted in broader circles
of a slowly upwinding
spiral.
He traces the periphery of an inverted cone with apex
near the bay's center,
extending his range of surface-tracking radar;
gauging
all points below
at once, he surveys a commanding
view of a great plain of water stretching
from shore to shore. Checking
himself at about one hundred feet, he hovers—
a bombardier sighting his target—

and drops like a discharged projectile.
The shower of spray,
bubbling
higher and higher over the flapping wings, froths
like a small geyser
as the bird struggles to hoist
the payload
tugging him under.
The towering spume lowers, deflates,
when a blast of wind sucks his exposed wing ends
and hurls him high over the swells
hefting a yards-long thick garfish,
violently
whipping about, bending its wiry silverflanks double upon
the talons piercing
its back. As the osprey levels off,
he coasts on a line
parallel to the surface, perhaps five

wingspans high. The strong headwind shifts
course and fades; the osprey
pivots to catch the last of the wind; wind
dying, he surges nose-upward
on strenuously heaving wingflaps,
his claws buried
in the gar's
spine, and sinking deeper, the fish jerking its tail in its last
shimmering death throes.
I drop my eyes to the pair mirrored below, the reflected
battle-
thrashing of bird and prey
strangely altered by optical alchemy
into the amorous writhings of mating lovers,
the upper figure alternately lifting,
and being pulled down by the lower; but following
a peak of vigorous flailing

all motion quavers to a stillness.
Before I can lift
my eyes back
to the aerial pair, the aquatic pair has swallowed the original
as echo drinks up sound.
The osprey, collapsing on outstretched
wings, falls
into its image, still hugging
its victim and slaughterer to its breast.

—Laurence Lieberman



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"Now you tell me that you've never been able to even chin yourself!"

THE PROGNOSTICATORS

IT was hot. Sweat fell from his brow like grenades, exploding on his eyebrows. He stood staring out the window over the steel canyons. Pedestrians below reminded him of the warrior ants of Mindanao, and the cars that scuttled among them looked like Javanese H'ua beetles.

He turned at the sound of a door opening behind him. The girl walked in, carrying a bundle of computer printouts. She was naked—a desperate, last-ditch attempt to beat the heat.

"Four-forty-five," she said.

"I know."

"Only an hour and ten minutes to go."

"I know."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

The words hit her like a thousand Bostitch staples. "You don't?"

He didn't answer. He walked over to the control panel and studied the banks of dials. The needles seemed to taunt him with their rigidity, their certainty.

"The barometer's falling," he said.

"Oh, no!" She began to cry.

"That's the way it goes, Bulgarian Girl," he said, and he slapped her on the rump.

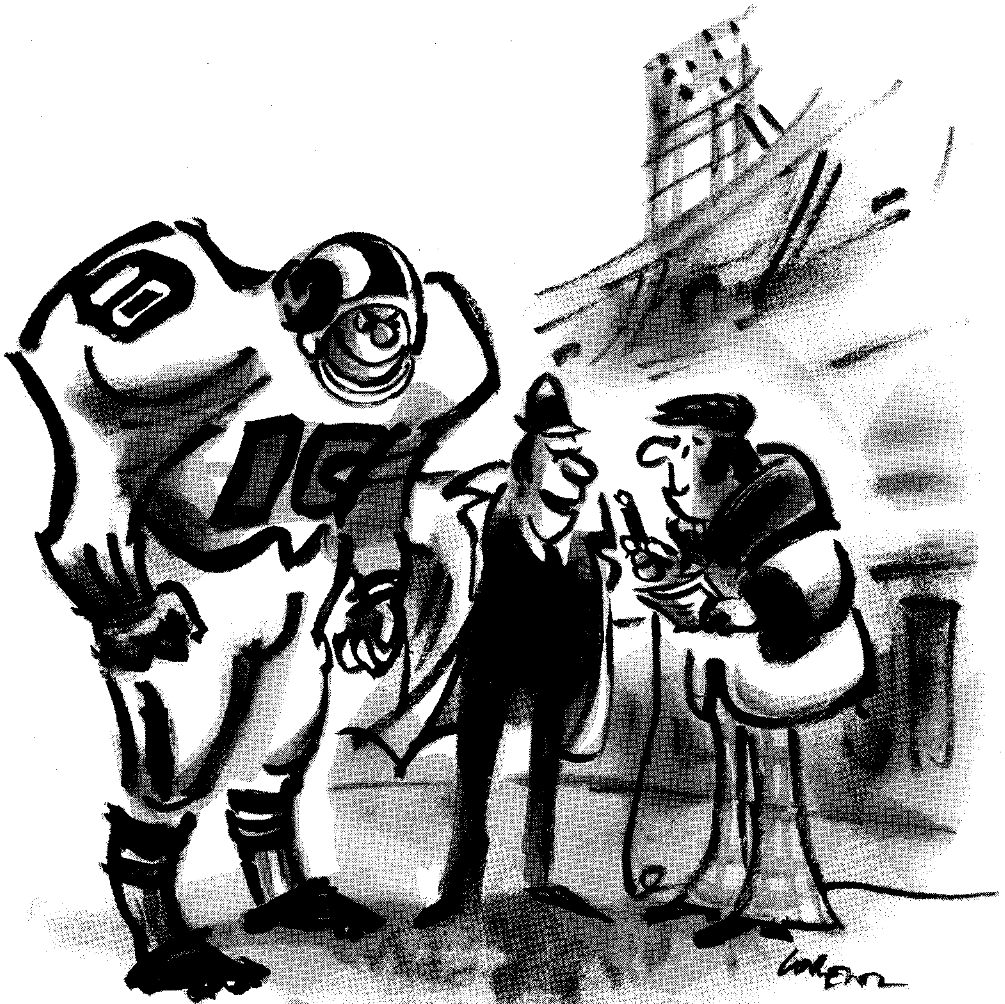
She moaned softly—a low animal moan—and threw herself backward onto the desk. "Now," she said.

He laughed. "Not until after the six-o'clock news. There's a lot riding on this one." He gave her a friendly shove, and she slipped off the desk head first into his Mark Cross wastebasket, bruising her clavicle on a cast-off hygrometer from the Kenton Collection.

"You're so cool," she said, and her words rattled around like marbles in the leatherette basket.

"Not today, Bulgarian Girl. I'm hot, just like you." He turned back and fixed his steel-gray eyes on the control panel.

"Why do you call me that?" she said, picking Tiparillo butts out of her hair. "I'm not a country, I'm a person."



"Of course, Nibriski's only a first-year man, but he's got one thing going for him—desire."

"Maybe to the rest of the world," he said. "But to me you're Bulgarian Girl."

"But I come from Floral Park!"

"Hard cheese," he said, amputating the conversation.

THE barometer *was* falling, damn it. There had been 30 inches of mercury only a little while ago. Now there were only 29.94 inches. The anemometer stayed as stiff as Lot's wife, locked on 3. The thermometer registered a relentless 94. The hygrometer seemed to shout at him, "90!"

"That's one filthy T.H.I.," he said. His mind began to drift backward, spilling over the years, to the time in Barbados when the barometer had dropped from 30 to 28.25 in twelve hours. It had been a wipe-out.

The door opened and he saw Elliott standing there, sharp as a tack in his two-button gabardine from Pierre Cardin.

"Well?" said Elliott.

"Well, what?"

"Have you got a forecast or not?" Elliott saw the girl crouched behind the desk, and he snickered. "You better keep your mind on your work, fella."

"You'll get your forecast. Now bug off."

Elliott was devastated. He walked out and slammed the door behind him.

Elliott was right about one thing: he had better keep his mind on his work. There were eight million people out there in Gotham waiting for the Word. Rain or shine? Clear or cloudy? Windy or still? Fog or smog? The combinations were infinite. It was like chess, only worse. The stakes in chess were mostly ego. This game was for real.

He checked the barometer again. 29.93. Still falling. He looked out the window. From below there came the wail of a siren. A warning, he thought. His shirt was stuck to his back. Annoyed, he took it off.

"Now?" said the voice from behind the desk.

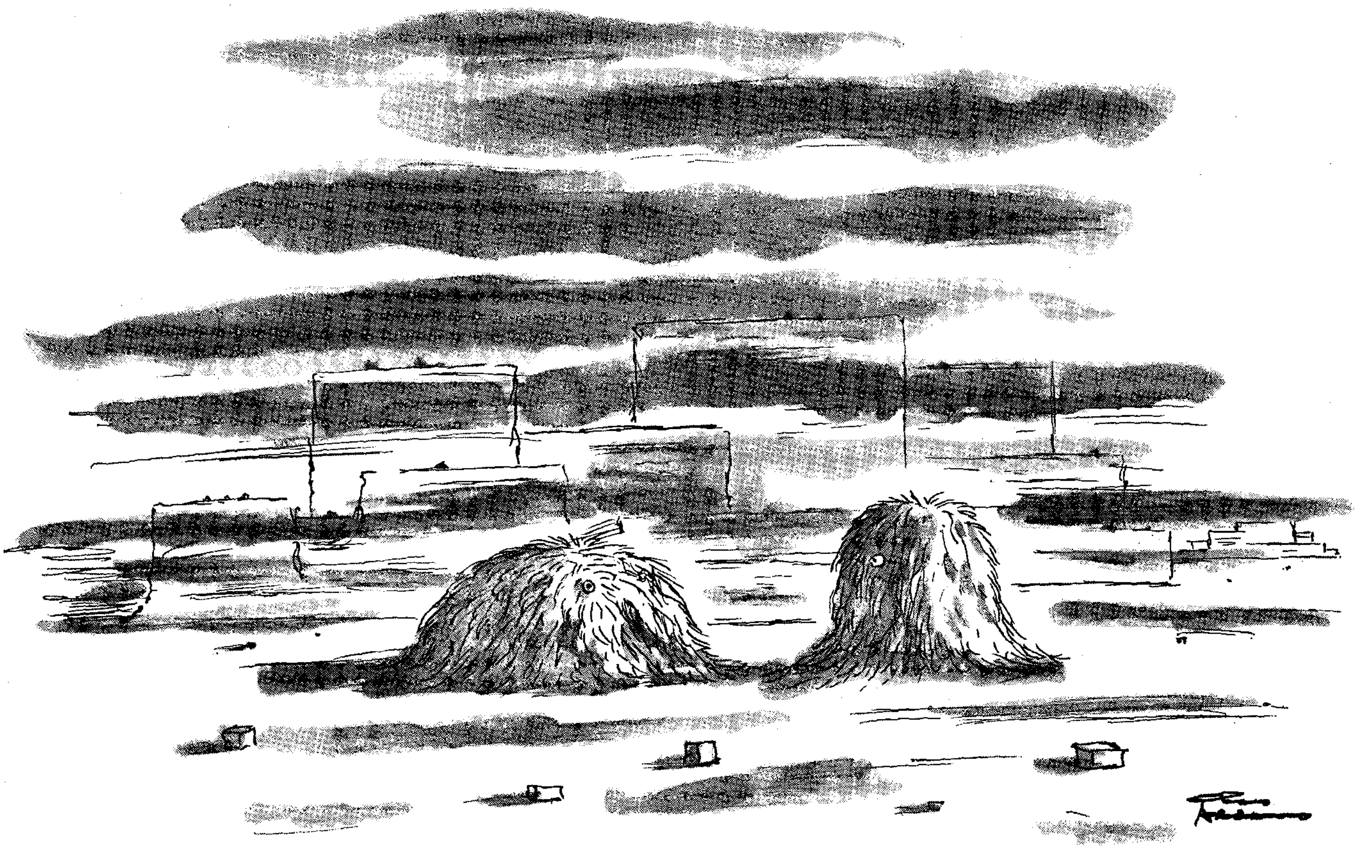
"Forget it."

"What are you made of, ice water?"

"Right," he said. "Two parts, anyway. One part guts."

AT five-thirty, he made his decision. It was the only way. He took a ten-dollar bill from his wallet and walked over to the desk. He flipped the bill to her behind the desk and said, "Go get me an onion roll."

It was code. She knew it, but she



"I've often wondered if life as we know it exists anywhere else."

• •

hoped against hope that he was teasing. He did that sometimes. "You're teasing," she said.

"Not this time, Bulgarian Girl. We're playing for all the cookies."

Weeping unashamedly, she crept from the room.

When she was gone, he whipped off his Daks and his Fruits of the Loom. From the top drawer of his desk he took a key. Brusquely he shoved aside a Texaco wall calendar. Behind it, staring out at him (as blank, he thought, as the eye of God), was a small safe. He opened the safe and took out a briefcase.

He set the case on the floor and opened it. He removed a loincloth (leopardette, from Hunting World) and snapped it over his loin. He opened a jar of Zabar's lamb fat and smeared it over his body. Then he sat down, in the lotus position, and waited.

She returned quickly, carrying a silver-plated serving dish. Without a word, she set the dish before him, removed the top, and backed silently to the door.

"Wait," he said. "What's this?" He picked something out of the dish and held it between his thumb and forefinger.

"Parsley," she said.

"Spare me the frills," he said, casting the greenery aside. "Now leave me."

He stared down at the dish. Braised and steaming, quivering in their juices, lay an order of sweetbreads. Parsley, he thought disgustedly. Whoever heard of putting parsley with entrails, especially entrails *to go*? With one hand he picked the sweetbreads out of the dish and cuddled them in his palm. Then he skimmed the dish across the room and out the window. (It would be days before he would learn that the dish had sailed down to street level and skulled a rug salesman from Einstein-Moomjy, who then ran up and down the avenue crying, "The dishes are coming! The dishes are coming!")

For a moment, he stared at the sweetbreads in his palm. Then, carefully, he laid them on the carpet. He moved them this way and that, that way and this, muttering, "*Ris de veau, ris de veau*, tell me what I want to know."

He stared fixedly at the rubbery heap, and his body trembled. Then he smiled. So be it. Life is full of contradictions.

HE went on the air at six-twenty. "Good evening, my fellow-Americans," he said. "The barometer, I regret to say, is dropping. Snow will begin to fall at approximately ten-fifteen this evening. . . ."

Almost instantly, the lights on the telephone console on the anchor man's desk exploded in a flickering fantasia. Randy Pilaff, the sports reporter, gasped.

He smiled.

When it was over, he walked off the set. She was waiting for him, dressed in Saran Wrap dotted strategically with Green Stamps. She took his arm. As they left the studio, Elliott came up to him and said, "You're off your tree. What kind of forecast was that?"

"The truth," he said. "I know it hurts. It always does."

"What are you talking, truth? Who knows from truth?"

"Truth," he said, "is a parabola."

Elliott shrivelled and slunk away.

Standing at the elevator, she said to him, "Now?"

He nodded and crushed a Tiparillo in his callused palm. "Now."

—PETER BENCHLEY

•

8:00 KKHI (95.7)—Guest Artist: Carl Weinrich, organ. Haydn: Organ Concerto in C Noisy . . .—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

All stops out, and pump like hell!

PROFILES

LES PIEDS NOIRS

MME. MARTIN's suitcase has been in her family for a hundred years. It is more of a satchel than a suitcase, really—a plump, black gros-point bag with faded yellow flowers and leather fittings, the kind of bag that women used to take travelling. Mme. Martin's great-grandmother bought it in Béziers just before she married, and in 1873, when a cruel phylloxera epidemic ruined the local vineyards, she packed her best trousseau linens in it and left for Algeria with her husband to start a new life. The bag was passed from eldest daughter to eldest daughter, down to Mme. Martin. In June of 1962, the month that over a quarter of a million French *colons* were fleeing from Algeria, Mme. Martin brought out the satchel, which had not been used since she took her four children on a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Lourdes de Misserghin. She put in the family photographs, her husband's Croix de Guerre from the Second World War, a change of socks and underwear for each of the children, and all the documents that she had time to get notarized—a paper, stamped at the *mairie* in Algiers, stating that Paul, her eldest son, had passed his *baccalauréat;* an inventory of the household; a list of the vines and fruit trees in her garden and the rabbits that she raised to sell; bills for the equipment that M. Martin, who was an electrician, had bought for his workshop. The socks and the underwear were stolen on the boat that took the family back to France, but the papers and the pictures are intact, and they are still in the satchel, which sits on the cracked stone windowsill in Mme. Martin's new kitchen, ready for the next emergency. She does not have confidence enough, she says, to put the satchel away although she doubts that she will ever leave the little peasant village where the family lives now. She claims, sometimes, that she is going to die of sadness there, the way her mother died, at eighty, in another strange village, near Marseille. "You take a sapling and replant it, and it thrives," she often says, talking about her children. "But an old tree like me, a tree with roots—out of its own soil that tree will die." She would like to leave the satchel to Yvette, her only daughter, but Yvette thinks it is shabby and old-fashioned. Yvette is married to a *métropolitain*—a *French* Frenchman—and for her own honeymoon she bought a new white plastic suitcase at the Prix Unic in Marseille.

IN June of 1830 the first French soldiers marched into what is now Algeria "to avenge the honor of the flag of France." Actually, the flag had been insulted for centuries by the Barbary pirates, who used to relax between their escapades at sea by pillaging along the French coast, but now, it seemed, the flag had been definitively insulted—the Dey of Algiers had hit the French consul with a flyswatter during a discussion on the price of grain. It took the French five years to seize the major coastal towns, and seventeen more to occupy most of the rest of Algeria, north of the Sahara. At the time, however, there was no Algeria—in the sense that there was a Morocco or a Tunisia, subject to a ruling dynasty—and the French who came set out to organize the land into a sort of overseas *département* of France. They were the poor of France, and they came by the hundred thousand, even before a good deal of the land was pacified—the political refugees of 1848 and 1852; the Alsatians of 1871; the Corsicans, and then the peasants from Languedoc and the Cévennes and the Basses-Alpes whose vineyards had been destroyed by the same long phylloxera epidemic that forced Mme. Martin's great-grandparents to leave their land. Spaniards came to Oran, Italians and Maltese to Constantine, and *they* were Frenchmen for just the price of an official naturalization stamp. "*Français à douze sous*," people called them. A decree in 1870 naturalized all the Jews in Algeria, and after 1889 any European born there was automatically a French citizen. Around *métropolitains*, they would refer to themselves grandly as *les Français d'Algérie*, but at home in Algeria they called themselves *pieds noirs*, which was what the natives called them, though by then no one knew whether this old epithet referred to the shiny, black boots on the first French officers in the country or to the bare, blackened feet of the first French immigrant farmers to dig their toes into the rich Maghreb soil. Some of the *pieds noirs* were rich—big landowners, whom the French call *gros colons*—and all the *pieds noirs* were unquestionably richer than the nine million Arabs and Berbers who worked to keep them that way. But most of the *pieds noirs* were simply farmers turned workers in the big cities of the colony. They had gone to Algeria as a peasantry in exile, and in 1962, when Algeria won its independence, they left the country as an exiled proletariat. Twenty-four families immigrated to Australia, fourteen went to Canada, and a hundred settled in Taiwan. No one else wanted them—except, apparently, the Shah of Iran, who offered land to twenty-five hundred *pied-noir* families and was turned down. The French certainly didn't want them—but a million *pieds noirs* went "home" to France.

Most of the *gros colons* had seen the trouble coming, for the good reason that they were the cause of so much of it, and they got their money out in the late fifties, with the result that almost everyone who was rich in Algeria in the nineteen-fifties was just as rich, or very nearly so, in France in 1962. All two hundred thousand civil servants who were in Algeria at independence were given jobs in France or were retired with pensions, because, as the *pieds noirs* like to say, France may abandon her colonies but she will never abandon her *fonctionnaires*. And as for the *vedettes de clandestins*, the super-luminaries of the Organisation de l'Armée Secrète who had not been captured by the Algerians, jailed by the French, or welcomed, when they fled, to Spain or Paraguay or Argentina—many of them found a congenial new life in Marseille, smuggling heroin, or in Paris, in "assistance" rackets, extorting money from other refugees. It was the *petits pieds noirs*—the ones like the Martins, who had stayed out of the fighting, as well as the ones who had carried the *bombes plastiques* for the O.A.S. and had run through the streets of Algiers and Oran shooting Algerians—who arrived in France without a franc and without a future. Some of them, like Mme. Martin, were obviously French, but the great majority of these *Français d'Algérie* returning destitute to the motherland were the Spaniards, the Corsicans, the Maltese, and the Italians who had helped settle the colony in the nineteen-hundreds.

The French in Paris called these new arrivals *hyper-méditerranéen*, because they were brash and insular and volatile, extravagantly pious, and violent in their hates. They were the Ulstermen of Africa. They had learned their politics from the rightist, demagogic papers of the *gros colons*, and they had learned their responsibilities as Frenchmen from the secret broadcasts of the O.A.S. The French, who had effectively abandoned Algeria to violence and had then sent soldiers in to keep the peace, blamed them for the war and for the death of soldiers who had gone, unwillingly, to save Frenchmen they did not consider French at all. The *pieds noirs* were despised in France in 1962, but they came anyway, while their protectors in the O.A.S. bombed trains and docks and airport towers to stop them. They arrived in Marseille—ten thousand of them almost every day that June—and the first of France that most of them saw was the legend "*Sales Pieds Noirs*," which the angry *Marseillais* had painted on the walls of the old port. They lived at the port there—families without food, sick children with no medicine—while the government, which seems to have never really counted on their arrival, tried to administer their future from a dockside office that it called a *centre d'accueil*. Eventually, a small subsistence allowance was settled on them, and—for as long as the beds lasted—families with young children were guaranteed free lodging for a week or two in Marseille's hotels. Over a hundred thousand *pieds noirs* settled in Marseille, but the rest soon moved on. Many went to Paris, where the chances of finding work were better, but most of them scat-

"Wowee! Get thee behind me, Satan!"

tered to towns and villages across the south of the country where the *mairies* had reported empty rooms.

The village where the Martins have settled is in Provence, about two and a half hours' drive from Marseille, and the family went there after two months in Marseille, when the *préfecture* reported that the village had a large empty house, which had once been used for local orphans. There are seven hundred people in the village. Most of them work the fields, the vineyards, and the orchards in the dry, sparse valley that the village overlooks from its perch on the south face of one of the steep little mountains that ring the area and have protected and isolated it for centuries. Before Parisians came looking for old stone farmhouses to buy as country places, most of the strangers who crossed those mountains were escaping from something. Roman soldiers hid in the mountains. So did Albigensians, and the Resistance fighters of the French Maquis. The peasants like to complain that their village is a place that the young leave, coming back only when they get in trouble. The peasants themselves rarely leave it, except to go to the nearest town on market day. They do not like strangers much. Once, they say, an old man from their village went off in his cart to paint a picture of the village that sits on another little mountain, ten kilometres across the valley. They saw him off at dawn with much advice for his conduct and his safety, and they were waiting up at night when he came home. "Well, how did it go?" the mayor asked him. The peasant spat. "*On ne peut pas travailler chez les étrangers*," he said.

The house where the Martins live now is on the Rue de la Libération, which is a dirt path that starts at an old stone church at the top of the village and winds down to a new church at its foot. Most of the house was built by a farmer in the fifteenth century, and all of it was in ruins when the Martins bought it, four years after they arrived in France. No one else in the village wanted the house—it was huge and crumbling and full of scorpions, and it opened, in the back, onto the fierce mistral. The Martins bought it for twenty thousand francs, which was about four thousand dollars, from an old peasant, who did not know when he signed the papers at the *notaire's* office that he was selling to *pieds noirs*. They got the money by borrowing—half from one of Mme. Martin's brothers, who had left Algeria in 1958 and had set himself up in a hardware store outside Marseille, and the other half from the government—and they fixed it up with a *déménagement* loan that the state had made available to *pied-noir* families. M. Martin, who by then had found some work at an electrical-repair shop in the market town, put in plumbing, heating, and electricity himself, on his Sundays off. Mme. Martin scrubbed the stone walls with disinfectant and set off little bombs in every room to kill the scorpions. When the house was ready, she knocked on the neighbors' doors and invited them in for an after-dinner drink and coffee. She bought a new dress for the occasion—her first new dress since she had left Algiers—and M. Martin, who had been shattered by the war and the move and his own homesickness and had started drinking, stayed sober all day long to greet the company. No one came to Mme. Martin's party. And no woman in the village has ever asked the Martins to coffee in her own house.

ADJUSTMENTS
Modell

"The ad said, 'Money back if not delighted.' Look at me. Do I look delighted?"

Mme. Martin is fifty now, and is used to the solitude. She spends most of her time in her kitchen, cooking and washing clothes and worrying about her children—and sometimes looking at the pictures in her gros-point bag. She is a bitter, tired-looking woman in a brown nylon housedress, and she is heavy and getting gray. The village children who see her in the morning at the grocer's, complaining volubly about the prices, still point to her big gold teeth and whisper to each other that she is an African, but they have at least stopped asking to inspect her feet, which they are sure are black. They see more of M. Martin, who has been spending most of *his* time drinking wine behind the blacksmith's shop since he was burned at work in 1969 and had to leave his job. He was ill for a year with the burns. For a while, he was getting four hundred francs a month in workmen's compensation from the government, but this was based on the assumption that he could not work as an electrician anymore. When the other electricians around the valley discovered that he was taking odd jobs on the sly to earn some extra money, they sent an anonymous letter to the social-security office in the *département*, and, after an investigation, M. Martin's pension was reduced to less than a hundred and fifty francs a month. Now, when he is not drinking, he makes a few francs looking after the garden of a Paris banker who has a farmstead in the valley. M. Martin, in fact, can take on almost any job he finds—the *pieds noirs* are smart, he says, and have the frontier spirit, which the peasants lack—and his wife thinks that the local electricians got together and wrote their letter because they were jealous of his skill.

Mme. Martin says they were all out watching on the day, ten years ago, that M. Martin repaired an old truck that everybody else had given

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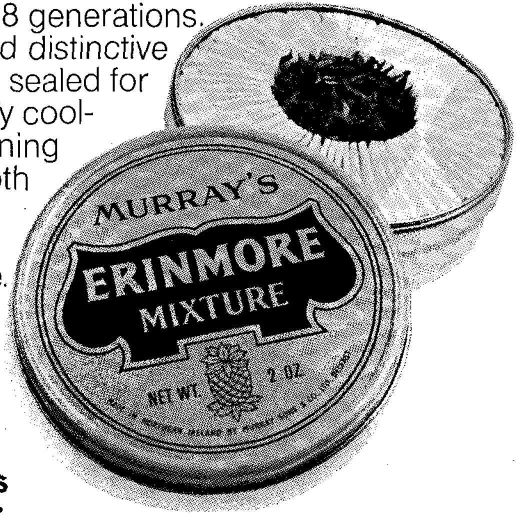

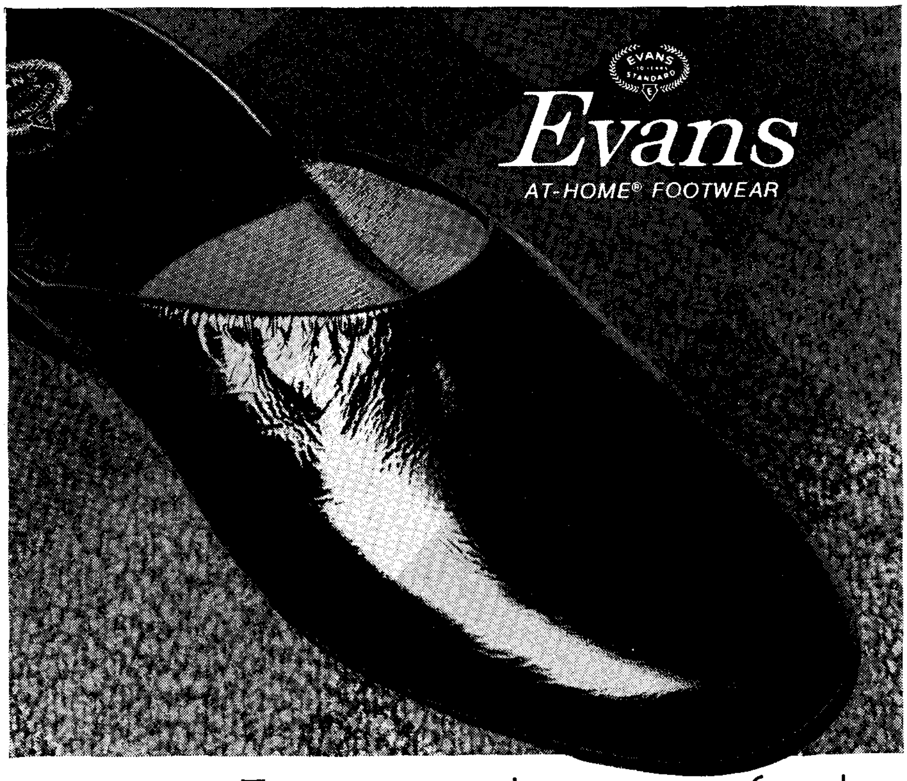

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up for ruined. It happened the morning after the Martins arrived. Mme. Martin was in the old orphanage, trying to clean the room the *mairie* had assigned the family, and listening to her two youngest children cry. The children were hungry—Claude was nine then and Jean-Jacques eight—but Mme. Martin had no money, and, besides, the three grocers in the village were closed, because a saint's-day fête had kept them open late the night before. M. Martin was sleeping in a corner, but he woke to the crying and then went out to find a way to feed his family. At Pierre's café, he met an old farmer, who said that he could use a man to drive his melons to the market but that his only truck had broken down a year ago and no one in the village could make it run. M. Martin fixed the farmer's truck in less than half an hour, and he drove for the old man until he found his job in town. He is sixty-one now, and looks much older, because of his drinking, which the village doctor says is going to kill him. His hair is white, and his skin is brown and leathery—in fact, he looks a little like an Algerian. He says that once, during the fighting in Algeria, when the Front de Libération Nationale made a reprisal rampage through his quarter, he escaped by posing as an Arab with a French wife. Actually, he is more Spanish than anything else; his great-grandparents came to Oran from Alicante Province in the eighteen-sixties, and the family married other Spaniards until his mother took a husband from Algiers who was half French. He says that it is the Spanish in him that enabled him to get along so well with Algerians, whom he tends to regard as testy, impressionable creatures, like women and children, and he often talks about his old Algerian assistant, who once told him that in the best possible world a man would marry an Arab, live next door to a Spaniard, and go to court before a French judge. Martin is not bitter about the Algerians; he reserves his rancor for de Gaulle and the other *métropolitains*. He is querulous and boastful, and gallant around a pretty woman, but his eyes are nearly mad with loss and helplessness. He laughs and swears a lot when he is drunk, and once he scandalized the villagers by squeezing his wife's breast as they stood by themselves in a corner of the schoolyard during a Bastille Day fireworks display. His wife complains that France has ruined him, and has made him lecherous. "It is the sorrow," she says. "At home, he was proud. Every *pied noir* is proud. He does not like to see his wife go out

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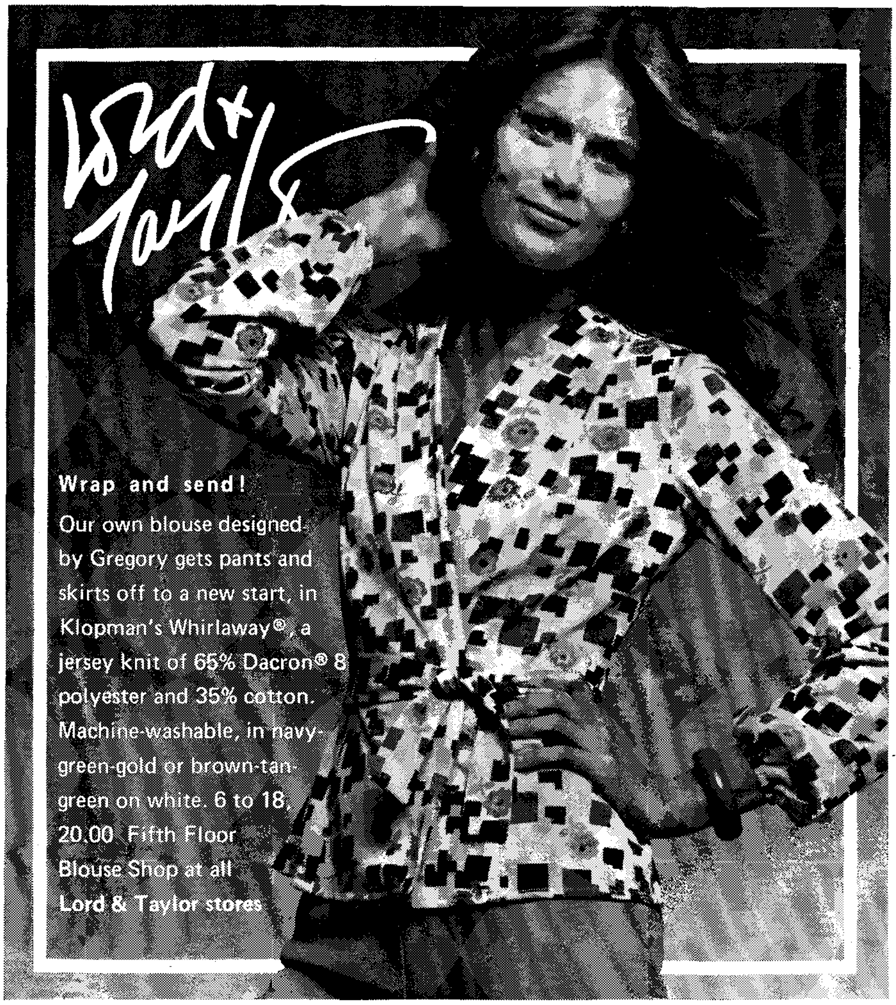
where men can look at her. He is very possessive, very loving when she is young and pretty. But later he respects the fact that she is not young. He knows that it is even written in the Bible—the life of a woman my age is not for love; it is caring for her grandchildren, caring for her old husband. But my old husband—here my husband has become evil, like a Frenchman. He has worked and fought for France—seven years he fought for France, and no one then called him a *sale pied noir*—and now he is old and he has nothing. So he is jealous of the young, jealous of his own children. He drinks and dreams of being young, and then he brings me lipstick and perfume and tries to kiss me at the fêtes. It is not respectable. He comes to me mooning like a boy, and we fight, because he is crazy. I say to him, '*Laisse-moi seule. Je me fous de ton amour.*' "

The war in Algeria made them all crazy, Mme. Martin says. Paul, who married a *pied noir* and left the village, works for an insurance company in Marseille and poses as a *métropolitain.* Yvette still wakes at night, screaming, from nightmares about the day she took an apple tart to her great-aunt's farm and found the old woman with her throat slit and stuffed with a warning from the Liberation Front. Claude, who is nineteen now, wants to be a martyr, and he prays each morning in the village graveyard and decorates his room with shrines to the Virgin and with old snapshots of his dead relatives. And Jean-Jacques—he goes to a *lycée* and should be sensible, his mother says—is insolent and headstrong and so fierce in his hatred of the French that even his parents are afraid of him. One day, Jean-Jacques will leave the village. In fact, he will leave France, if he can, as soon as the family is indemnified and he can stop working during his school vacations to help pay off his parents' loans. His parents, like the million other *pieds noirs* in France, have been waiting ten years now for compensation for their abandoned property. They were guaranteed it in the Accords d'Évian, which established Algerian independence, but the guarantees were an empty, placatory gesture, since the Algerians were clearly not going to reimburse them, and the French, after years of fighting in Indo-China and then in Algeria, had no money in their treasury to indemnify a million refugees. Even Mme. Martin will admit that France was poor then. "Certainly," she says. "Once, the port of Marseille was busy for Indo-China, busy for Algeria. Now what does



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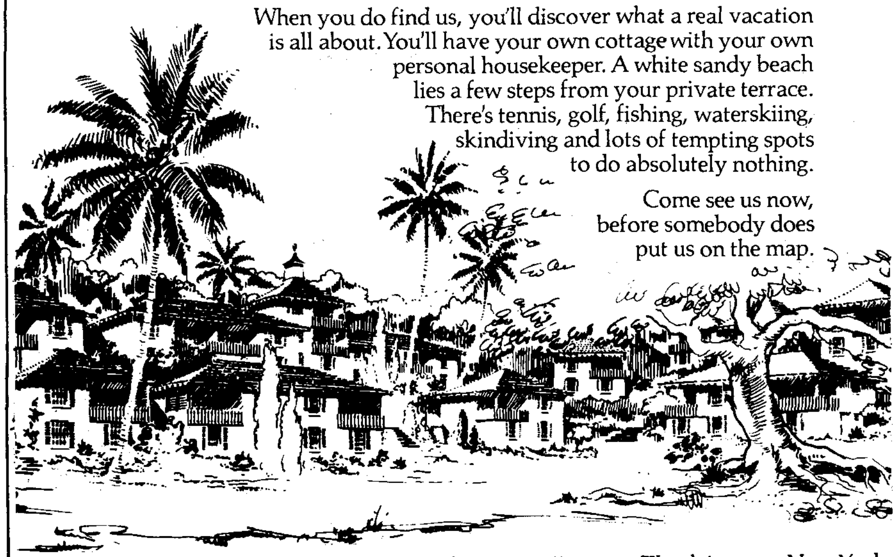

For more information, write William Bancroft, Dragon Bay, 964 Third Avenue, New York, call (212) 838-2902 or ask your travel agent. **Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica**

France have left? A few worthless little colonies. *C'est rien.*"

De Gaulle had had to devalue the franc in 1958 to save it, and for the rest of his life he ignored the *pieds noirs'* pressure for restitution, claiming that such a huge expenditure would plunge the country into an even worse economic crisis than before. It is probably true that the French, anti-*pied noir* to begin with and still smarting from their involvement in the long and idiotic Algerian war, would have resisted any scheme to divert money from the economy to indemnify the *pieds noirs*, but de Gaulle's postponements only confirmed the *pieds noirs'* feeling that they had been betrayed. They blamed de Gaulle, because he had campaigned for the Presidency in 1958 on what they interpreted as a "Keep Algeria French" platform, and they had believed in him, and, in fact, had done more than any other bloc of voters to elect him—which meant that they had forced the Algerians, who by then had the right to participate in French elections, to go to the polls and vote the Gaullist slate. Less than a year later, de Gaulle offered his coöperation to the Algerians and announced that Algeria would be decolonized.

Some concessions were made to the *pieds noirs* in 1962, if only to avert another sort of economic crisis, which was sure to follow if a million extra people stayed permanently on the public dole. The subsistence allowance was small—four hundred and fifty francs, or about ninety dollars, a month per couple, with fifty more francs for every child—but it was guaranteed for a year or until the head of the family found steady work. The *déménagement* loan of twenty thousand francs was more generous—although it was extended only to families who had bought a house or an apartment, and fewer than twenty-five thousand of the *pieds noirs* could qualify. And there were also loans—of up to two hundred thousand francs, at three per cent interest—for businessmen, professionals, and farmers who needed financing. A few of the *pieds noirs* who took these loans went bankrupt. Nearly every *pied noir* who took one *pretended* that he had. In fact, forging bankruptcies was probably the major occupation of most *pied-noir* businessmen until the end of 1969, when the government, confronted with a seventy-per-cent bankruptcy rate and under pressure from the *pied-noir* assistance syndicates, declared a moratorium on all repayments.

By 1969, too, the era of de Gaulle

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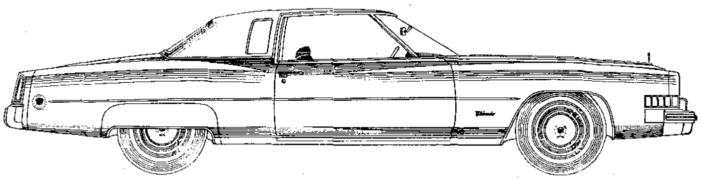

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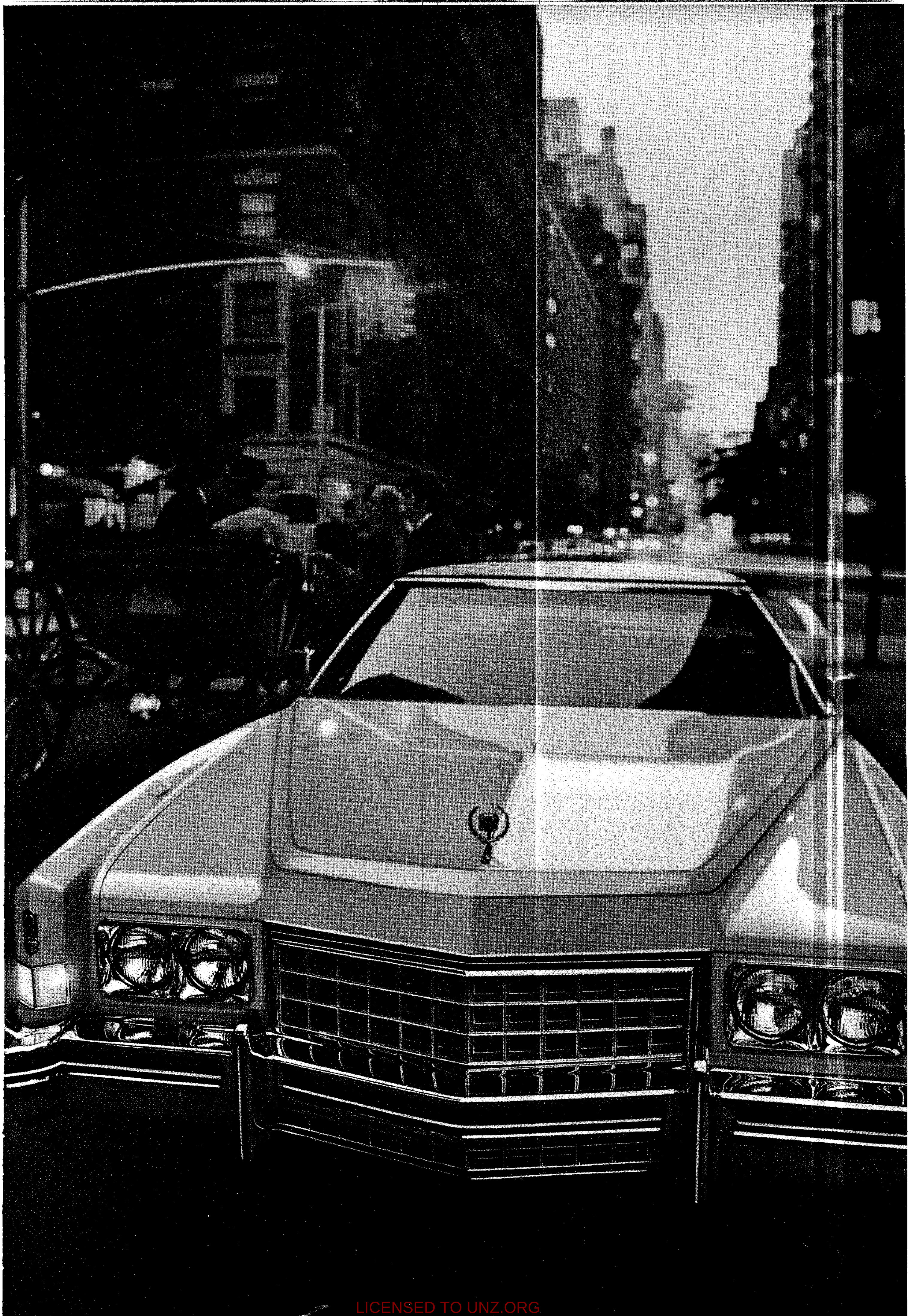

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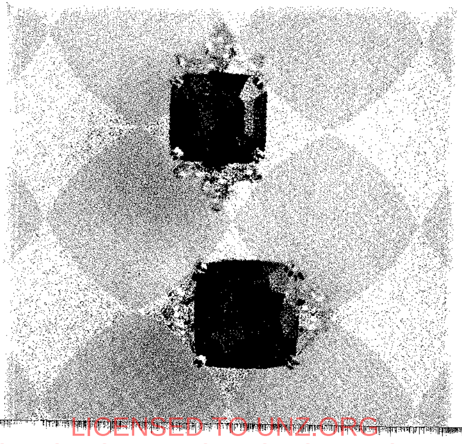

was over, and every important and ambitious politician in the country had produced a plan to indemnify the *pieds noirs*. President Pompidou's plan, which is now a law—it had been intended as a *loi d'indemnisation*, but the *pieds noirs*, who did not consider the terms sufficient, had protested, and it was finally written as a *loi de contribution nationale*—provides five hundred million francs a year for fourteen years for purposes of restitution. Its terms probably *are* insufficient. It does not, for instance, allow for devaluation and inflation—the franc now buys half of what it did in 1962. Eighty thousand francs is the maximum "contribution." And, even so, a contribution will almost always amount to only a percentage of a claim. "A *fonctionnaire's* delight" is what M. Martin calls the new law, because in each *département* it is up to *fonctionnaires* to evaluate every *pied noir's* papers and settle on the percentage he will get. Martin himself is unlikely to profit by the law for at least a few years. The process is slow. In July of 1971, the first month of the contribution, only a thousand *pieds noirs* in all France received any of the money, and they were over sixty-five or destitute or had four dependent children in their households. Still, the Martins put their dossier in order. Mme. Martin, in fact, did it—with the help of an eccentric old baroness from the valley, whose only son had been an O.A.S. colonel and who likes to drive around in a 1947 Citroën, distributing food and medicine to *pied-noir* families. At first, Mme. Martin had hoped that an assistance syndicate would help her. She took her papers to one, in the market town, but the man at the office there announced that he would help her only if she gave him money and signed a note committing herself for life to yearly dues. Then she went to Marseille, to see the people at the Association Nationale des Français d'Afrique du Nord d'Outre-Mer et Leurs Amis, or ANFANOMA, which is considered the most respectable of all the *pied-noir* syndicates. Mme. Martin had heard that the people there were honest, but the office was full when she arrived, and everyone was arguing about the blacks in Paris, saying that Paris would soon be overrun with Africans. She left at once and consoled herself with a bowl of Marseille fish soup, and she was too frightened to return. She had heard about gangsters in the syndicates, and Jean-Jacques came home from school one day with the rumor that the syndicates were planning a revolution and that every *pied noir*

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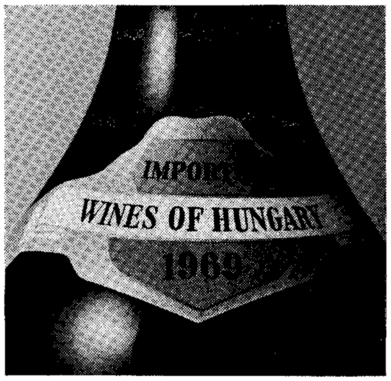

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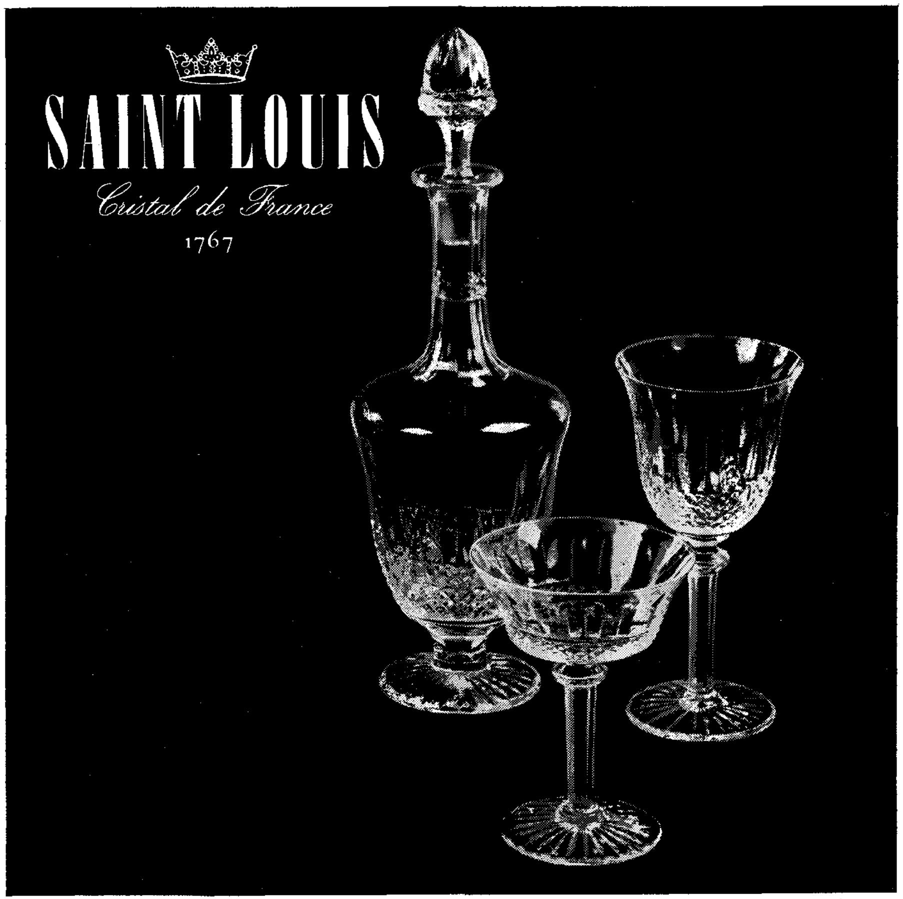

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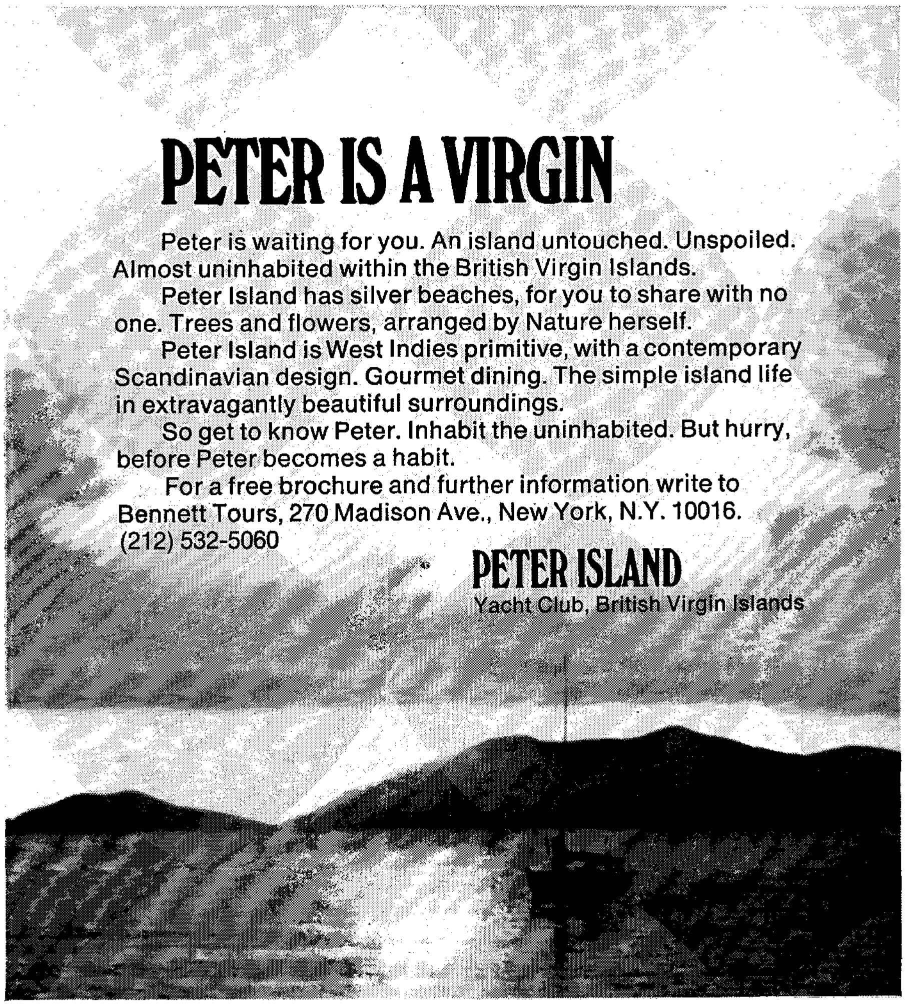

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who was a member would be rounded up and forced to fight. Mme. Martin stopped taking her papers to the syndicates. She said that she did not want any part of the revolution—which turned out to be a demonstration in Paris that did not come off.

Mme. Martin has put her dossier in the gros-point satchel, along with her old papers and the family photographs. It includes a list of the Martins' own assets in Algeria as well as the assets of their fathers, who are both dead. Martin will get a share of the money for his father's holdings as soon as his older brother, who is sixty-four and lives in Lyon now, is indemnified. He doubts whether it will amount to very much, though, since his father, who had a vegetable farm some twenty kilometres outside Algiers, was forced to sell it at a loss and move his family to the comparative safety of the city at the beginning of the war. Mme. Martin's father had a bigger farm, with cows and goats and chickens and five hectares of vineyards and three of grain. Her brother who lives outside Marseille sold half of it in 1958 to raise the money to take their mother out of Algeria. The rest was abandoned after Mme. Martin's aunt, who had the farm next door, was murdered. Mme. Martin, however, has seven sisters and brothers living in France now, and they are all entitled to a share of the reimbursement for their father's farm. At best, she says, she will get enough to cancel the rest of her debt to her older brother, who is a shrewd businessman and charges her bank interest every month.

"I will believe in this contribution when I see the money," Mme. Martin announced one morning when she was feeling homesick and was going through her satchel looking at the old pictures. "They are waiting for us all to die, so they will never have to pay. They say that a hundred thousand *pieds noirs* are dead in France already. Fourteen of my friends—fourteen people from my own quarter of Algiers—are dead here, and they never touched a sou of what was owed them. But, ah, the promises! First de Gaulle and now Pompidou. When Pompidou needs our vote, he goes on television and says that it is disgraceful that the Accords d'Évian were not respected. But then when he has the power he does nothing. So I do not believe in this contribution—in this money he has promised. Listen." Mme. Martin hurried to the window and closed the shutters. The window in her kitchen opens onto the mountain, where there are no more houses, but, even so, she always closes

A good cook's guide to better cooking.

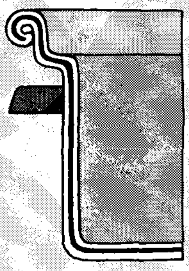
Cooking — really cooking — has become very fashionable again.

That means, of course, a good cook can no longer rely on hearty meals — *you're expected to serve creative, nutritious meals.*

Which makes us delighted. Because the more serious you get about cooking, the more likely you are to buy Ekco Flint® pots, pans and knives.

Perhaps that sounds immodest. But consider the following.

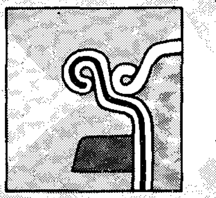
A piece of Ekco Flint cookware will actually help you do a better job of cooking. The food will taste better and be better for you.



That's partly because every Flint pot and pan is made with three layers of metal. The outside layers (the ones you see) are gleaming stainless steel — for easier cleaning and greater durability.

The inside layer (which you can't see) is carbon steel. It's a radiant heat core that distributes the heat and cooks food evenly, all around, like an oven.

The special rims on Ekco Flint cookware also contribute to better cooking.

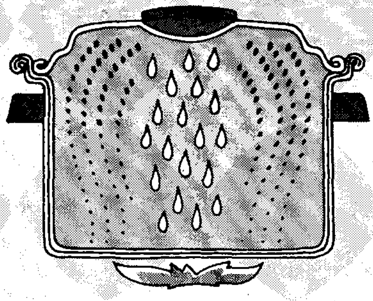


When you lower the heat, a vapor seal is formed between the rim and the cover.

You can then cook with less water and lower heat.

This is helped along by Flint's self-basting lids. They let foods simmer in their own rich, natural juices.

The result is simple. With Ekco Flint, you don't boil away the vitamins and flavor you pay for.



We said earlier that Flint cookware is durable. That's more than a claim. It's a guarantee.

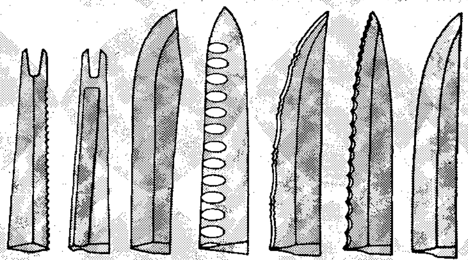
In fact, we guarantee Ekco Flint cookware for 15 years against defects in materials and workmanship. The same is true for our Flint cutlery. For your money back, just return to Ekco.

Flint stainless steel cookware won't chip or crack or discolor. The handles stay tight. The lids fit snugly year after year.

And stainless steel is one of the easiest things there is to keep sparkling.

Of course, there's more to good cooking than cooking. Fixing meals calls for a lot of cutting, slicing, peeling, chopping, coring, boning and/or trimming.

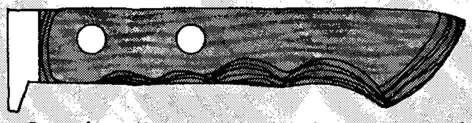
And no single knife can do them all.



So Ekco cutlers design special blades for each job — each properly balanced for that job. Then they go a step further.

For all 7 different blade types, they've engineered special grinds and edges to make each Ekco Flint knife as perfect a tool as possible.

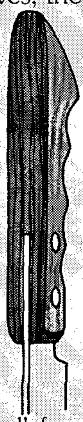
They all have one thing in common. They're crafted (that's the right word) from high-carbon vanadium stainless steel. That's so they hold a keen edge and so they won't rust or discolor.



Our handles are carved, instead of molded. And they're grooved to give you a firm grip even with wet or greasy hands.

What's more, our handles are made from Pakkawood®, real wood treated to make it impervious to burns, stains, acids and even dishwashers.

One more thing about our Ekco Flint knife handles: They have a riveted tang (that's the part of the blade that extends into the handle). With inferior knives, the tang is driven into the handle, like a nail, and usually comes loose. A riveted tang holds forever.



As we said in the beginning, we're offering this guide out of enlightened self-interest.

Which leads us to this final, helpful word. Both our cookware and our cutlery are available in money saving sets or in open stock.

For the name of your nearest Ekco dealer and our free booklets, "How to Carve" and "How to Choose and Use Cookware," call free **800-631-1972** (800-962-2803 in New Jersey). Ask for Operator Five.

Or write us, care of Dept. NGC.

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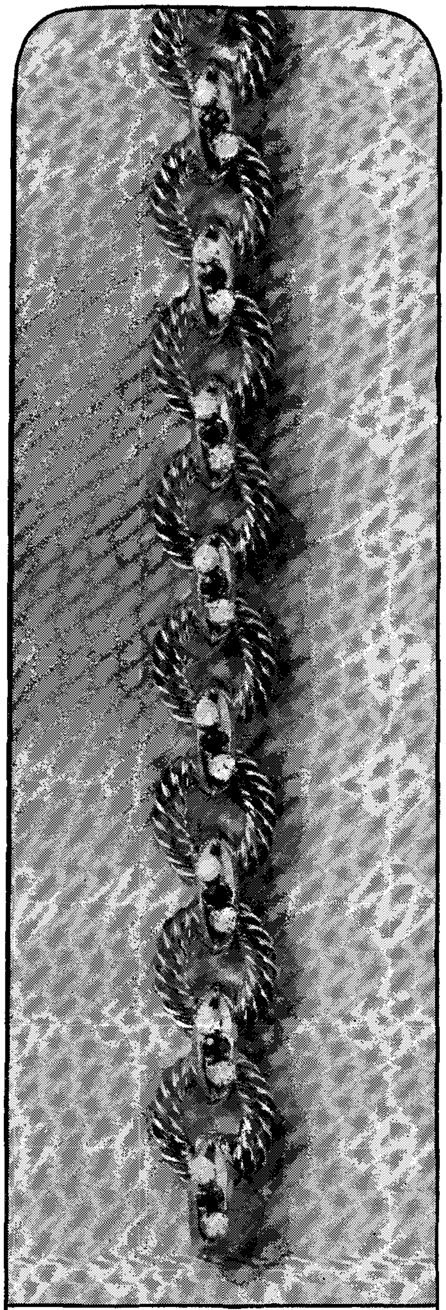

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the shutters when she talks. She does not trust the people in the village. She worries that they will hear her talking and tell the government about it—and that then she will never get the contribution she does not believe in. She has only one confidant in the village—Mme. Duclos, who is the gendarme's wife. But Mme. Duclos is not a villager. She comes from Alsace, and lived in the colonies when her husband was in the Army, and, according to Mme. Martin, she "understands." Even so, they talk in the grocery or on the steps of the church at the foot of town. The gendarme's wife does not want gossip, and Mme. Martin has never been asked to visit her in her own house. As for the other women in the village, Mme. Martin will nod when she meets them on the road or in the market; she has rarely spoken to them since the night of her party, in 1966. She used to see them in the new church, where they liked to gossip, mornings, on their way home from picking up their bread. But now they have all stopped going to the church. The village is Communist, and it never had much use for churches anyway, even in the days of the papacy at Avignon. The women had always used their church as a place for chatting and for getting married properly, and Mme. Martin, with her prayers and her piety, always crossing herself and smiling at the Virgin, frightened them away. Only Mme. Martin and the three village sorcerers go regularly to the church on weekdays anymore. Occasionally, the baroness, who supplies the candles, goes. So do the women of the two other *pied-noir* families in the village, but they are from Oran, and Mme. Martin knows that people from Oran and Algiers can never get along. She says that the *Oranais* are loud and vulgar, and give the *pieds noirs* a bad name. Mme. Martin tends to overlook the fact that most of her husband's family came from Oran, and she is always startled to hear that the *Oranais* say the same things about the *Algérois*.

"Listen," Mme. Martin went on. "They are peasants here. Imbeciles! They are jealous because we are a little educated and are from the city and know how to live. It is their mentality. They are rich, these peasants, but they are misers. They put their francs in their mattresses and dress in rags. And they whisper that *we* are rich because we have a toilet—because *they* would never spend the money for a toilet. Before the doctor came, they emptied their chamber pots onto the street at night and then wondered why there was so much sickness every summer. But a *pied noir* is smart. A *pied noir* will always have a toilet and a washing machine, and a television set to let the world in." Mme. Martin pointed to her own television, which she bought on credit in 1967 and is still paying for. It was the first television in the village. The man who delivered it warned her that it might cause trouble with the neighbors, and even now Mme. Martin makes certain that the sound is low whenever the family watches. She keeps it in the kitchen, where it sits on a little table by the icebox, its screen, like a mid-Victorian piano leg, decorously covered by a little gathered skirt. Mme. Martin thinks that it is more respectable—and certainly more elegant—that way. She said that she had learned about making skirts for furniture in a women's magazine from Paris that she subscribed to in Algiers, but that she herself had thought of covering the screen.

"In Algeria, we knew how to live decently," Mme. Martin went on, pulling a picture of Paul in his First Communion outfit out of the satchel, and then a picture that her husband had taken at the Communion lunch. "Our house was always filled with friends. Everybody eating and talking. In that, the *pieds noirs* are like the Arabs—they love to talk, to entertain. The Arabs were our friends—we understood each other. What did the *pieds noirs* care who had the country, as long as we were left alone?" Mme. Martin stopped, embarrassed. She had never thought of that before—that it didn't really matter whether the French or the Algerians had the country. "When the fighting started, it was different. Nine million Muslims to a million *pieds noirs*. It was like my father's chickens—if you have ten chickens and one is black, the others will kill it as soon as there is fighting. And there is nothing that the poor black chicken can do. After a while, we never left the house without a military escort. If the children were sick, I called the soldiers to take them to the doctor. If I needed food and my husband was out working, I had to wait until the soldiers came. We bolted the doors, and for two years we lived like that—with the courtyard boarded over. We lived with mattresses against the windows to stop the bullets from coming in the house. Whenever there was a knock, my husband or Paul would take a gun and wait behind the door, thinking it was Arabs who had come to kill us. There was

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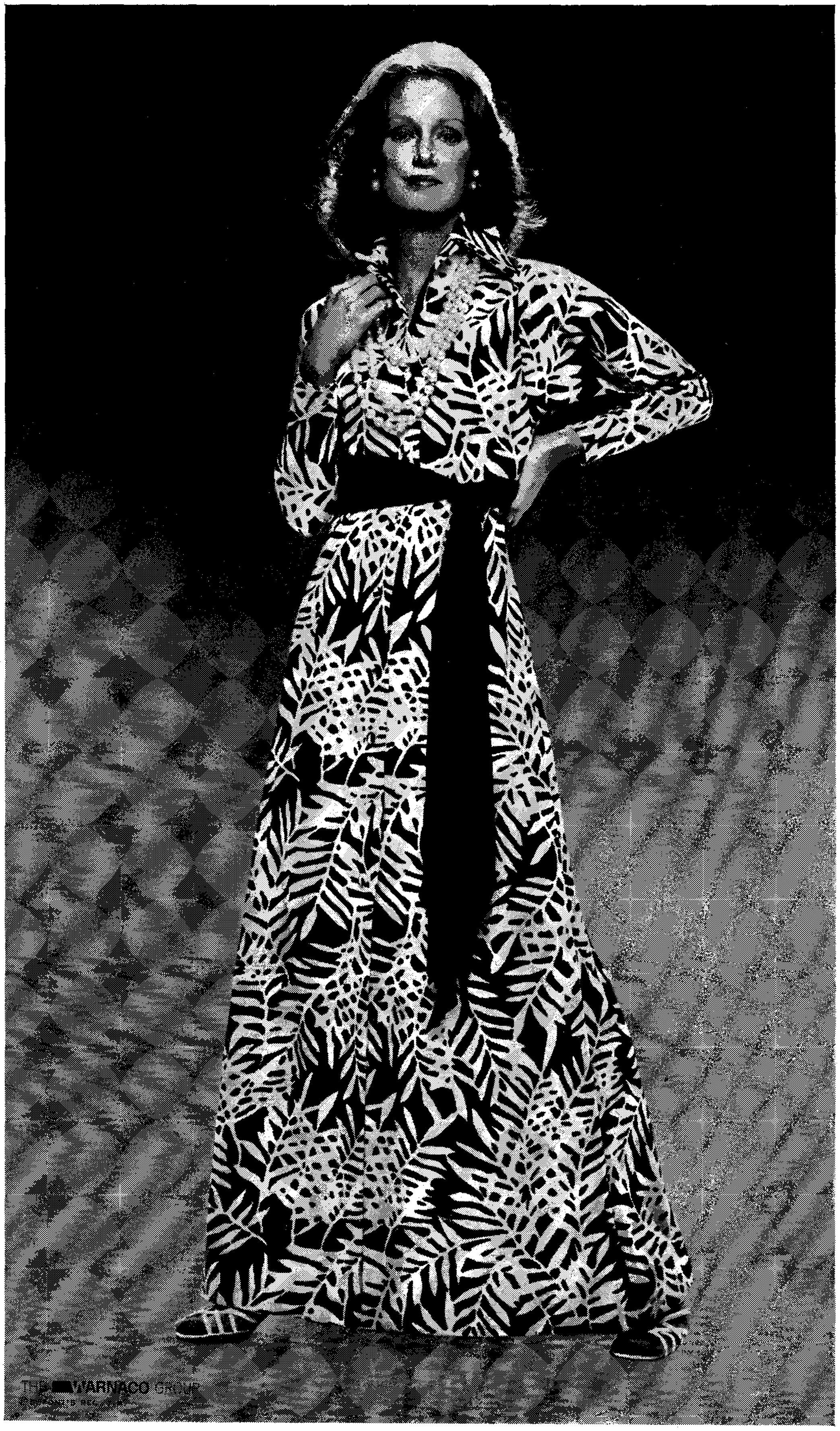
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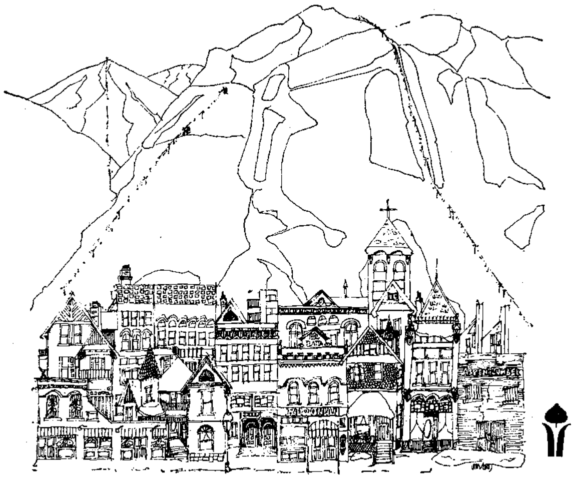

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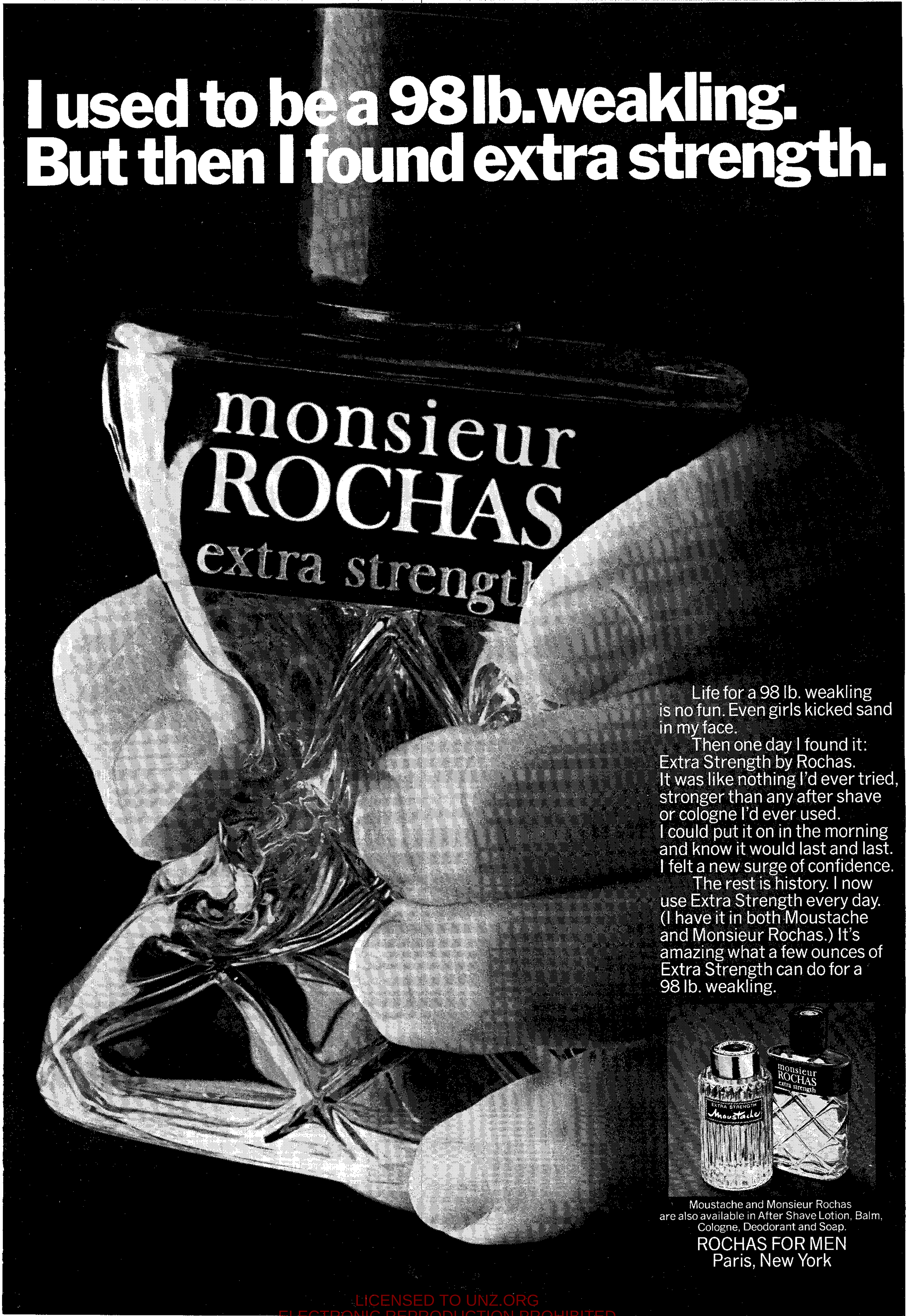
nothing to do but wait. If you went with the O.A.S., the F.L.N. would kill you. If you helped the Arabs, the O.A.S. would kill you instead. So we kept the gun, but we kept it hidden, because the French soldiers were always searching houses, and if you had a gun they called you O.A.S. and put you in their jails. *Ils sont bêtes, les Français.* They thought they understood the Arabs, but that was not true. They would never have understood that many times when we had trouble it was an Arab who saved us. At the Marseille port, an Arab woman shared her food with my children. Once, in Algiers, an Arab who had worked for a while with my husband saved our lives. He came to our house one day and said, 'Listen, I am coming with my men tonight to kill the people in your quarter. Take your children and hide, because I have my orders, and if I find you here I will have to kill you, too.' So we went to my father's farm and spent the night. And the Arab was right—when we came home, we saw that there had been fighting, and many of our friends were killed."

Mme. Martin sighed and went on looking through the satchel. The shrine at Misserghin, where Claude was cured of colic by the Virgin. A comic book of the life of Notre Dame de Fátima. A picture postcard of the Virgin, looking a little like Betty Grable, that her husband had carried in his wallet all through the Second World War. His letters from the front to Mme. Martin. And the Croix de Guerre, with palm, that he had been awarded after the six-month battle that led to the liberation of Alsace. M. Martin was a *premier canonnier* in the Groupe d'Artillerie d'Afrique. When he got the cross, he was cited as a *libérateur de la patrie*—the Algerians like to say that a Frenchman who fights for France is always a *libérateur de la patrie*, but an Algerian who fought for France is just an *ancien combattant*—and so, in the course of the two World Wars, were four other men in his family. He and his wife have lost thirteen relatives in France's wars. The *pieds noirs* were proud to die for France, Mme. Martin says now. Her husband was drafted in 1938, stayed in the Army until France fell, and immediately reënlisted with the Free French. One of his first jobs in the Army, according to Mme. Martin, was rounding up deserters from Provence and marching them, at bayonet point, to join their companies. She says that the men of Provence, who claim that the *pieds noirs* are not true Frenchmen, were too cowardly to fight for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France themselves. The mayor of the village, whom she likes, was a Maquisard and a Resistance hero, but she refuses to acknowledge the possibility that anyone else around the valley ever risked his life in the Maquis. The village, after all, sent only one soldier to Algeria in the fifties; all the others who were drafted managed to get themselves deferred. Still, she admits that she owes her life and the lives of her children to the French soldiers. They came to her house one night in June of 1962 just ahead of a band of F.L.N. terrorists who were raiding the quarter in reprisal for the death of an Algerian boy. M. Martin and Yvette, in fact, had seen the killing. The boy had been riding his bicycle through their quarter and had been shot by their next-door neighbor on the off-chance that he was carrying a *plastique*—which he was not. The neighbors had expected a reprisal, but the Algerians did not appear until two weeks later, and caught them unprepared. The Martins were saved by the fact that they lived in the last house on the last street in the quarter. Everyone else on their street was dead by the time the soldiers came. Mme. Martin was glad, she says, that she had changed her mind about the next-door neighbor, who had phoned the day before with an offer to crate her furniture for the voyage for five hundred francs. He was dead now, his crates were burning on the street, and Mme. Martin had the five hundred francs in her satchel when the soldiers, in armored trucks, drove her and the children to the Algiers port. Thousands of *pieds noirs* were camping at the port then, helpless to leave the country, because the O.A.S. had said that anyone who fled would be considered a deserter, and terrorists had been bombing the boats the *pieds noirs* tried to take. The boat the Martins finally took was an old freighter that normally made the run between Algiers and Haifa; it got lost on the way to Marseille and had to turn back to Algiers for readings and begin again. Mme. Martin bought third-class tickets for the family—second class was too expensive, and she spat at a French soldier at the port who offered to get her second-class accommodations cheaply for a fifty-franc bribe. The trip still cost most of the money in the satchel; the family arrived in Marseille with twenty francs, or roughly four dollars.

"I will tell you a story," Mme. Martin said, folding the old letters from her husband. "I was alone at the Algiers port with Yvette and the two little ones. Paul had gone to find his father,

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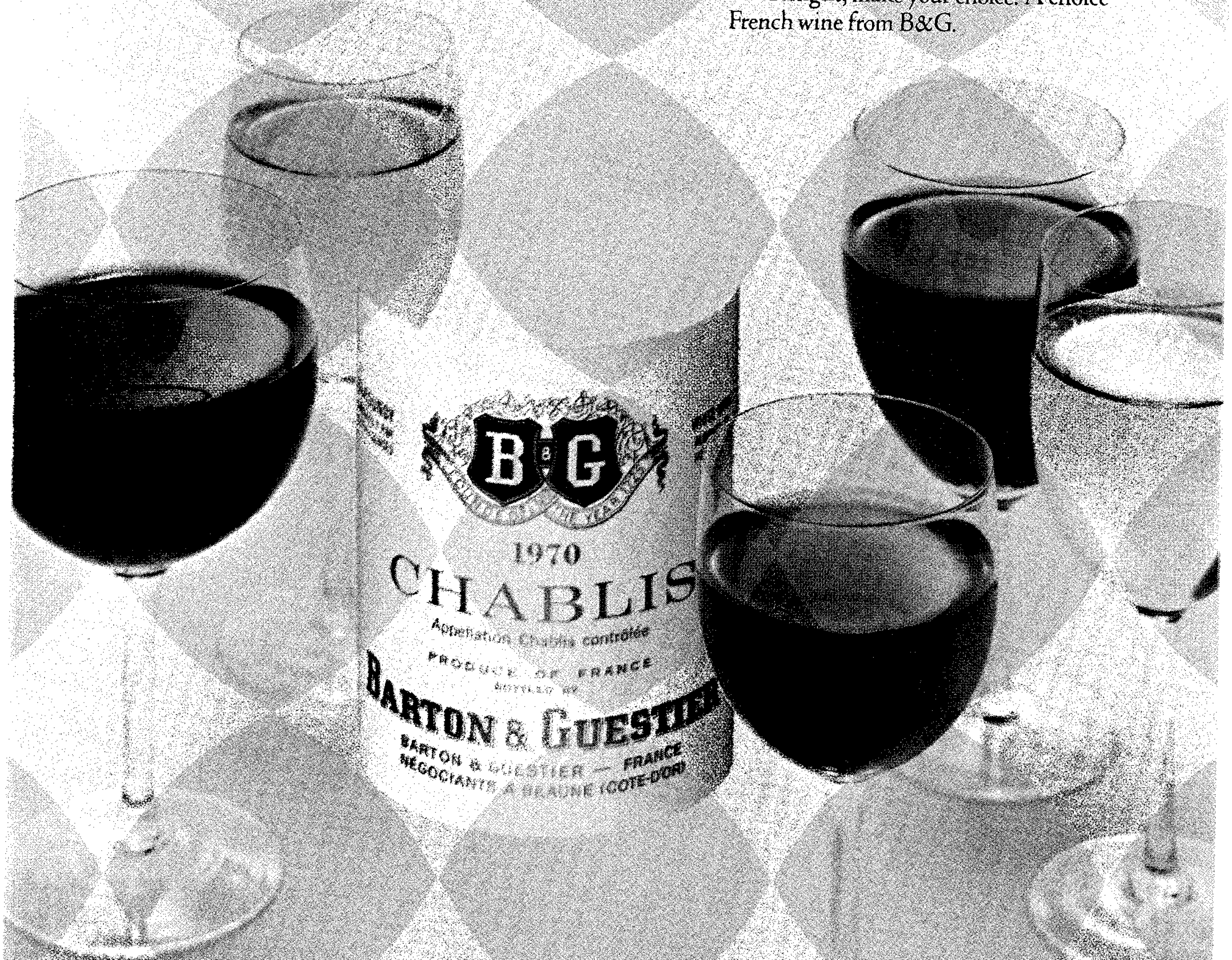
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who had been working late that night in the city, and I was trying to find the building where the French soldiers were guarding the *pieds noirs.* I came to the place I thought was right, and I asked a soldier at the gate to let us in. The soldier looked at me, with the children, and then he pointed to a street and said, 'Go there. That is where the *pieds noirs* are waiting.' I started toward the street, and I was almost there when another soldier, who was a captain, stopped me. '*Bon Dieu!* What are you doing here?' he asked me. I turned and pointed to the first soldier. '*He* sent me; he said that the *pieds noirs* are here,' I told the captain. 'Then he is an assassin,' the captain said. 'Down that street is the F.L.N. quarter. The soldier sent you there to die.' " Mme. Martin shook her head. "A year later, here in the village, I went to the *tabac* to buy cigarettes for my husband, and whom should I see at the counter, talking to the owner, but the same soldier who had sent us to die at the Algiers port. I said to him, 'Tell me, weren't you in Algeria?' And he said yes, he was the son of Blanchot, the farmer, and had been the only village boy to go. 'Do you remember, by chance, a night in Algiers when you sent a poor *pied-noir* woman and her children off to the Arabs to be killed?' I asked him. He looked at me then, and then he turned away quickly, but I saw in his eyes that he remembered. 'It is destiny,' I said. 'Now we are neighbors in this little village. We are here to remind each other. Live with your conscience now, and I will live with mine.' "

MME. MARTIN would say that nothing else of any interest has happened to her in the village. She lives in the past, like most of the older *pieds noirs* who came to France. Her life, she says, ended on the freighter; there is nothing to hope for anymore. She could have moved to Paris with her family, as one of her sisters did in 1962. She admits that life is much better for the *pieds noirs* in Paris, but she chose Provence, because the sun was hot and the weather dry and the country looked a little bit like home. So did half a million of the *pieds noirs* in France now. "What could we do?" Mme. Martin says often. "We *pieds noirs* were so accustomed to a fine climate." There was Aix, of course—or Marseille, with its raucous, polyglot population, its Service des Rapatriés in every paper, and more public housing for its people than any other town in France. But Aix sounded expensive,

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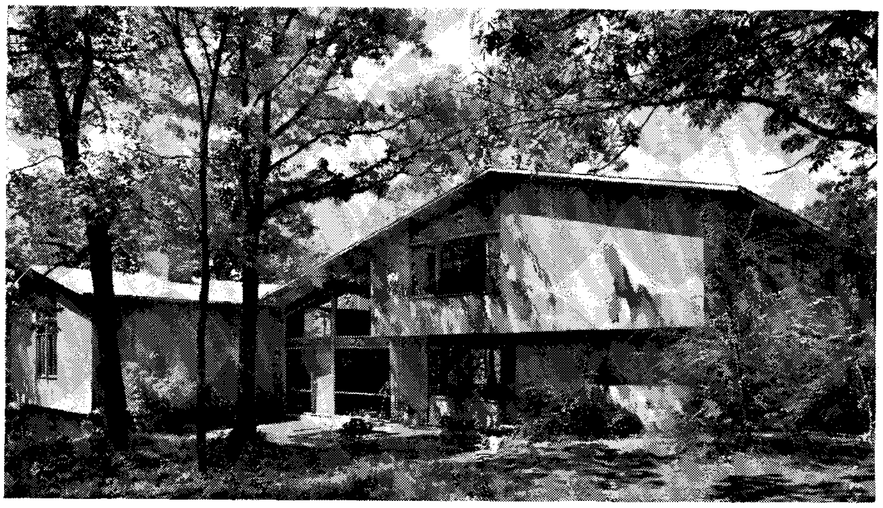
and there was no work in Marseille for M. Martin when they arrived. They still talk, sometimes, about going to Marseille to settle. The *pieds noirs* are strong there. They live together in huge apartment houses. They make up fifteen per cent of the city's voters. And Gaston Defferre, the mayor, has installed the president of ANFANOMA as one of his *adjoints*. M. Martin has said that they can sell the house and move there, but Mme. Martin says no, that it is too late now to start again in such a big city. Carnoux, she thinks, is better; it is a busy little town, a new town, just north of Cassis, that was settled by the French who left Morocco and later by the *Français d'Algérie*. In fact, everybody in Carnoux is from North Africa, and even the houses look it—with flat roofs, and courtyards, and bougainvillea at their doors. Still, Mme. Martin is much too fearful now to leave the village for a *pied-noir* town. She says that if there is ever a war between the French and the Algerians, the Algerians will bomb Carnoux even before they bomb Paris. And she would rather die of sadness in the village than die happy in Carnoux of an Algerian bomb.

So the Martins stay on in the village, dreaming about the past and sometimes bickering about their new neighbors, whom they tend to distinguish according to whether or not the neighbor likes the *pieds noirs*. The mayor likes the *pieds noirs*—by which the Martins mean that he has never reported to the tax collector that M. Martin gets paid in francs as well as in produce for looking after the Parisian's garden. For that, they have forgiven him for being a Communist, although they blame the Communists for turning the French against the *pieds noirs* during the Algerian war. They do not believe that the mayor is a Communist anyway. He is a rich old peasant now, with several vineyards and a flock of sheep that summer in the Alps; he goes to church on Sundays; and M. Martin thinks of him as a good, conservative, Catholic farmer, not so very different from a *Français d'Algérie*. He says that the mayor is clever, and was merely being diplomatic when he joined the Party, which has been supplying mayors to all the villages around the valley since the time of the Maquis. According to Martin, the peasants have no idea what Communism is anyway, except that it is dead against the government in Paris—a position with which they heartily agree. They have a stubborn sense of independence—all the people from Provence have it—and, more-



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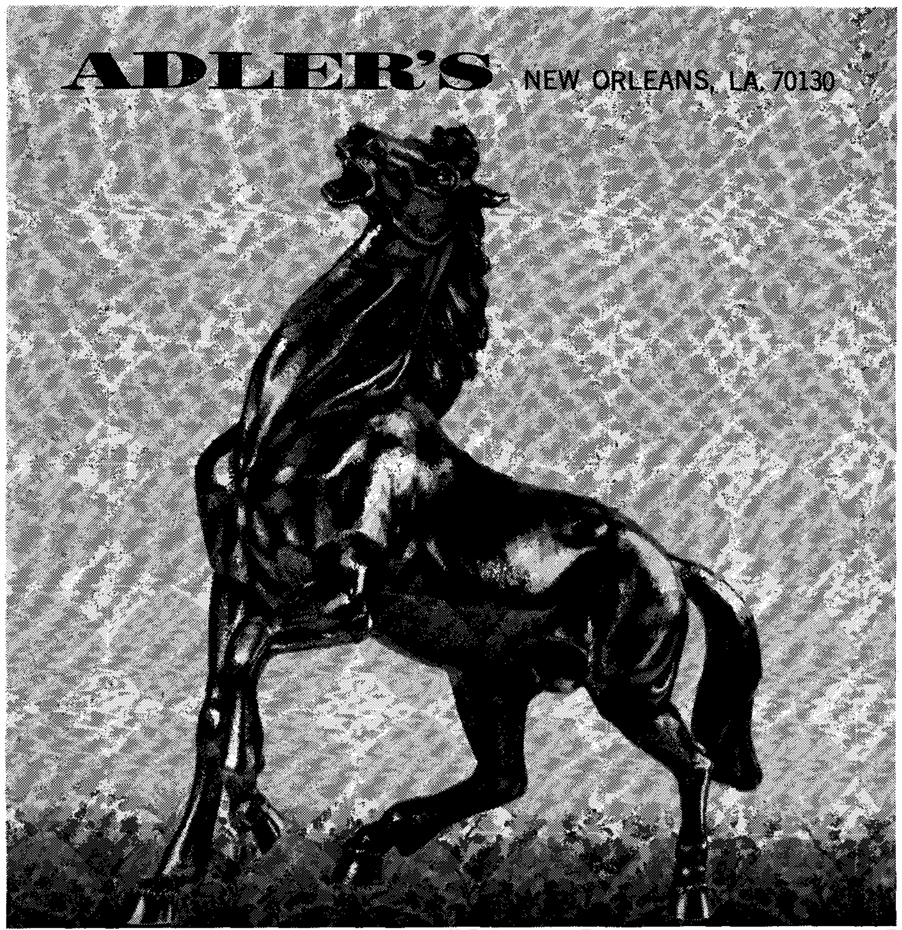

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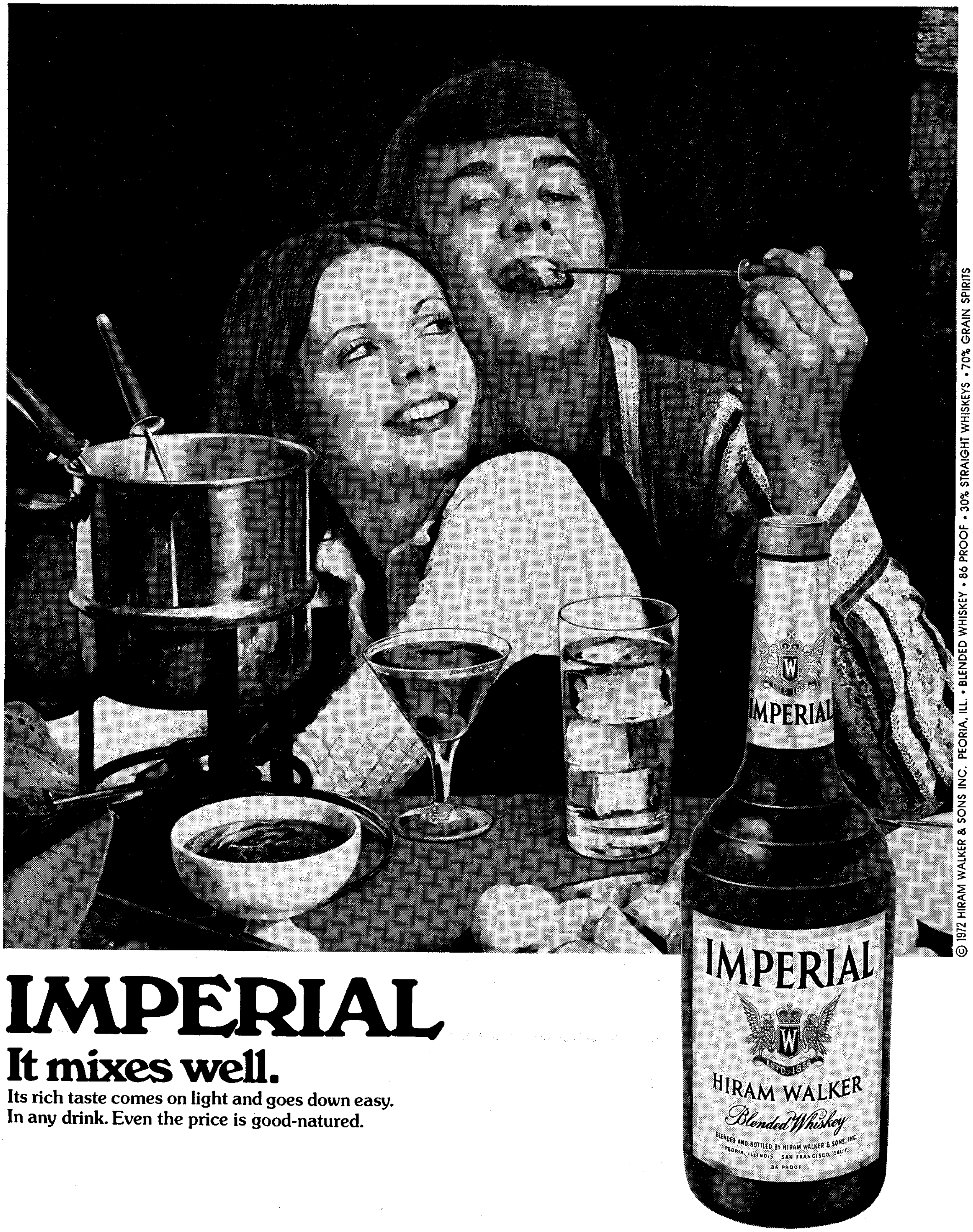
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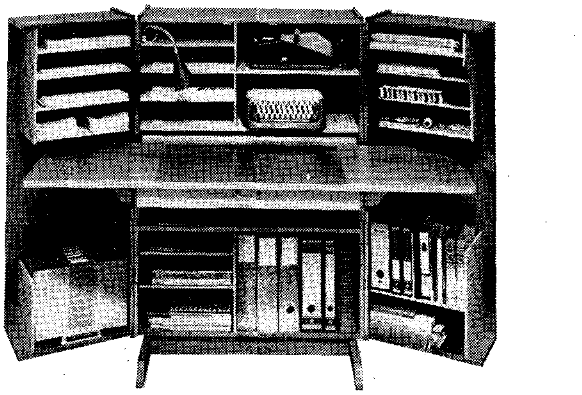

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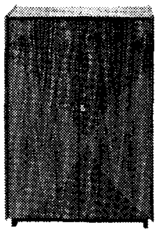

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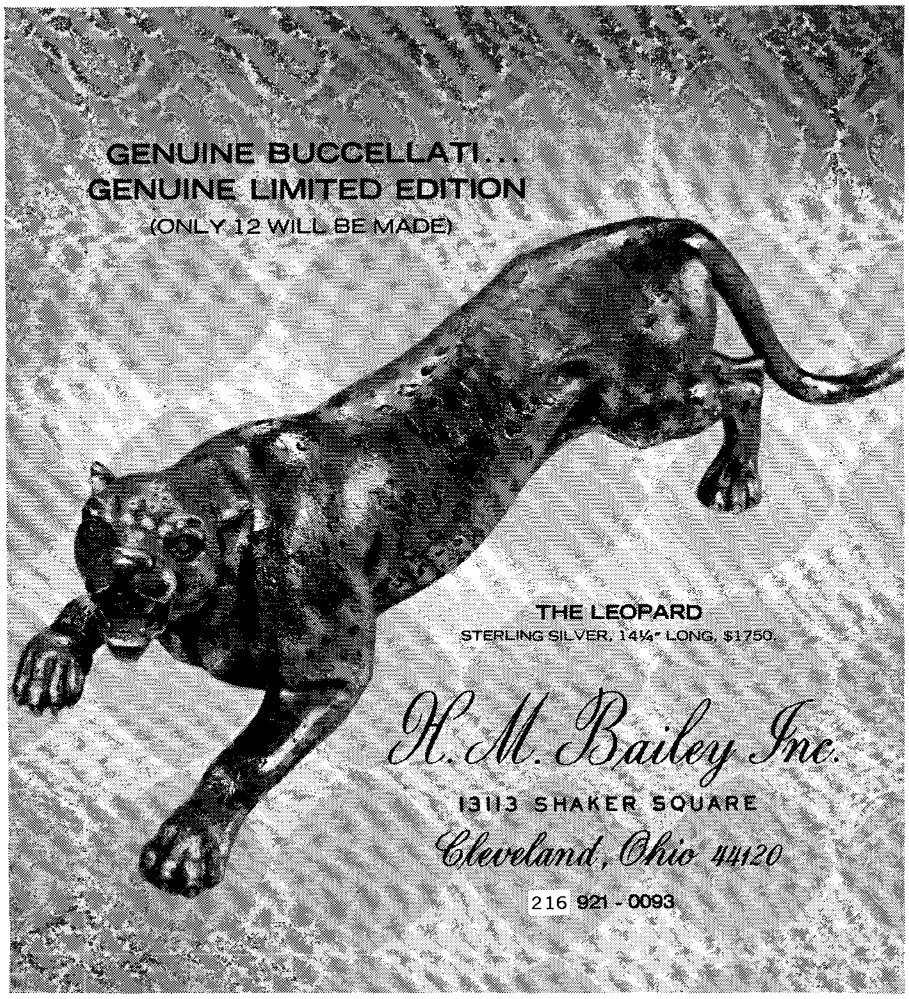
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over, they are insulted by the fact that some of the politicians in Pompidou's party keep their mistresses, and not their wives, in converted valley farms. They are proud that the village voted ninety-eight per cent against the government in the last elections. They say that the vote was so satisfying because of the mayor's fine campaign posters: "Vote Communist—the Party of the Small Property Owner."

M. Martin has kept one of the posters, and he likes to look at it and laugh when he is in a good mood. He says that the mayor is a better Catholic than any old woman in the village—better, even, than the curé, who comes from the market town to say a Mass on Sunday morning and, as is the village custom, to marry people in the new church and bury them from the old one. Everybody in the village gets married in the new church and expects to have his funeral at the old church, but not many of them go to Mass. Even the Martins stopped going, after the curé refused to marry Paul and his girl friend, who was an *Algéroise* from the next village and was four months pregnant at the time. He insisted that they post their bans and wait out the time that the state requires—and the Martins took this as a sign that the curé definitely did not like *pieds noirs*. Mme. Martin had a loud fight with him in the churchyard, during which she called him a frog in the holy water and he called her an African devil who had come to France to spread debauchery. Mme. Martin, who takes a practical view of youthful passions, decided that the curé must be a Communist, and not a Catholic, to be so puritanical. Paul and his fiancée were married by another curé in the church in the girl's village, and Mme. Martin then sent a note to her own curé, wishing him a transfer to a French colony.

After the curé, the Martins complain most about the village doctor. The doctor came to the village only a year or so before the Martins did, from a small city in the next *département*. The Martins, however, consider him a *pied noir*, like themselves, because he spent his first five years of practice in North Africa. The doctor considers himself a Parisian, because his wife was born only seventy-three kilometres outside Paris. And the villagers consider him a scandal, because he got the carpenter's wife pregnant, and the carpenter, who was a villager, had to sell his shop and move his wife and family to another town. Everyone in the village agrees that the doctor is incompetent, but everyone goes to him, although the

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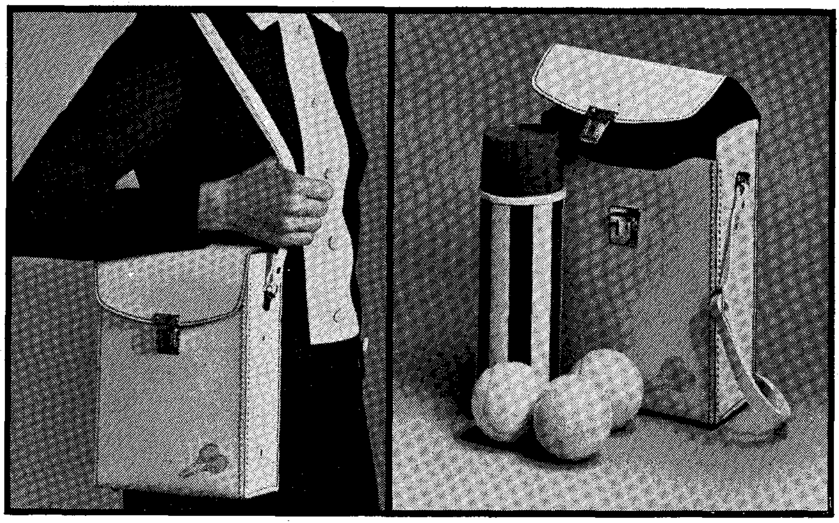

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peasants do try to avoid him until they are very old and, theoretically, have less to lose if they happen to die while he is treating them. The Martins blame the villagers for the doctor, since the villagers prefer gossiping about the doctor to signing a complaint against him and sending it to the government, which pays most of their medical bills. Mme. Martin once started to compose a letter—after the doctor left Yvette, who was in the middle of labor, to keep an assignation with the carpenter's wife—but she tore it up the next morning. No one would have listened to a *pied noir*, she says now. Besides, the family needs the doctor. Mme. Martin has asthma—she had her first attack in Marseille, getting off the freighter. Claude, who goes on fasts, is always fainting. Jean-Jacques gets beaten up fighting with teen-age *métropolitains*. And Yvette's twin babies keep falling down the steep stone steps in Mme. Martin's house. The doctor, who lives a few doors down the Rue de la Libération, will always come at night in an emergency, but the Martins resent him, not so much for his incompetence as for the fact that he never speaks to them in public and always keeps them waiting in his office until all the villagers who wander in have gone.

Mme. Martin does not suffer the doctor calmly. The villagers still talk about the day he kept her waiting over three hours and she grabbed him by the stethoscope and called him a *sale pied noir*. They talk about all of Mme. Martin's scenes, because they are people who keep their shutters and their mouths closed, as they like to put it, and would never think of asking a family in for coffee before it had been in the village for a century and had intermarried with their own at least ten times. The mayor says that this is just "the peasant mentality"—that the other villagers talk against the *pieds noirs* because they enjoy gossip, but that they mean no harm. He likes to remind the Martins that in June of 1962, when he called a meeting of the village council, all thirteen members agreed to his plan to open up the old orphanage. Still, the villagers managed to discourage four of the seven *pied-noir* families who tried to settle permanently in the village. They found the refugees noisy and pretentious, and very high-handed—a quality that the more educated villagers attributed to their having so recently had nine million Algerians to boss around. The older peasants made no such distinction between the *pieds noirs* and the Algerians. They still call them both *les Africains*, and they are shocked by the young Parisian women who summer in the valley and carry their babies on their backs, exactly the way they have heard the Africans do. Yvette was careful, when she had her first baby, to buy a proper baby carriage and wheel it daily up and down the Rue de la Libération. But the carriage merely irritated the old village women. It was too big and too shiny, and they said to each other that only a *pied noir*, showing off, would ever buy such a vulgar contraption. No one knows exactly what they mean by *pied noir*. The three sorcerers mean that there is new and powerful magic—North African magic—in the village and that they fear it, whereas the two respectable widows who sell groceries mean that something not quite proper, not quite French, has come to the village. Mme. Martin no longer patronizes either of the widows' shops. One of them refused her offer to share the transportation when they both had children at the Catholic day school in the market town; the other once offered her credit and then spread word that Mme. Martin would never pay her bills. Mme. Martin is resigned to shopping with Rimbaud, the third grocer, although Rimbaud cheats in his addition and, as a theoretician of the local Party, feels politically obliged to short-change his *pied-noir* customers with Belgian francs, which he keeps for that purpose in a small glass jar on his counter.

Mme. Martin still misses her old grocer, and her old butcher, who knew her parents and could remember her as a small girl. "Who knows me here?" she says whenever she talks about them. "Who is there here who can greet me when I go shopping and tell me that Yvette's babies have their great-grandfather's eyes?" She says that the villagers are bitter because their own children go to the towns to earn a living and they are left to die alone. According to her, the children of the *pieds noirs* are different. Yvette, Claude, and Jean-Jacques are still with her, "like chickens around a mother hen." Paul is gone, of course, but Paul is special. He has his *bac* and is an insurance accountant, and she says it is only right that he should make his own place in the world. She is very proud of Paul, even now that he has stopped sending a monthly contribution home, but she says that she doesn't expect the villagers to understand. She says that the villagers are not ambitious for their children, as the *pieds noirs* are, and she tells a story about a village woman who met her on the road and asked

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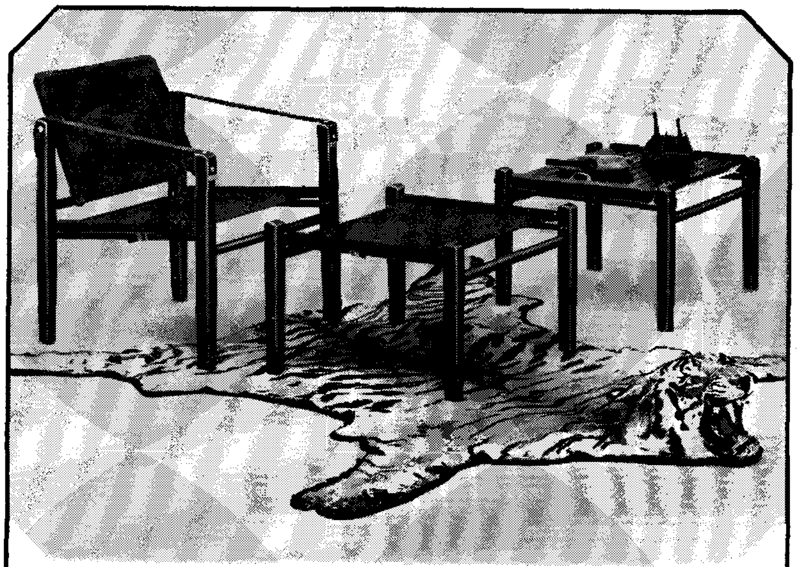

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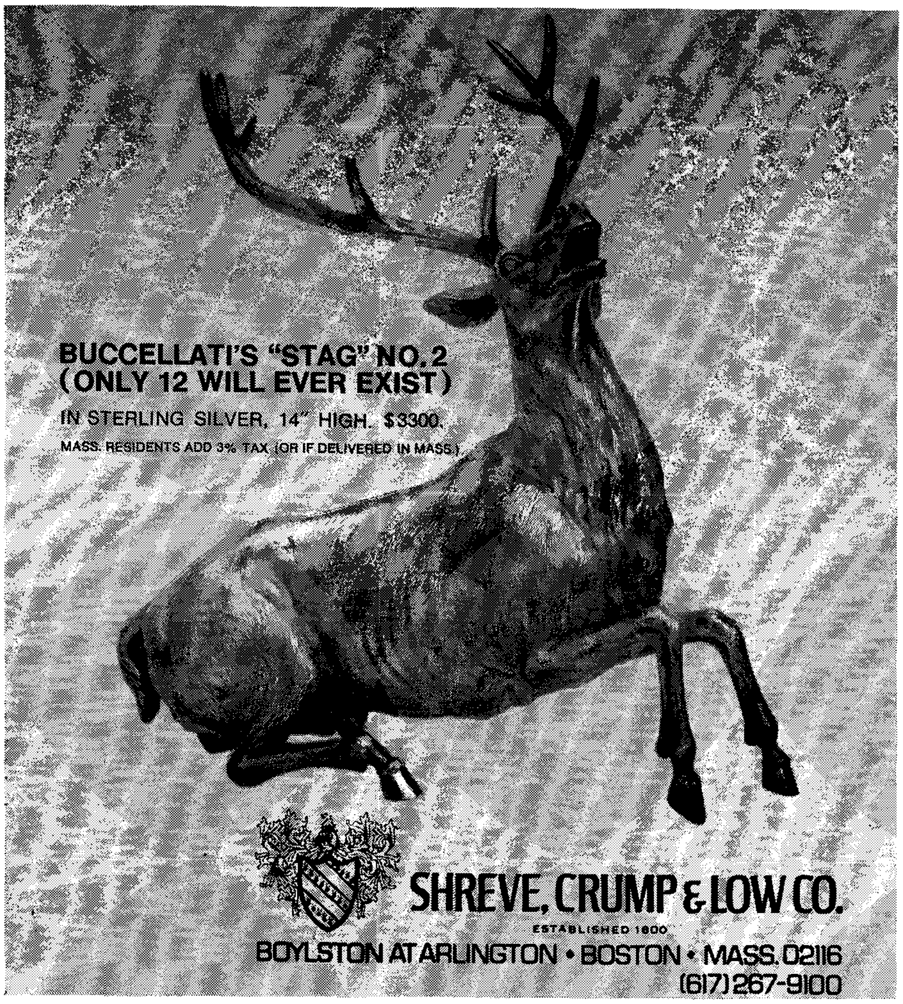

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her what her eldest son was doing. "My son is an accountant with a big company," Mme. Martin said proudly. The woman, hearing this, looked smug. "Well, my son has a *very* good position," the woman told her. "He is second apprentice to a man who bakes croissants in Aix."

YVETTE lives in a little rented house at the bottom of the village, but she spends more time at the Martins', visiting her mother, than she does at home. Mme. Martin says that Yvette is her only consolation. Yvette comes in the morning to help her with the cleaning; she leaves her children there most afternoons in summer, when she goes to the valley to work as a maid for a Parisian couple, and at night, when she picks them up, she always stays awhile to help her mother with the family's supper. She is a rosy, buxom girl of twenty-four, and resolutely cheerful. "*Il faut vivre*" is Yvette's favorite phrase. She says "*Il faut vivre*" to her husband when she sits up late in bed, with her glasses on her nose, studying the dresses in her favorite mail-order catalogue, and she says it to Mme. Martin when she leaves for work and sees her mother crying because the Martins once had servants of their own. Yvette is not a bit ashamed of having to be a maid now, although she says that she hated working for the villagers before the Parisians came and bought houses in the valley. The Parisians pay five francs an hour, and like to talk, and have all the best appliances, but the villagers, she says, were stingy, and they were rude to her because she was a *pied noir*. They would look for dust in corners, and if they found it they would shake their heads and say, "Ah, so this is how you sweep in Algeria." Or they would hold their wineglasses to the light to look for smudges, saying, "We are very particular about our rinsing here in France."

Yvette says that it galls the village women now to see her working happily for the Parisians. And this amuses her, because she is the only young woman in the village with pocket money of her own. She has been working, and saving, since she first came. She had lost the habit of school, she says, having left it at twelve, after Algerians raided the school in Algiers where she and Paul were students, and slit the throats of some children from the country who were boarding there. Mme. Martin decided then that even in the daytime, when the schools were guarded, education in Algiers was too dangerous for her children. They never went back. Paul took correspondence courses—

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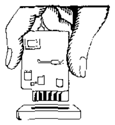

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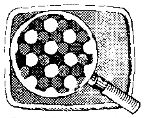

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Monday mornings, soldiers drove to the house with a week's lessons, and Saturdays, at noon, drove back to pick them up—and got his *bac* that way, but Yvette, who hadn't liked lessons to begin with, retired to console her mother and help care for her two small brothers. She can count the times in the next two years that she was able to leave the house. The first time, she found her great-aunt murdered. The second time, some soldiers took her downtown to the dentist. And the third time, she saw her neighbor shoot the Algerian boy. Yvette went out for the last time less than a week before the family fled. She wanted a pickle, she says. She wanted a pickle for her lunch and was too eager to call the soldiers to take her to the grocer's or to wait for her father and Paul—who usually did the marketing together, the gun hidden in Paul's pocket—to come home. While her mother was busy with the children, she unbolted the door and tiptoed out, toward the Berber grocer's down the road. She was just at the door to his shop when someone behind her opened fire. The grocer pulled her in, and, for lack of a better place to hide her, shut her in his big icebox. Yvette was nearly frozen when the soldiers cleared the neighborhood.

Yvette says that by the time she came to the village there was no use in starting school again. Besides, the boys and girls her age teased her. They wanted to see her feet, and they called her names because she was covered from head to toe with hives for the first few months she was there. It was the calm in France that gave her hives, she says. It made her nervous. She was always waiting for something terrible to happen. The sound of the farmers' shotguns during the hunting season would send her running to her mother, crying, "Mama, Mama, the Arabs are attacking!" And the sound of their trucks backfiring made her think that the O.A.S. had come with *bombes plastiques* to punish them. The stillness at night when she woke from a nightmare frightened her more than the dream itself, she says.

Yvette had no friends at the beginning—the peasants had warned their children to stay away from the *pied-noir* children—but she laughs about that when she talks now. "They were so young," she says. "And I was a big, well-developed girl, you understand—a *pied-noir* girl. I would see these kids running through the village, giggling and shouting and playing games, and I would think, '*Sauve-toi!* These children will give you a complex if you let them.' " What Yvette wanted most then was a husband. She got a job cleaning for the wife of the *notaire's* assistant, and gave half her salary to her parents and stashed the rest in her "trousseau" piggy bank. By the time she was sixteen, she had a long white nightgown from Marseille, and eight pink sheets and four pillowcases waiting to be embroidered. She also had a dress for dancing. Yvette loved dancing—she says that all *pieds noirs* love dancing—and she knew that every Saturday night there was bound to be a dance or a saint's-day fête at one of the villages not far from home. The boys and girls in her village always went to them. The girls went with their mothers, looking for husbands, and the boys went together, looking for fights and for the lovely, legendary girl who would come to a dance without a chaperon. Yvette would hear them talking Saturday mornings at the fountain by the blacksmith's barn, and sometimes she would join them, hoping that someone would think to offer her a ride. "They would say afterward, 'What a nice dance we had last night, Yvette. What a shame that you weren't there with us.' And I would always say, 'How would I have known about it?'—because *pieds noirs* are clever and we always have the right answer. But then I would run to my mother crying. I wanted to kill them all." Finally, Yvette got Paul to take her to the dances. They met the children of the Italian farmers who had come to Provence before the war. And they met other *pieds noirs*, who had been resettled in little villages like their own. Yvette says that the *pieds noirs* were always attracted to each other at the dances. "You would meet a person who was warm and friendly and who danced well—not like the peasants here, who jump around and think that they are dancing. And later he would say, 'I think I should tell you—I am a *sale pied noir*.' And you would say, 'Me—I am a *sale pied noir*, too.' And then you would both laugh, because you knew then why you had got along so well. The boys from the village were all jealous. The boys would ignore me on the street at home but they would always flirt with me at dances. They were like that. Once, I had a boyfriend in the village. He was the blacksmith's son and was very handsome, but his friends made fun of him for seeing me, so he dropped me. For one month, I didn't see him. And then, one

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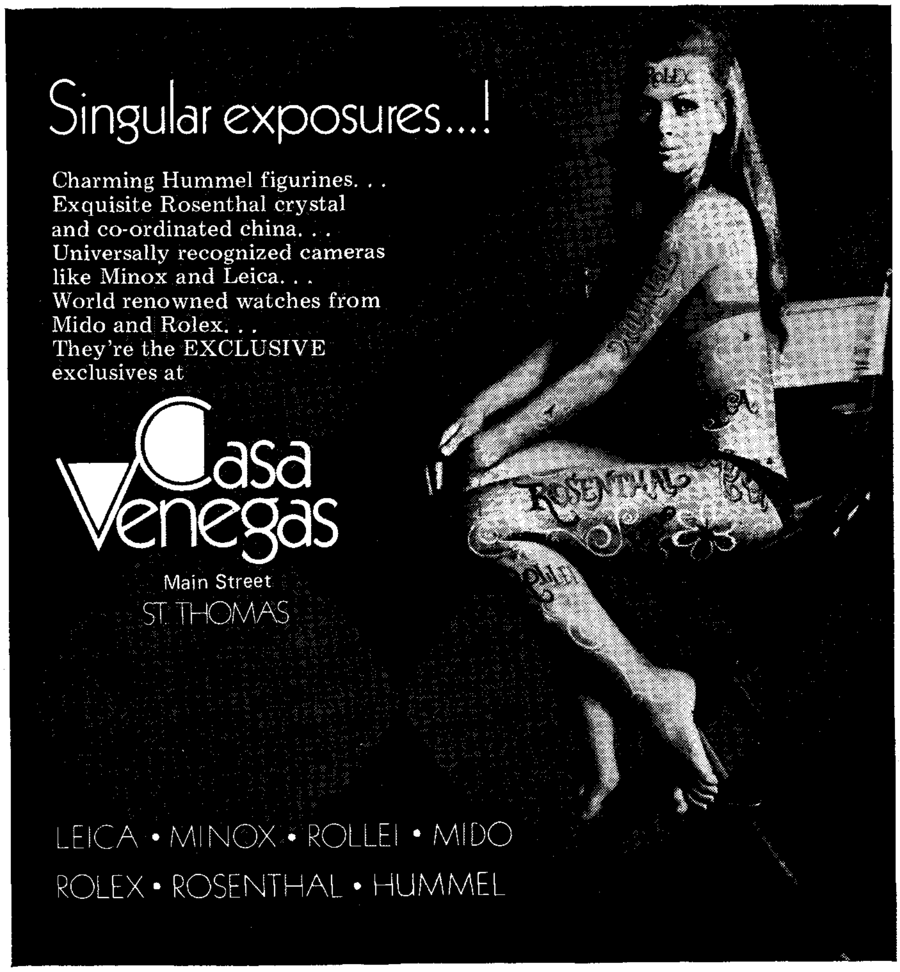
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night, he came to the movies in town when I was there with Paul. He passed right by me and didn't even say *bonsoir*, but when the lights went out he sneaked over and sat down next to me. So I said in a loud voice, 'What? Are you ashamed to be sitting next to a *pied noir*? Are you going to sneak away before the lights go on again?' And I stood up and left the theatre, but as I left I heard that everyone was laughing at him. 'Ha!' they said. 'The *pied noir* has made an idiot of Henri.' After that, I never had a boyfriend in the village. *Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide*."

Yvette met Georges, her husband, at a summer saint's-day fête in another village, when she was twenty and he was seventeen. She had gone to the fête with her family, and as soon as she saw Georges she told her mother that she loved him. He looked like Nino Ferrer, the singing star. Georges did look something like Ferrer, apparently, scrubbed for a fête and in his slick brown suit. Yvette says that she was a little disappointed, three days later, when he came to see her at her own house. Georges was working in a tile factory at the time, and he arrived in his boss's truck, with some roof tiles for the village mason, completely covered with grease and dark-red dust. He was wearing new overalls, but he had forgotten to put his shirt on for the visit. Moreover, Yvette noticed in the daylight that most of Georges's teeth were gone. Georges was a brawler. He had spent his first six years in an orphanage in Paris, and had finally been taken on by his maternal grandparents, who lived in the village where Yvette had met him. They put Georges to work when he was eleven. He made his way, digging in quarries, picking cherries in season, and working here and there in tile factories and on road-construction crews, but he was a scrappy sort of boy, and very simple, and when he met Yvette he had never kept a job for more than two months.

Yvette liked him because he was young and she was used to looking after boys, she says, and she reasoned that it would take her only a year or so to earn the money to replace his teeth. Her younger brothers liked him because he was close to their own age and could become their friend. Even her father didn't seem to mind him, and that pleased Yvette, who had heard that Pierre, the café proprietor, always took a shotgun to the beaux *his* daughters brought home. As for Mme. Martin, she was happy, since Georges had managed to arrive at lunchtime, and

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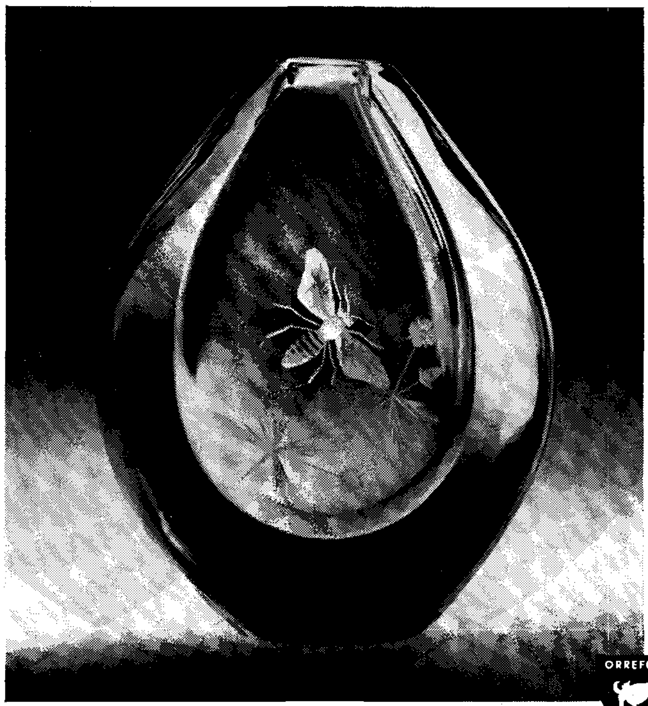

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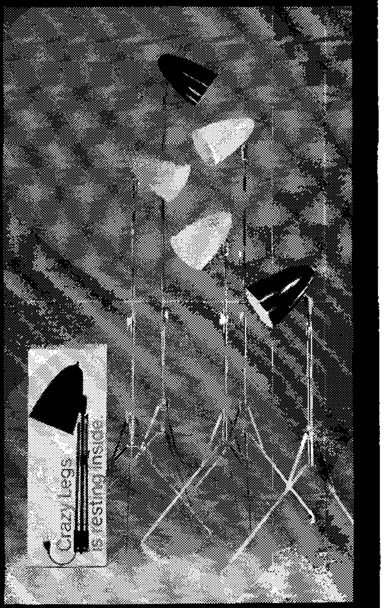

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anyone who came at lunchtime qualified as real company. She set an extra place at the table, and Georges joined them. No one mentioned to him that day that they were *pieds noirs*.

"When he discovered where we came from, he was very angry, and shouted, '*Moi, je n'aime pas les pieds noirs!*' " Yvette says now. "And then he brooded. But that was nothing, because I knew that it would pass. I knew by then that he already loved me. And, besides, Georges is very supple. I have a stronger character than he has, and if he broods, what of it? He is always brooding about things he doesn't understand. You see, he had nothing of his own before he met me. No real mother. No father. No friends. The day he came for lunch, he and my brothers went upstairs and played and fought with pillows, and later he came down to me and said, 'Now I have a family.' Even now, he is still jealous. He comes to me and says, 'I never had anything. Now I have you and the children and your family, and I am always frightened that I am going to lose you.' And he hits me. Or he threatens to tear up all my pretty clothes and throw them out the window, so that no one else will want me and try to take me away from him. But I am stronger. I hit him back. I say to him, 'If you throw that dress away, I'll go to the store and buy *two* just like it.' So there is really nothing he can do."

Yvette and Georges were married in October, after she had embroidered her eight pink sheets with hearts and lilies and Georges's name. Georges, by then, was already living in the village, sharing a room at the Martins' with Jean-Jacques and Claude. In fact, he had not been home since late in August. His grandparents had thrown him out when he told them—they had just signed papers permitting him to marry—that his girl friend was a *pied noir*. They came to the village twice, though—once to ask the Martins about a dowry, and then to attend the wedding, because they didn't want to miss the wedding lunch.

Yvette was married in the new church by the curé. She had hoped to wear a miniskirt, but Georges had protested that he wanted her to look like a moving-picture bride, and so she wore a long white net gown from her mail-order catalogue. Four of Georges's friends from the tile factory came to the wedding, and ten girls, six of them *pieds noirs* and the rest Italians, whom Yvette had met at dances and at saint's-day fêtes. No one from the village came except the doctor's wife, who

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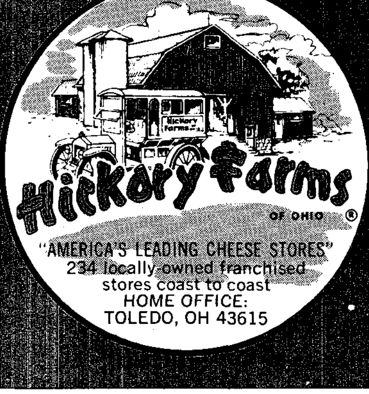

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wanted Yvette to work for her, and the wife of the *notaire's* assistant. Yvette says now that the villagers were jealous, because she, a *pied noir*, was marrying someone who was *presque Parisien.*

Georges is twenty-one now, and he is almost as much of a stranger in the village as Yvette. He is on his fourth job since the wedding—this time he is working for the plumber—but no one knows how long he will keep it, since he alarms the villagers by standing on the roofs of his clients' houses and joyfully flinging down old pipe parts. Yvette says that he loses his jobs because he happens to be married to her. Mme. Martin, who is down on Georges now that he has taken to storming out of the house when he hears her criticizing Frenchmen, says that he loses them because he is "*un peu stupide.*" Georges is good-hearted, in a random, uncomprehending sort of way, and when the Martins complain about the French they hurt his feelings. Some of the people in the village like him. The mayor likes him, and got him his third job there, driving for a farmer, when Yvette was pregnant with the twins and he needed work. But Georges is always dropping pipes, and racing the plumber's truck up narrow roads and into the front of people's houses, and the villagers think that he is probably a little crazy. Why else, they say, would anybody with the congenital disadvantage of not being from their village ever compound his problems by marrying into Yvette Martin's family?

Lately, Georges has been talking about leaving the village. He says that maybe he will move, as an indentured plumber, to Australia, where he has heard there are a lot of bathrooms being built. But Yvette refuses to talk to him about Australia. She wants to be near her mother, like a good *pied-noir* daughter, and, besides, now that she has her husband and her own children, she is beginning to feel a little more at home. She likes to go dancing with Georges on Saturday evenings, and to stroll through the village on Sunday, showing him off to all the farmers. She will always dress him up when they go out together, and she sees to it now that he washes carefully with laundry soap. People who meet them at the café sometimes complain that they cannot understand Georges, who speaks with a mushy, toothless kind of sound, but when they do Yvette will simply look at them and smile. She knows that what they have heard is his Parisian accent. She is proud to have captured Georges. "*Pour moi, il est impeccable,*"

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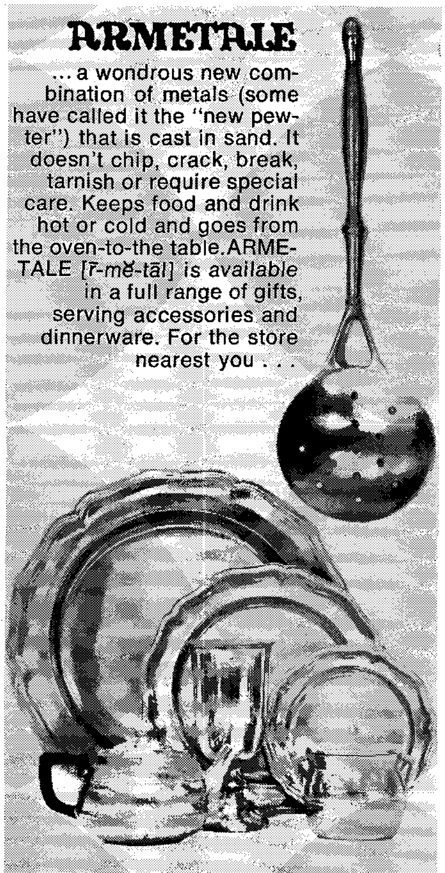

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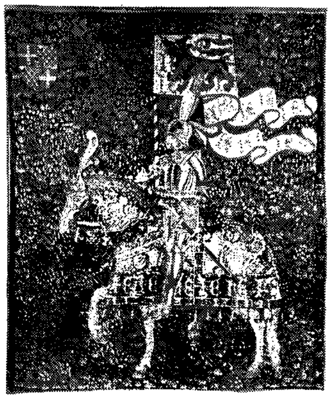

she likes to tell her mother, and her mother agrees that Yvette has certainly shown the village that she did not need any of its own young men.

CLAUDE, his mother says, was always delicate and moody, even before the family left Algiers. At six, he caught a bronchial infection—he says now that he got it from the Algerians—that must have developed complications, because he was in bed with fever for a year and was still too weak to walk when the family fled. Mme. Martin held him in her arms throughout the two-day crossing on the freighter, and Yvette took over in Marseille when her mother collapsed from fright and fatigue and her attack of asthma. Claude is still usually a little feverish, though it is difficult to tell now whether the fever comes from his illness or from his religious enthusiasms, or from a combination of the two. His cheeks are flushed, and his wide, black eyes are always wet and glittery, but Claude is a handsome boy, and these things make him look less like an invalid than like a sort of overheated cherub. "Handsome, but too thin," his mother says whenever she talks about Claude. She thinks that he is thin because of the fasts he undertakes, and she nags him constantly about his diet, which for the moment consists of half a tomato and a piece of dry toast a day. She blames his religion, which she says is morbid and conceited, not natural like the Catholicism of the *pieds noirs*. She knows that he would like to be a martyr, or at least a saint, but she wants him to take the medicine she buys for his digestion, and she tells him that being a martyr or a saint is a gift from the Virgin, and that there is no use planning and practicing and fussing about it now. Claude himself swears that he is not fasting—he says that suffering has ruined his liver and that this is the cross he has to bear. But Yvette, who has a big, healthy appetite and no patience at all with deprivation, claims that, stopping by at night, she has come upon Claude, in the dark, at the icebox, gobbling down leftovers from the family supper. She says that he is showing off, with his dry toast and his tomato, and that he wants attention, because he is having romantic problems with his *chérie*.

Claude works for a carpenter—not Maurice, the new village carpenter, who does not like *pieds noirs* and refused to take Claude on when Mme. Martin asked him, but another carpenter, five kilometres along the road to town—and he met the girl Yvette re-

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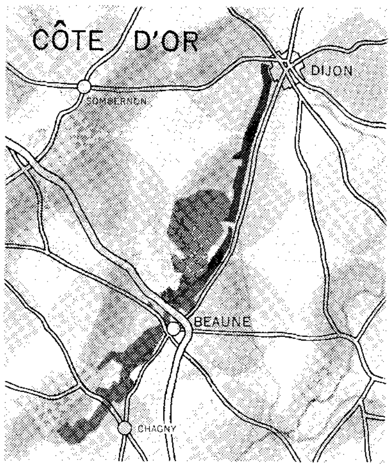

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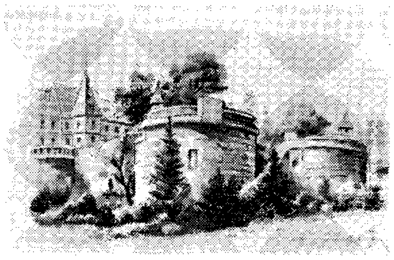

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fers to as his *chérie* when he went to work there. She is a melancholy Italian from the valley, and is very diligent about her job, which consists of keeping the accounts for Claude's carpenter. Claude says he decided that, given their combined talents, he and the girl could have a fine atelier of their own one day. He announced to his parents that he had a fiancée—a word that he prefers to *chérie*, because it sounds more spiritual—and he started taking the girl to Saturday dances, and even to the cemetery, where he stands on Sunday mornings with three tin cans marked "Blind," "Crippled," and "Aged," collecting money for the favorite causes of the baroness. Their problems began in the cemetery one Sunday when the girl, who had eighteen francs in the can marked "Aged," told him that she would like their atelier to make beautiful modern furniture, like the furniture at the Prix Unic. Claude knows one thing about his future atelier, and that is that it will produce "antiques." He loves old furniture. To Claude, a piece of old furniture is something sacred, like a dead relative or his Algiers home. He has been learning about antiques by mending the furniture that the Parisians in the valley find on their farmsteads. He used to practice on his family's furniture, but now he confines his experiments to his own bedroom, which is the biggest bedroom in the house, and which he appropriated from his parents when he went to work and became, officially, the head of the family. He takes care of the room himself, scrubbing the floors, waxing the chests and chairs that he finds on abandoned farms around the valley, and keeping his favorite pictures of the saints' temptations laid out in an aesthetic and offhand fashion across the bed. He says that he considers the ambience crucial for his meditations. He cannot tolerate disorder and is afraid of change. His mother says that he was screaming when the soldiers in Algiers arrived to save them—but not so much from the shooting as from fear that the family would leave without the little knife and fork he always used. She put them in her satchel at the last moment, and Claude still refuses to eat with any other silver. He feels the same way about his room, he says. The last time that Mme. Martin cleaned it, she moved a picture, and Claude, who couldn't find the picture for an hour, had a tantrum, after which he went on a diet of melons—it was the melon season—for two weeks. Mme. Martin, who called him a *vieux garçon* and then regretted it,

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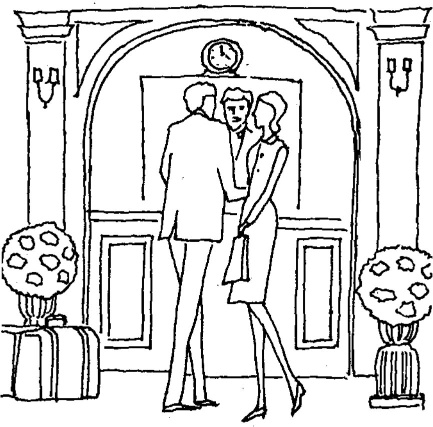

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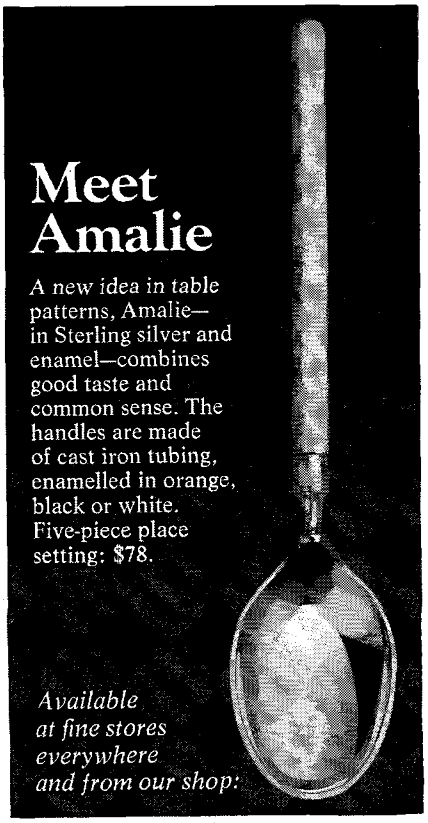

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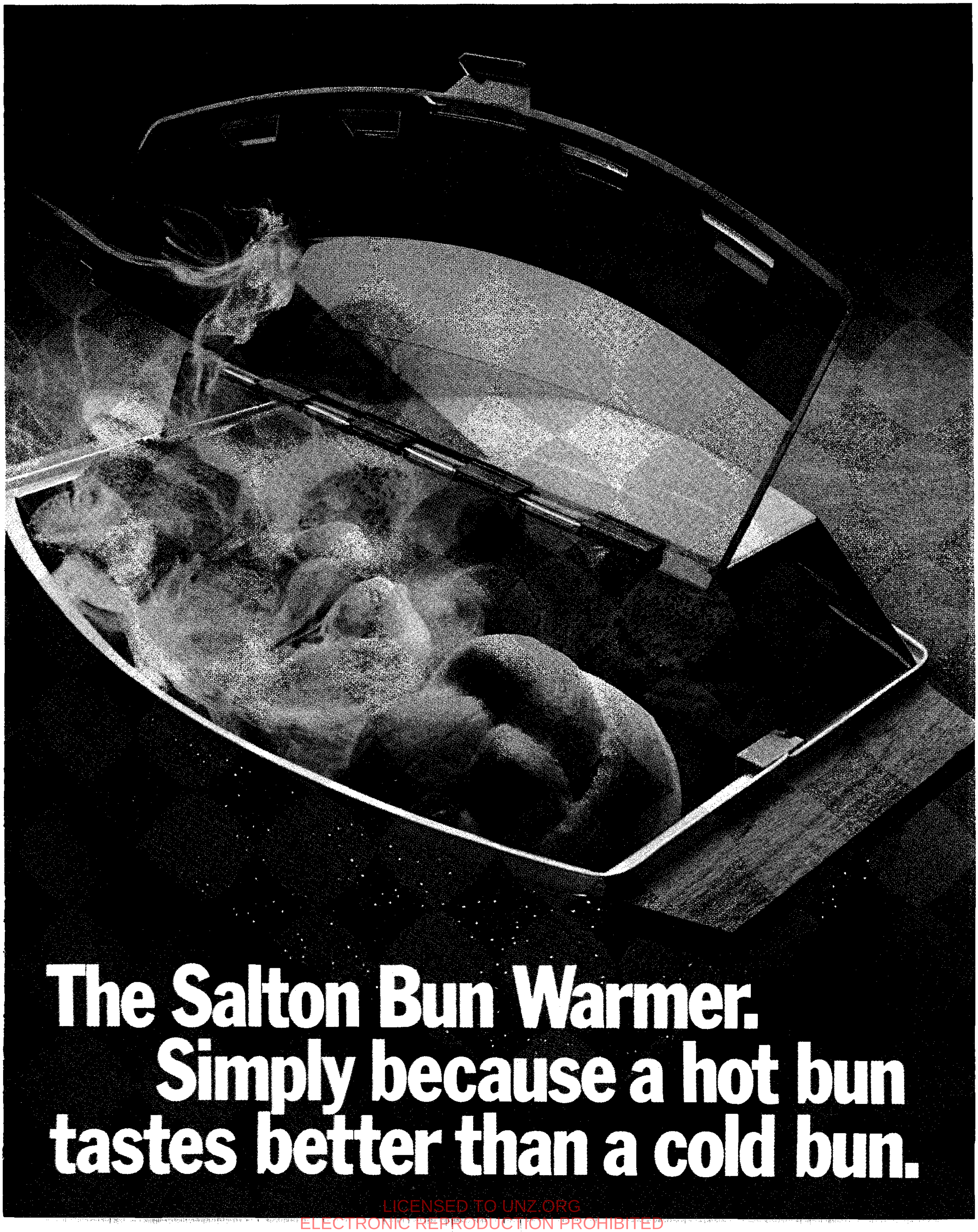
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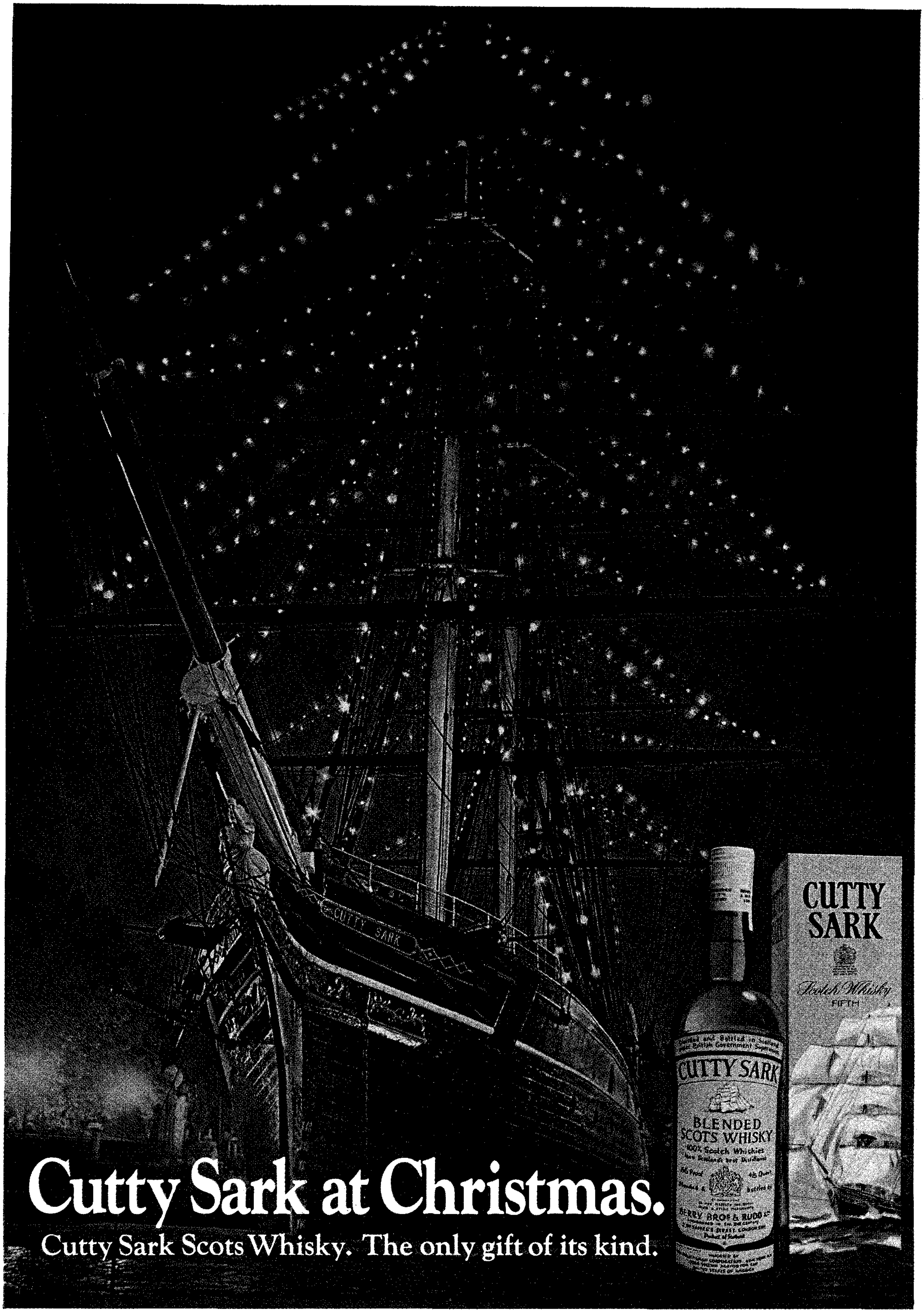
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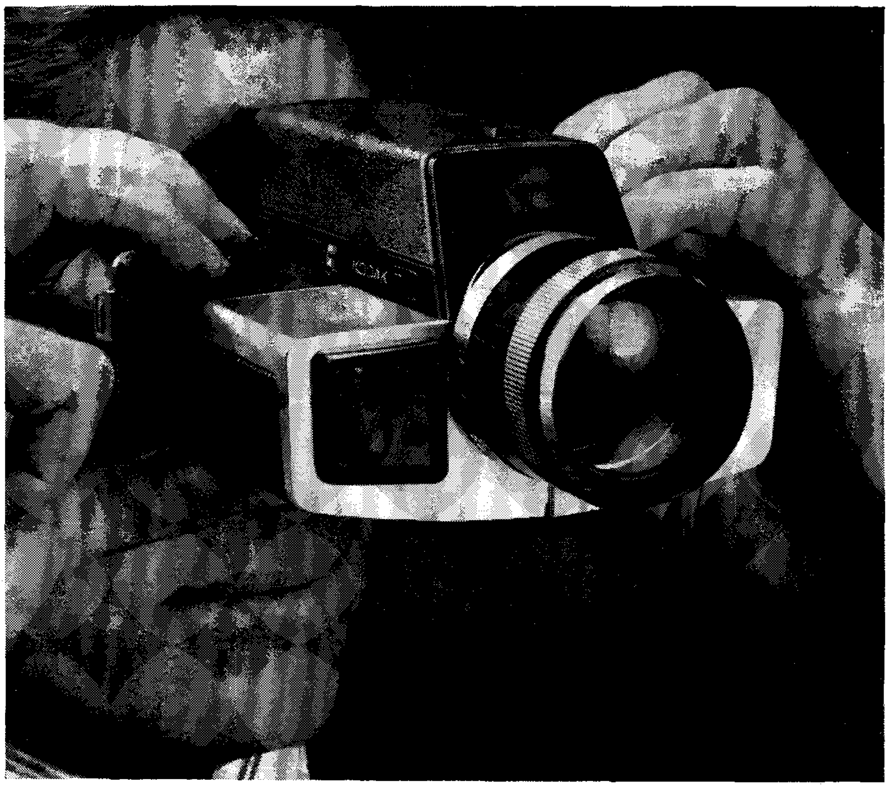
does not enter his room anymore. Claude has barred the whole family. "It is all mine," he says. "And no one can touch a thing there. No one can even sit down without asking my permission first." No one in the family wants to, really. The room is decorated with pictures of the Crucifixion, and there are three small shrines to the Virgin, where Claude can kneel and say his prayers. The wall over the bed is nearly covered with the pictures of his dead relatives, framed in lace paper and velvet ribbons, but there is a space left empty in the center, which Claude is reserving for his parents' photographs. He says that "after God calls them" their pictures will complete the room. Mme. Martin, who likes to see a wall filled properly, has to agree with Claude, but the empty, waiting space above the bed is disconcerting to her husband, who sometimes sneaks into the room to have a look around the closet. Claude's closet is his secret. It is papered with pinups of Italian starlets and with glossy pink nudes that he clips each month from girlie magazines.

Claude did not start school until a year after the family came to the village. At first, he was sick, and then there was no money for books and clothes. He was ten by the time he did start, and then he hated the village school so much that before the term was over his mother had to move him to the Catholic day school where the grocer sent her sons. He says that he liked the new school, because everybody there was pious and the teachers told the local children that Jesus apparently loved the *pieds noirs* and they should, too. When he had been there a year, he punched a teacher who had slapped one of his classmates. "Do you see the cross you wear?" Claude asked the teacher. "It will pay you later for your sins now." The teacher repented. He blessed Claude for his "intention," and promised to say a Mass for him that evening after school. It was then, Claude says, that he knew for certain that he had "the power." He says he must have got it from his great-grandmother, who laid hands on the sick and prayed and made them well. His grandmother had the power, too. And so has Mme. Martin, although she has never used it. She prefers the medicine she buys at the pharmacy—she says that medicines are as good as prayers and hands for most things, and just as cheap, now that the government pays for them. But before she dies she will pass the prayers and incantations that she learned from her mother on to Claude, and maybe to Jean-Jacques,



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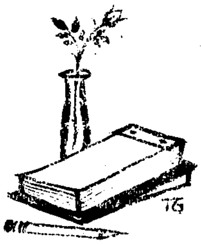
though not to Yvette and Paul, who, according to Claude, are too frivolous to have the power. Claude is already practicing on dogs and cats and crippled pigeons, but he says that animals, like babies, are innocent, holy creatures, and so are much easier to cure than adults. Last summer, he tried out his power on Yvette's small bedside table, which was her wedding present from Georges's grandmother and was so full of the old woman's malevolence that it jumped around at night. Yvette had made a practical assessment of the situation. "If it wasn't the table, it would be the armoire," she told him. "And who could sleep at night with a jumping armoire in the room?" But Claude was determined to resist the table; he was very confident that day, having cured his carpenter's dog of blocked tear ducts. He put a church candle on the table, sprinkled it with holy water, and waited for an hour, with his hands trembling over the offensive furniture. The table did stop jumping for a fortnight, but then it started again, and Claude was forced to have a consultation with a hand trembler from the next village, an old man who had once cured him of a sprained arm. The curer came and looked things over, but then he told Claude that Georges's mother had already established her malign presence in the house. He agreed with Yvette, he said. If it weren't the table jumping, it would be the armoire, and no one can sleep at night with a jumping armoire in the room.



The curer is Claude's hero. The old man likes the *pieds noirs*, who he says are "the true Catholics and believers," and who have done a good deal to revive his practice, which had fallen off before the Algerian war. He is licensed by the state, keeps office hours, like a doctor, has a waiting room with the latest *Jours de France* and *Paris Match*, and cures by drawing crosses on his patients with oil from an old ink bottle and then lifting their afflictions into his trembling hands. Claude first met him at a quarry in the valley, where he worked for a while before he joined the carpenter and where the curer likes to moonlight in his slack seasons. He says he knew at once that the old man had *"le fluide magnétique,"* which is what Claude often calls the power. He invited the curer home that evening for a glass of *pastis*, and asked his advice about the village sorcerers.

Claude knows more than anyone else in the village about the three sorcerers. He sees them every morning at the cemetery, scraping up the dirt around the tombstones to use as an ingredient in their magic charms. One of them is an old spinster named Berthe, who raises chickens in a hovel, and who even the villagers will admit is more miserly than they consider proper. The second sorcerer is the widow of an old mechanic who spent seven years in prison for collaborating with the Germans and dropped dead of a stroke not long ago by the Martins' front door. The third sorcerer is the mad daughter of the butcher, but people in the village rarely trouble themselves about her, because she makes most of her magic against the Parisians in the valley who take their business to the supermarket in town. No one knows whether the sorcerers are particularly angry at the Martins because of Claude's magnetic fluid, or because he spies on them, mornings, in the cemetery, or because they hate the *pieds noirs*. Berthe certainly hates the *pieds noirs*. She spits when she talks about *les Africains*, and she even sacrificed a chicken and left it, stuck with pins, on the Martins' doorstep on the day Yvette replaced her as maid to the *notaire's* assistant. The *notaire's* assistant had dismissed Berthe after he ran out of clean white shirts one morning and his wife confessed that Berthe would do the laundry only under a full moon. Berthe blamed *les Africains*. She and Claude had a confrontation near the graveyard, and Claude, who was not yet ten then, called loudly on God to punish her. Unhappily, a funeral procession was coming toward them at the moment, and the sorcerers, who consider themselves exemplary Catholics, never forgave Claude for the disgrace. They keep sprinkling cemetery dirt on his mother's doorstep. They got into the house one day and put a ball of copper wire, laced with spices, behind the television set, which then broke down. Last spring, when Claude was complaining of fainting spells and blindness, his friend the curer said that one of the sorcerers must have bought a camera, taken Claude's picture, and pricked the eyes with pins. It is true, certainly, that the sorcerers, like the curer, have been very busy since Claude arrived. Claude, in fact, says they are so demanding that he hardly has time left over for his true vocation, which is being the conscience of the whole village. No one in the village believes this—Claude is relentless in his prayerful,

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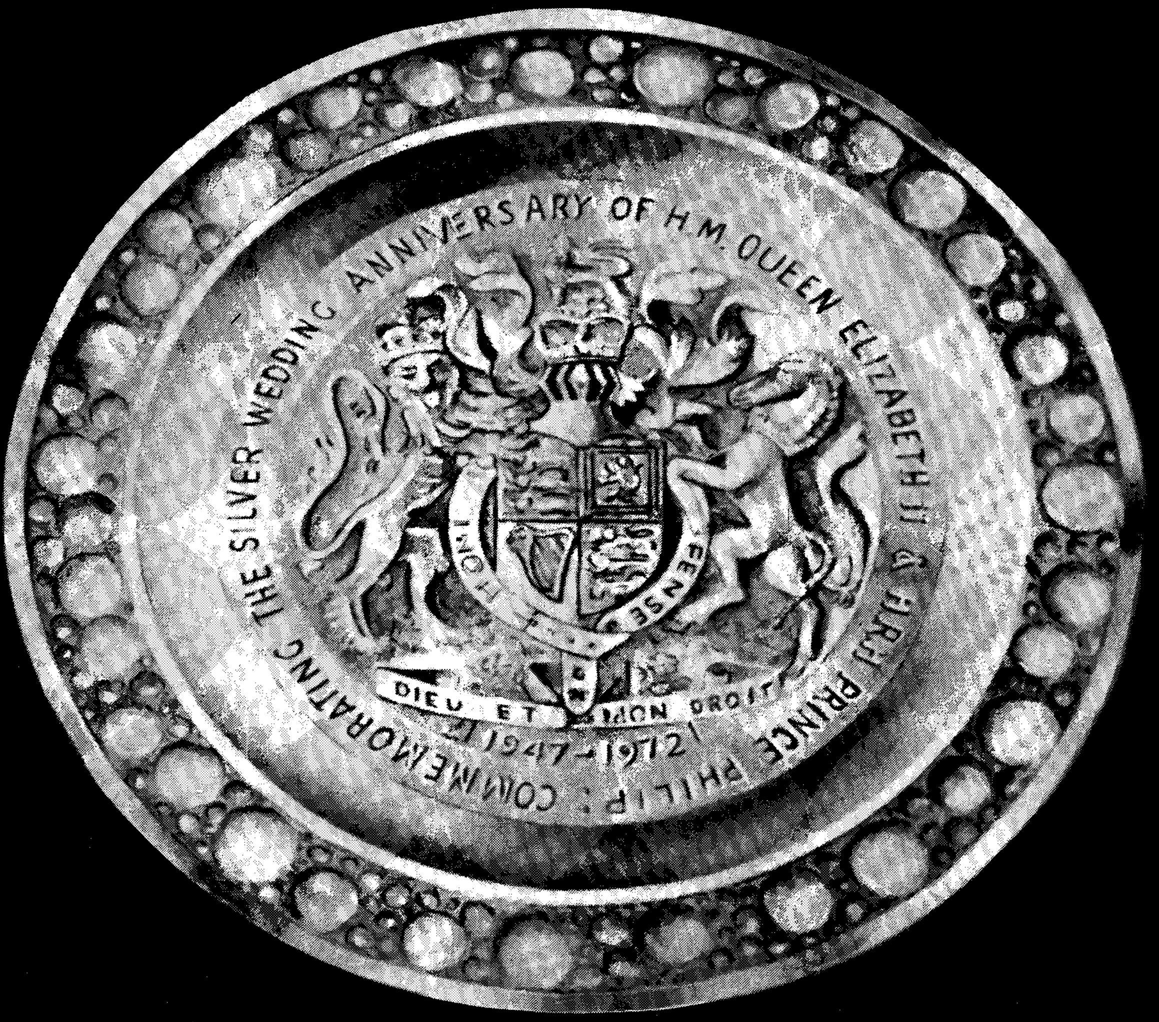
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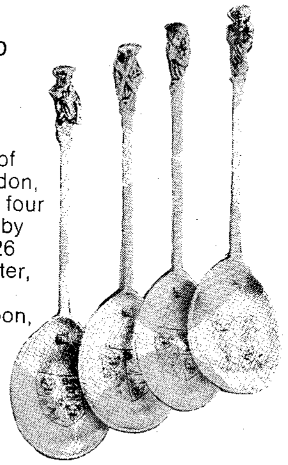

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admonitory pursuit of villagers he thinks have been unfriendly to his family. There is Pierre, who tried to kiss Claude's mother and then, when she slapped him, shouted, "So the *pieds noirs* are savages! Then what I have heard is true!" There is the grocer with the Belgian francs on his counter, who once gave the Martins a tank of Butagaz for their oven and, after they almost died, protested that he had not known the gas tank had a leak. There is a farmer who told the baroness that if she let a *pied noir* make her collections in the graveyard he was certain to keep the money for himself. There is the doctor, of course. And the new village carpenter, who explained to Mme. Martin that he could not take Claude on as an apprentice, because Claude went out too much to be *sérieux*. Claude ignores the *notaire's* assistant, who would probably qualify as the biggest scoundrel in the village, having taught the plumber's idiot son to sign his name in order to use him as a silent partner in a number of odd but very profitable land transfers. But then the *notaire's* assistant arranged to buy the Martins' house for them after the farmer who owned it had refused to sell to *pieds noirs*. The house, which a visiting *fonctionnaire* from the Beaux-Arts noticed, is classified now as a historic monument and is worth seven or eight times what the Martins paid for it.

Claude has more than enough to keep him busy anyway. He works a six-day week, from six in the morning till eight at night, for his salary—two hundred francs—and he has to bicycle to the carpenter's and back at least twice daily, since, fasting or not, he will eat his lunch only at home. Claude will stay in the village, and he will have his atelier one day, if not his *chérie*. He is determined to stay. He says it is his calling as a Catholic to remind the villagers of their own and France's sins against the *pieds noirs*. "It is better to have a true enemy than a false friend," he tells his mother, who takes credit for having taught him that herself. "I know the people here now, and I am going to stay here always, because they want so much for us to go."

JEAN-JACQUES is the smart one in the family. He knows it, and the rest of the family knows it—he was the child who would stay in school and one day go to the university to study law. It is doubtful now whether he will ever get there—there is not enough money, since Paul stopped sending part of his salary home. The government gives Jean-Jacques a little over sixty francs a

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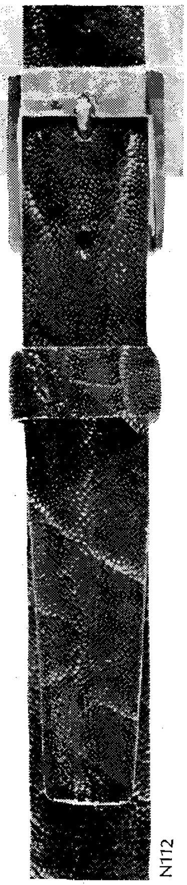

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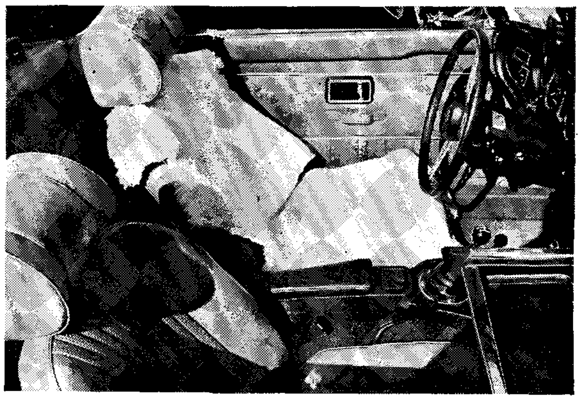

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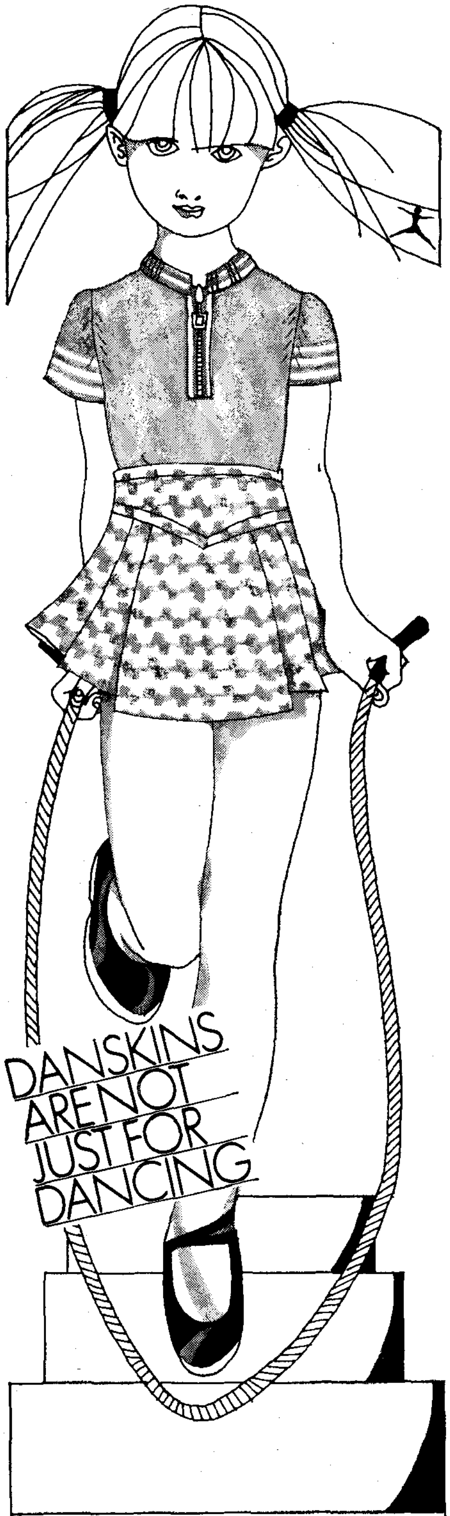
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month toward his expenses at the *lycée* in the market town, and Mme. Martin says that last year she spent twice that on his books and lunches and transportation to the town and back. She wrote to the Minister of Education last spring, and even enclosed a stamped envelope, but no one answered her letter, and now she says that the government is treating its students the way it treats its *pieds noirs*. "Anyone can pick a cherry tree or hoe," she said in her letter. "But not everyone can be a student. When someone is smart, as my Jean-Jacques is, you must open doors for him." The mayor apparently agreed, because he offered Jean-Jacques a job last summer, helping a crew that was going to dig the gutters for the first sewerage system the village has ever had. The mayor had been waiting nine years for Paris to authorize his sewerage project, and there were debates all spring in the village about the way the project should be carried out. The district administrator, thinking about the tourists who would be driving through in summer, said that the dirt from the digging should be trucked away, and not left to make the roads unsightly. Some of the villagers, such as Pierre and Beratti, the proprietor of the other café, agreed with the administrator. But most of them said the mayor was right when he argued that trucking the dirt away would cost too much in time and money and that, anyway, if they left the dirt it could then be used to fill the holes. Finally, after months of talking, the mayor and the administrator compromised: they announced that the dirt dug up would be carried exactly twenty centimetres off the road. Jean-Jacques, who had been waiting since June to earn some money, went to work on the twelfth of August. That morning, a rock fell on his foot and crushed a toenail, which had to be removed. The doctor did it, for twice what would have been his first week's salary, and Mme. Martin, with visions of accidents and bills, ordered Jean-Jacques home till school began.

Jean-Jacques is tall and gaunt, and he looks like a student, with his round, steel-rimmed glasses and a little beard that he has just grown. He reads a lot, and already speaks Spanish, German, Latin, and Italian. He has two obsessions—his education and the French. Jean-Jacques loathes the French with an intensity that even his family tells him is excessive, although his mother is proud of it, really, and when she complains about the French she will often say, "But this is nothing. You should ask Jean-Jacques." His

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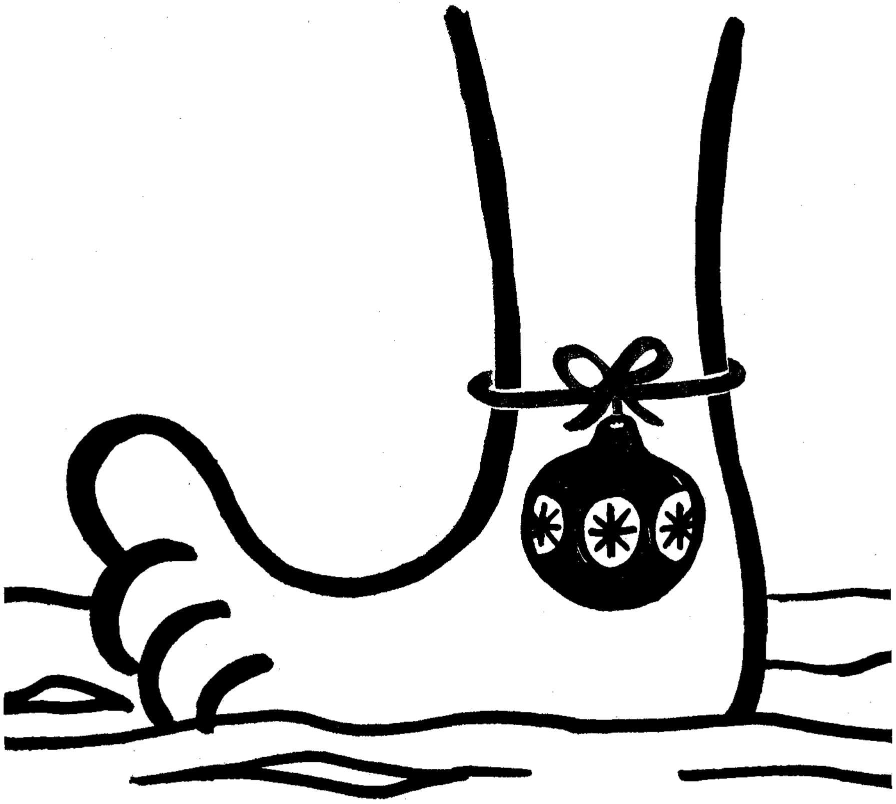
first memory of Marseille is of an abandoned hut with no beds and no water, where the family stopped for several days. His first memory of the village is of his mother, at the bus stop, crying, while the peasants, at their fête, danced in the schoolyard and a band played. He will never forget that night, he says. "My memories are bad, but they are stronger than I am. You see my father. Seven years of war in France. Then seven years of war at home. And now the French spit on him. So he drinks and he is crazy, but no wonder. His suffering has made him fanatical—and I fear the same thing is happening to me. To understand me, you must think of Aznavour's song about *les enfants de la guerre*. A child of war grows up too fast. I grew up too fast. I grew up, in a way, against myself. And I am still divided. Sometimes now I am an adult. I can recognize my hate and understand it. But then, suddenly, it takes me over, and my thoughts are the thoughts of a boy who is lonely and bitter and afraid. The child is always there. You are wounded, and suddenly the child in you will say, 'They are wounding me because they do not love me.' And you become *méchant* then, like a child. You draw yourself up and you fight back. You do not want to fight, but you know that if you do not draw up, without fear, then you are nothing, you die. And so I fight the French. I am accustomed to hitting and getting hit. And I fight them in my mind, always. The wounded child is always in my mind. When I came here, I tried. I wanted to be friends. But the children here avoided me. They treated me as if I were a sort of germ—a dangerous germ to be avoided. I felt it. I felt that I was not loved. So I fought, and I tried, and then I fought again. Even now it is the same, though maybe it is worse here, in this village. The *esprit* is small here. My teacher—she was small because I was a *pied noir*, and so she said to my mother that I was an imbecile. She said that sending me to school was just a waste of time. That is the French spirit. The French do not say no. They never say no to anything, but if they don't like you they make whatever it is you want to do impossible. At the *lycée*, it is better, because the intelligent always understand. But in the village nothing changes. It is not politics or pride that makes them hate us—it is the peasant mind. The peasant says that you are French if you are from his village. If not, *sauve-toi, tu es mal tombé*."

Jean-Jacques has made himself two



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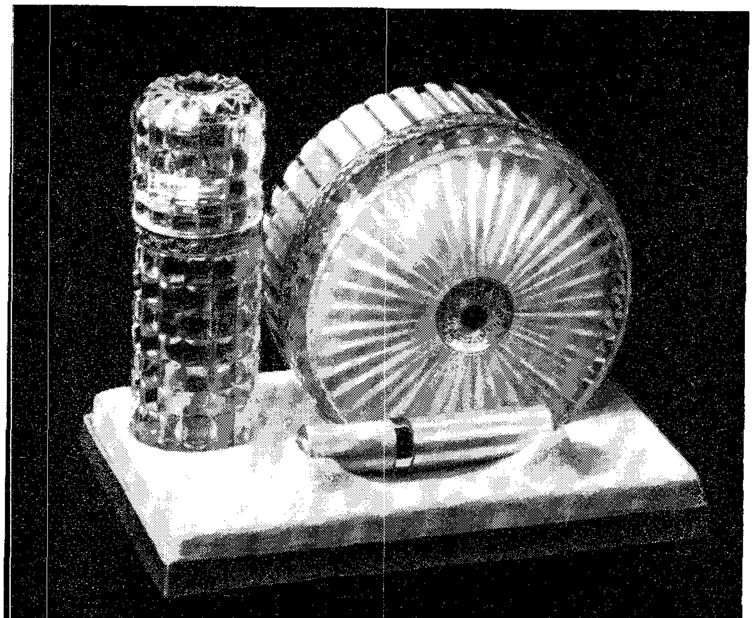

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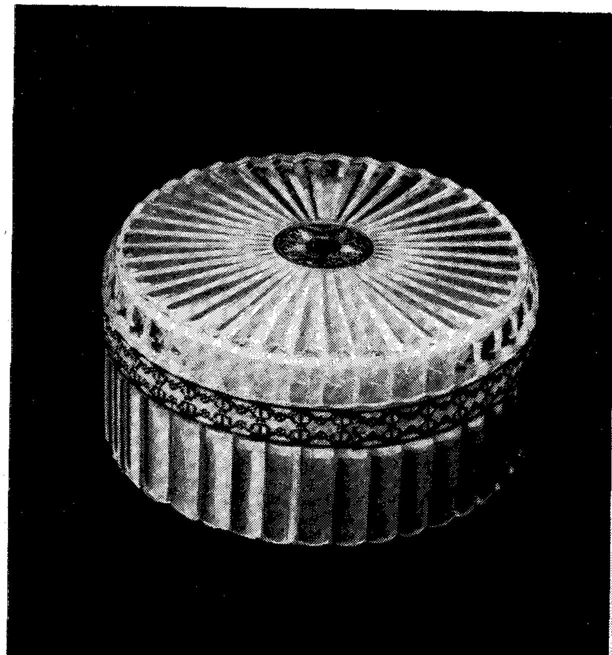

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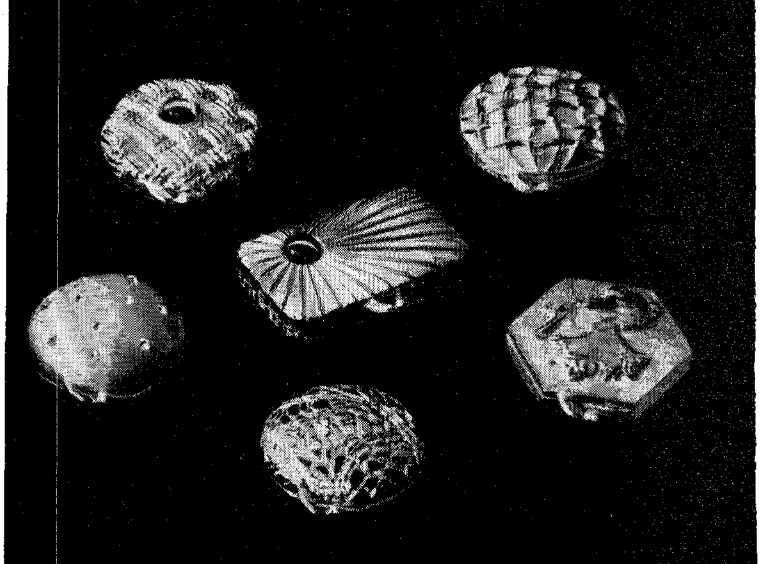

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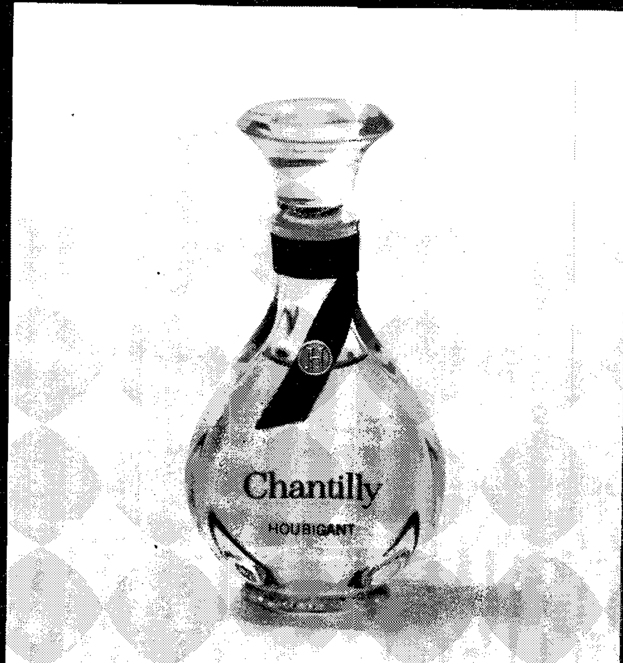
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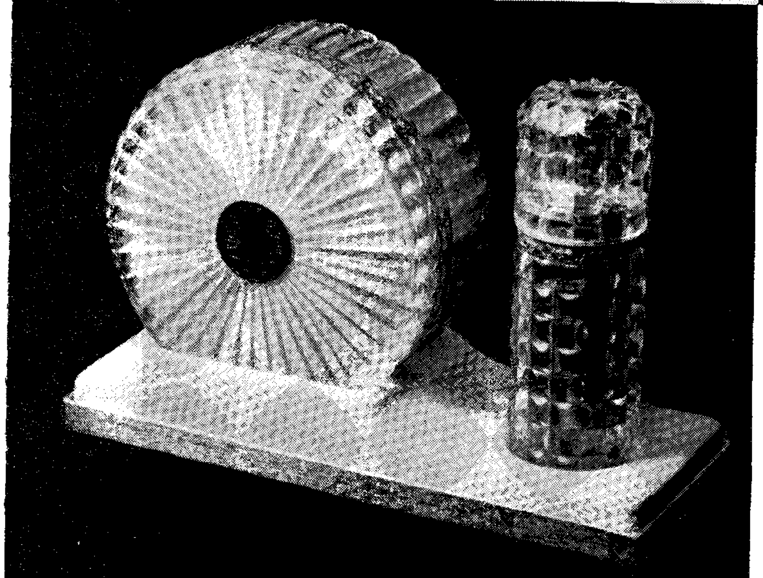

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promises. One is that he will leave the village, and the other is that he will never fight for France. He says that he is disillusioned with nationality and politics—that he would rather die in prison than fight for the country if it goes to war. He is eighteen now, and very certain. The French, he says, are never certain. "They do not know why they hate. They hate the *pieds noirs*, but if you ask them why, they cannot tell you. And they hate the Arabs, too. They say they're for them, but they are scared of the Arabs. And why? The Arabs did nothing to them. I tell them, 'Well, I hate the Arabs, too. I know it is wrong, but at least I know my reason. You—you hate with no reason at all.' "

When Jean-Jacques goes dancing Saturdays, his mother waits up with bandages and a bottle of iodine ready on the kitchen table. He hitchhikes when he has to—he says that no one from the village will take a *pied noir* with him—and if he is lucky a *pied noir* from another village drives him home. Otherwise, he sleeps in a field and waits for a bus that circles the valley Sunday mornings—and then his mother knows that he has had a fight. Jean-Jacques is always getting into fights at fêtes and dances. Usually, the *pieds noirs* will fight the French boys, but sometimes it is the *pieds noirs* against the Algerians who work in factories around the market town. The French will never join in when the Algerians and the *pieds noirs* are fighting. And the Algerians go home when the *pieds noirs* are fighting the French. Jean-Jacques says that the only time a *pied noir* gets any chance to dance at dances is when the French and the Algerians are fighting each other. That happens often, but not often enough, apparently, to have prevented Jean-Jacques from losing three teeth, cracking a rib, and dislocating a finger—not to mention getting assorted cuts, black eyes, and bruises—over the past year. He says that the way he cracked his rib is instructive, because it happened at a fête that he went to with a French friend. The fight started after the disappearance of his friend's sweater, which Jean-Jacques discovered on the back of a boy from the village just across the valley. Jean-Jacques says that he asked the boy politely to give the sweater back but that before he could even finish, the boy had called his friends. They started beating Jean-Jacques, who was not in particularly good condition to defend himself, having lost his toenail only the week before. There were boys from his own village watching, but none of them

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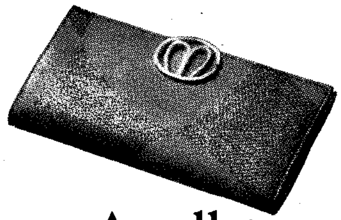

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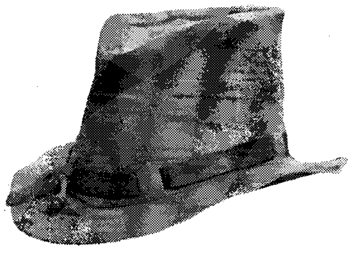

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stepped in to help him. Neither, for that matter, did the friend whose sweater he had found. "But why didn't you help? It was for your sweater that I did it," he asked his friend when the fight was over. He says that his friend was ashamed at first and didn't answer. But later he came up to Jean-Jacques and whispered that he hadn't wanted to be seen fighting for a *pied noir*.

ONE night in September, M. Martin sat at the kitchen table, finishing supper, while Mme. Martin stood at the sink, rinsing out a set of new wineglasses. It was an occasion for Mme. Martin—her husband is rarely home for supper anymore. He comes for lunch, which is his big meal, but by suppertime he has usually started drinking, and because he is embarrassed—lecherous, as Mme. Martin puts it—he prefers to wait until she is sleeping to come back. Mme. Martin had made some cookies for him, and she had bought the glasses and a bottle of Asti Spumante. Her husband had already opened the wine. He was at the table in his undershirt, and he hadn't bothered to shave for days, but he was in a good humor and in the mood to talk. He said that he missed talking with friends, evenings, in Algeria—he still found it curious that *métropolitains* should be so cold.

"Individually, I would always take an Arab over a Frenchman," he said, slapping his knee, because the thought amused him. "I have nothing against the Arab. I embrace the Arab. I want to share my bread with him, the way we used to do."

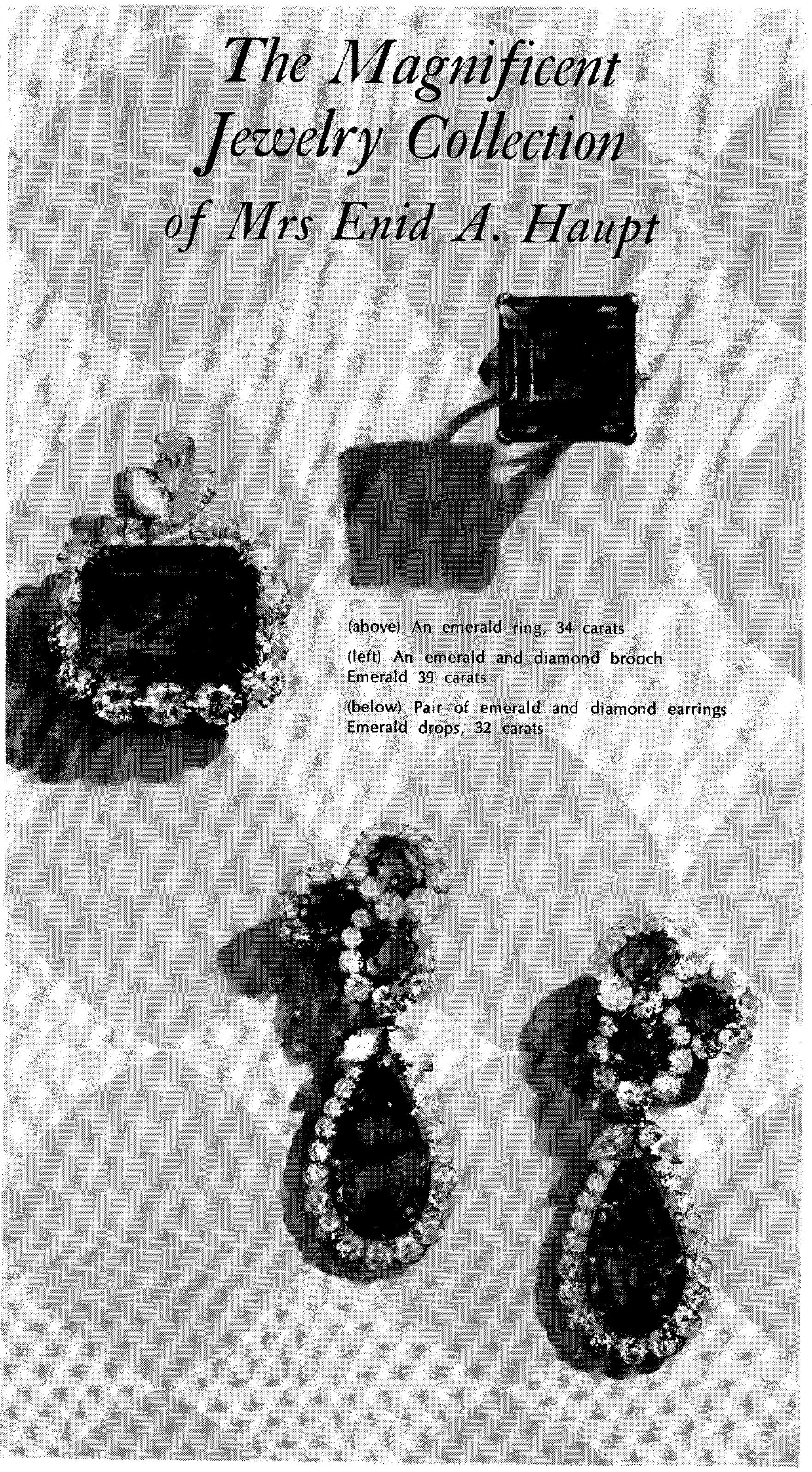
Mme. Martin shuddered. There are more than a hundred thousand Algerians working in the south of France, and, while she finds it extremely satisfying that Algeria has been so poor since independence that all those people have had to come to France to earn their living, she is always afraid that her husband will get drunk one night and bring an Algerian home.

M. Martin laughed. "You worry too much. Believe me, the Arabs are like the Germans. Alone, they are fine. It is only when they are together, with a leader, that they go mad."

"I say that the day an Arab comes into this house I leave it," Mme. Martin told him.

"And *I* say that you have the habits of a timid, fearful woman," her husband said, and then he turned. "My poor wife. She has had too much fear in her life."

Mme. Martin put the glasses on the table. "I'm frightened of getting



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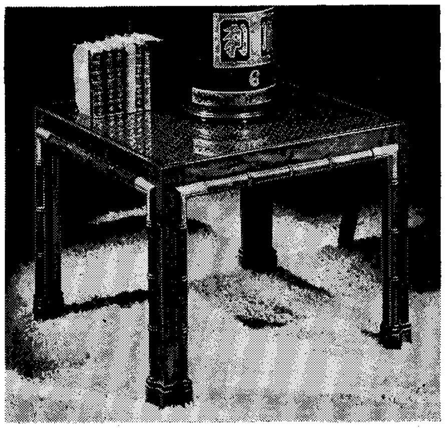

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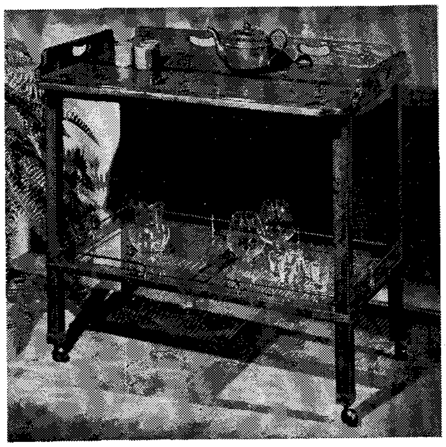


KNOB CREEK

killed," she said. "You're telling me not to fear the dog that has already bitten me."

M. Martin shrugged. "You see, she does not understand the psychology of crowds—that is her real problem."

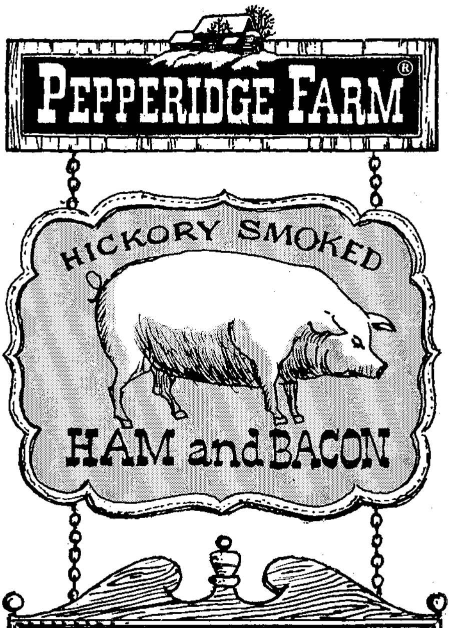
"It isn't true. I remember the Arab who came and said to hide the children. He said that he had orders to kill us and that if he didn't his friends would get angry and kill him instead." Mme. Martin thought for a minute. "Still, when I see an Arab now, I think, Does this man want to kill me? It's the very first thing I think of."

"You think that because you were always in the house at home. You didn't have the experience of human contact with the Arabs, the way I did. I tell you, if an Arab saw you now he would be ashamed," M. Martin said, and added, "Five times, the Arabs tried to kill me. Twice with pistols, once with a knife, once with Army rifles, and once with a crowbar. It was my assistant who saved me when the man with the crowbar came. An *Arab* saved me. The assassin ran away, and when I saw him on the street later, he couldn't look me in the eyes. He was ashamed." M. Martin sat back with his glass of wine. He said he was thinking of the time an Algerian really almost killed him. The man was a Harki—the Algerians who took the side of France were called Harkis—and a soldier in Algiers with the French Army.

"This man—this Harki—he knocked on our door and asked my husband to come with Paul to fix a power saw," Mme. Martin said. "My husband agreed. But *I* knew, inside, that there was something wrong. I said to my husband that the man was a traitor, but my husband laughed and took the boy."

"You cannot always be listening to a fearful woman," M. Martin protested.

"Still, I went to the Army to ask about this man, and just as I arrived I saw him in the street, outside the barracks, whispering to a group of Arab men. There was a French captain at the gate, and I pointed to the man and said, 'I want to talk to you in private, because that man you see there is a traitor. He is going to kill my husband this afternoon.' 'Madame, that is a grave charge,' the captain said, but I told him that it was better to be mistaken than to see my husband and my son dead, and so we went with some soldiers to the place they had been told to go." Mme. Martin shook her head, looking at her husband. "We got there just in time," she said. "The Arabs had them both surrounded. They had



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their rifles drawn. 'So you have come for nothing, have you?' I said to the captain. And I was right. Later, the Harki confessed that he had orders to kill three Frenchmen every week."

"Last month, I saw the man in town," M. Martin cut in. "He is working here in a factory. Not a bad sort, really. It was simply the psychology of crowds, as I have told you." The man, he said, had spent some time in prison, but M. Martin had told him that in the long run he was better off than the true Harkis. After the war, M. Martin said, the Algerians seized the Harkis and kept taking their blood until they died, to give to the wounded F.L.N. soldiers. Thousands did die, and some of the eighty thousand Harkis who managed to flee the country under French protection are still living in wretched little refugee camps and villages, in the Alps and in the Massif Central, where the French put them. They are out of sight in the mountains, and most of the French have forgotten all about them now.

"It is just like the French to abandon their children," Mme. Martin remarked. "It was the same thing with the O.A.S. generals."

M. Martin nodded. He worships the generals—Salan and Jouhaud and the others who led the Secret Army—and still refuses to believe that they had anything to do with the terror that the O.A.S. spread. He says that they were good, loyal soldiers, and that when they confessed in court they were acting in the best military tradition, taking responsibility for the bad behavior of their men. None of the evidence has changed his mind or shaken his faith in the generals. The fact that they, like everybody else, betrayed him is too much for M. Martin to bear. He blames the Communists—all the *pieds noirs* blame the Communists—for the feeling that exists in France against the generals now.

"There are always a *few* extremists in a revolution," Mme. Martin said. "There are always a few who do bad things."

"The generals were good soldiers, *French* soldiers," M. Martin repeated, getting teary. "And what did de Gaulle do? He sent them to prison. Even the baroness's son he sent to prison."

"They say that the baroness's son was part of the plot to kill de Gaulle," Mme. Martin whispered, jumping up and going to the window. She had forgotten to close the kitchen shutters.

"Why do you say that?" M. Martin asked her. "That's cinema."

"It is *all* cinema," she said, and she

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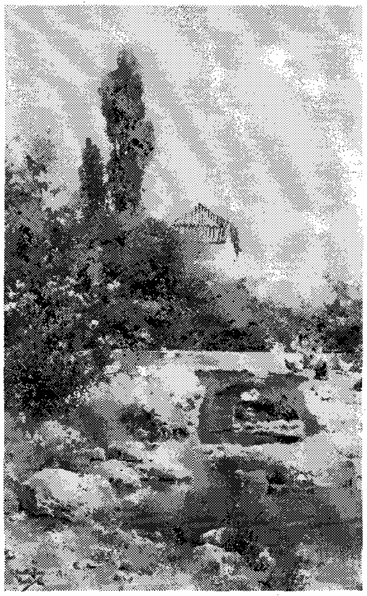

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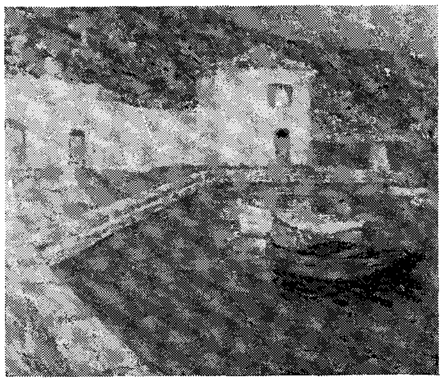

refilled his glass, because she saw that he was crying.

"It is the warmth we miss here," M. Martin said suddenly. "There is no warmth. And it is not just us. There is no warmth among the villagers. Even among themselves, they are not *gentils*."

"And they say they are Communists—even the mayor says that he is Communist," Mme. Martin said.

"The mayor? Ridiculous!" M. Martin wiped his eyes and grinned. "The mayor is different. If you scratch the paint off the mayor, you find a true Frenchman."

Mme. Martin laughed and pointed to the plate of cookies. "Communism! At the store, they charge you two francs ten for two francs' worth of flour. That is their Communism."

M. Martin sat up. "The government is worse. I will tell you, I don't know any logic that will disinherit a second generation." He touched his leg, and then his chest. "I am pierced, here and here and here, by bullets for the French, and now I cannot even take my own inheritance."

"It is their jealousy." Mme. Martin nodded sadly. "Last week, I went to the social-security office in town to see about my husband's money, and a man there took me for a *métropolitaine*. He stopped me at the door and pointed to a group of *pied-noir* women who were waiting in the line. 'Look at those women,' he said. 'I'd like to throw them out. They are worth nothing. They are taking the place of *French* women.' "

"It *is* their jealousy," M. Martin said. "You have heard about the Israelis, who took a desert and made a garden. Well, that is what the *pieds noirs* did. We took a desert and made a garden. And when we came to France we came with our ingenuity, we came with the habit of working in a wild country. We looked around Provence and said, 'Ha! There is something to be done here.' And after a year we began to have melons in January. Pears in November. Even mandarin oranges in Isle de Rhône. The French were jealous, because *we* did that and they could not."

"They do not know how to live," Mme. Martin broke in. "They say to me, 'But you have *two* toilets in your house. Imagine!' " She chuckled. "Two toilets, and the first washing machine in the village. It is unthinkable to the people here."

"Plus the first television," M. Martin added, and then he said, "What do you expect? The peasants—they are

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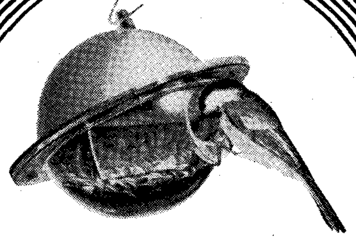

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hippies in their fashion. They need the *pieds noirs* to get things done. A *pied noir* will come in as a worker and in two weeks he is the director. And then the peasants, who have done nothing, will complain that he has taken a Frenchman's job."

"Oh, they are babies," Mme. Martin said. "They are idiots."

"But they are *méchants*," M. Martin said. "The first *pieds noirs* who came here, the ones who had the first taste of it—they were obliged to leave for Paris."

"But we survived," Mme. Martin said, sighing.

"Because we were the strong ones," her husband said. "The *pieds noirs* who came here first were not strong. If they had been strong, they would have stayed in Algeria until the end, as we did. We stayed till the blood, till the last shot."

"The villagers here had heard that in Algeria we were charging the French soldiers a hundred francs for a glass of water," Mme. Martin said. "They read *La Marseillaise* and they believed it." She shook her head. "And they listened to the politicians. To de Gaulle. To Defferre. Even Defferre, who says now that he is such a friend to the *pieds noirs*—I tell you that in 1962 he would have liked to see us all dumped into the ocean—"

"I gave wine to the soldiers when they came," M. Martin broke in. "I said to my wife, 'Wine for the soldiers!' And then they went home and told their mothers that we charged for water."

"Well, they will live with their consciences," Mme. Martin told him as she passed the cookies. "The soldier who lives here—the one who tried to send us to the Arabs. I saw him yesterday. I went to his grandfather's funeral. I embraced his wife, and then I took his hand and shook it. He was ashamed and turned his head away."

"That young man—he knows now that the world is small," M. Martin said, and slapped his knee again. "We have a good thing, we *pieds noirs*. We are bigger in spirit than the people here."

Mme. Martin nodded. "He is right. And Jean-Jacques is right. The people in France are small. I remember, in Marseille—we were at the port, and someone had made a fire, and I said to myself, 'Good, I will buy a pot and some rice with my twenty francs and cook a dinner for my hungry children.' So I went to a store, but no one at the store would sell me a pot after they heard my voice and knew that I was

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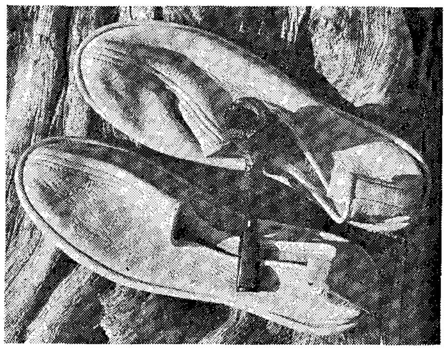

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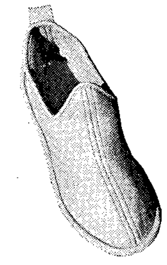

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a *pied noir*. Then I went to another store. I asked for the pot in a Marseille accent. The man there looked at me, suspicious. 'You are a *Marseillaise*?' he said. 'Where do you live?' So I named a street—the fanciest street in all Marseille."

"She got the pot," M. Martin said, laughing. And he tried to embrace his wife. "*Bonne camarade*. She is a *bonne camarade*, even in the worst times."

Mme. Martin ignored him. "I heard later that the man in the first store was killed when a tree fell on him. I said to myself, '*Dommage pour l'arbre*.' "

"*Dommage pour l'arbre!* That's good!" M. Martin shouted, and he added, softly, "You see, we have become cold here. In the beginning, no. But then, after the first Christmas—The children were very homesick that first Christmas, but we had heard that it was the custom here for all the children in the village to take a house and have their own party, and so we told them that, to make them feel a little happier. Then Christmas came, and no one asked my children. They walked home from church and heard the music from the party. It was at that moment that I said to myself, 'Now it is over, it is finished.' I became cold."

"We are cold, but we have not made peace," Mme. Martin said. "When Yvette was getting married, Georges's grandmother came to our house to ask about a dowry. She said that it had to be a big dowry, with many sheets and tablecloths and towels, because of the disgrace that Georges was marrying a *pied noir*. But then, after it was settled, she looked at my table, which was set for supper, and said, 'Good, now we will eat together *en famille*.' I thought to myself, She insults the *pieds noirs*, but now she is hungry and wants to eat, and she says that it is for me, a *pied noir*, to pay. No, thank you. And I said, 'No, we will each eat supper at our own house.' I opened the door, and I handed her the sheets and tablecloths she wanted. '*Le linge, Madame*,' I told her. '*Le linge, Madame, et bonsoir*.' "

M. Martin raised his wineglass. "*Le linge, Madame, et bonsoir*."

—JANE KRAMER

•

Murphy also brought out the fact he is being accused of forwarding a letter to the state attorney general's office seeking an opinion on the legality of a former mayor assuming the city attorney's post.

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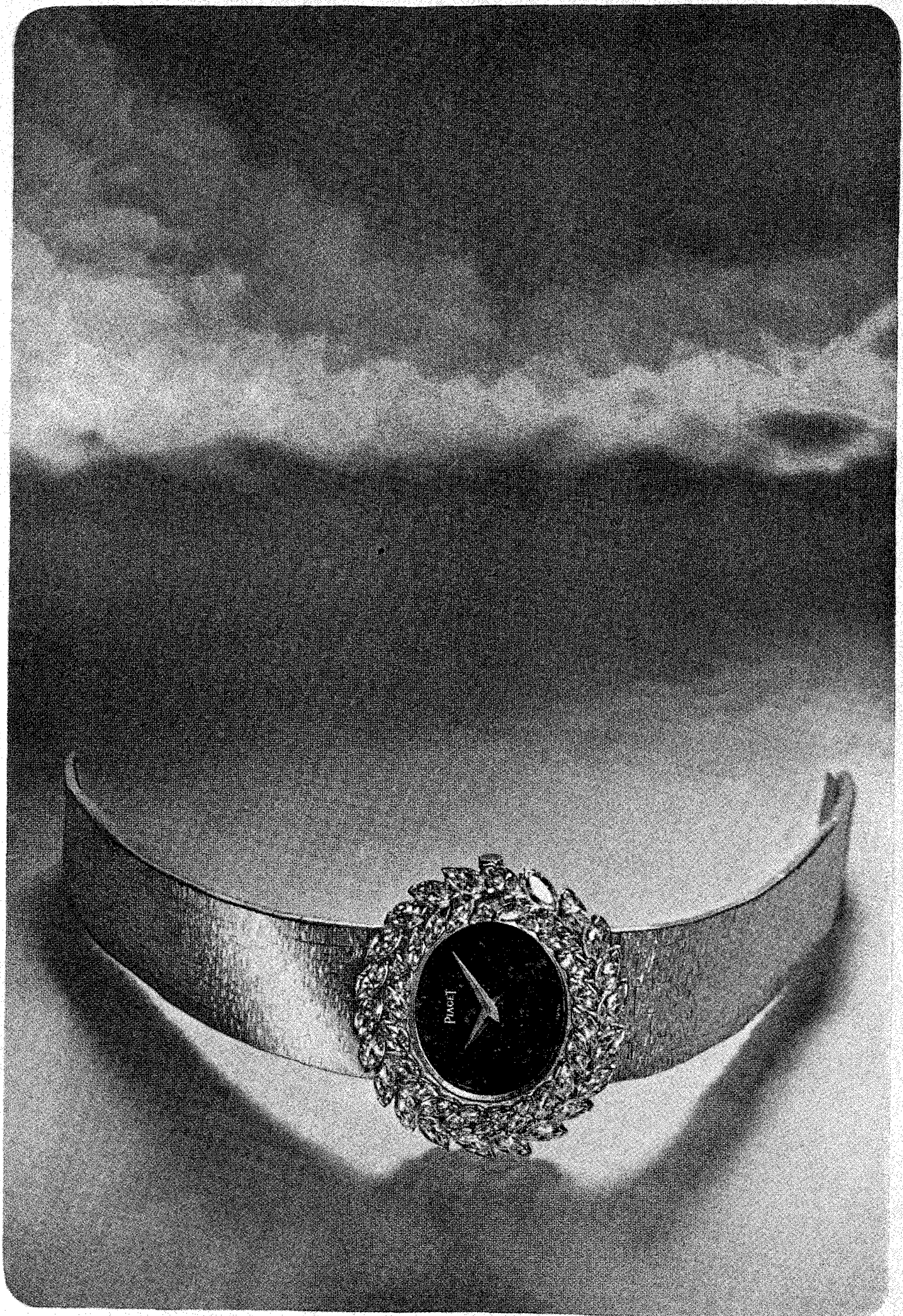

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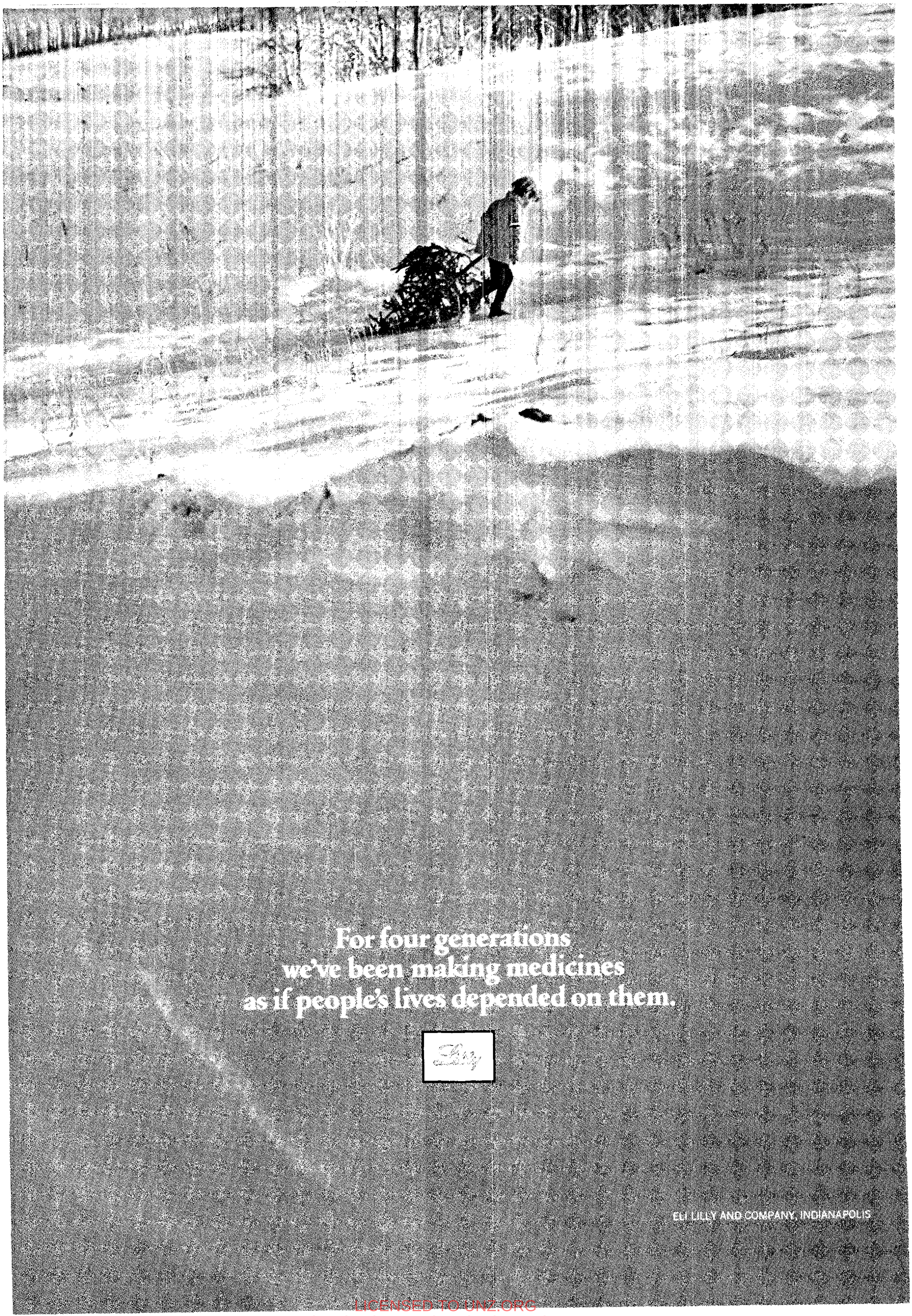
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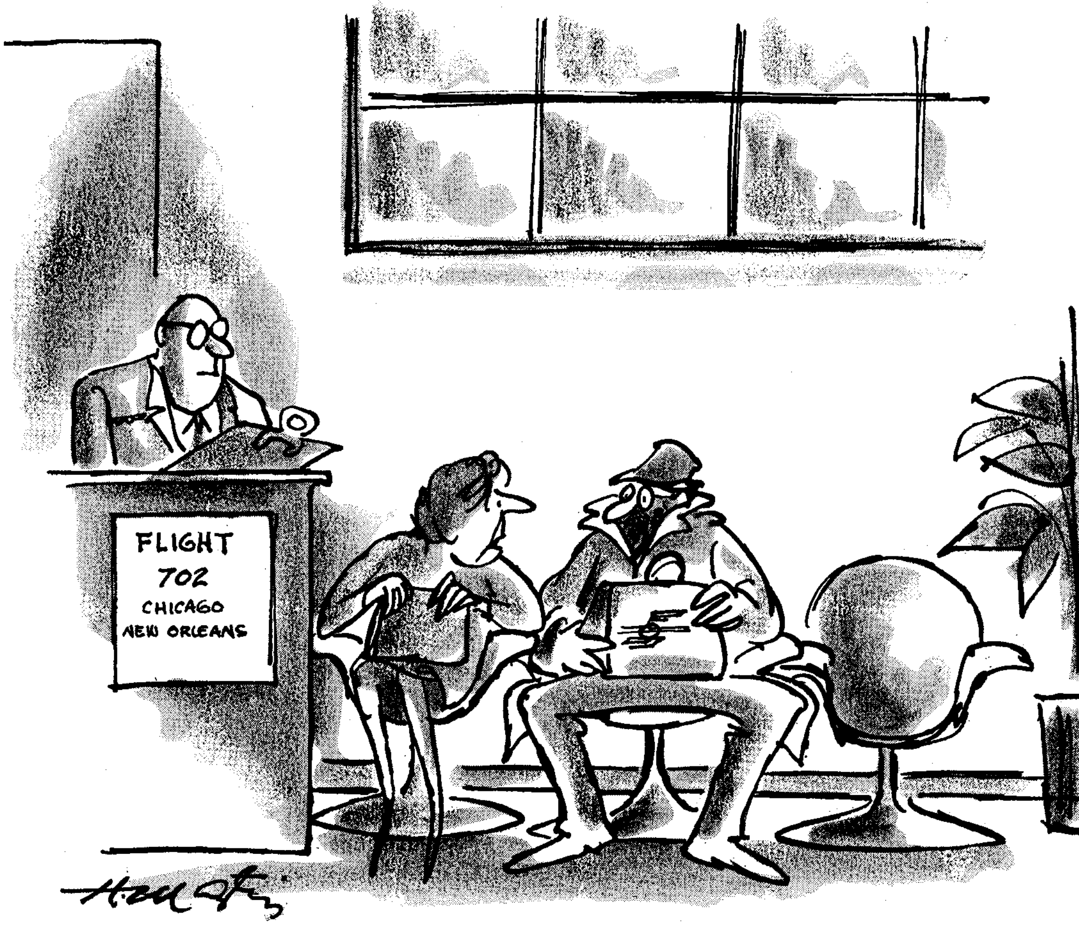
THE THEATRE

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

THE Circle in the Square, which over twenty years ago helped invent what has become the flourishing Off Broadway theatre movement, last week paid Broadway the compliment of acquiring, as a second home, a small, handsome theatre-in-the-round in the capacious basement of the new Uris office building at Broadway and Fifty-first Street. (The building also contains the Uris Theatre, which, with over nineteen hundred seats, is the biggest legitimate theatre to be put up here since the twenties. So much for the longest-running false rumor in town—that Broadway is done for. It is only continuously *almost* done for.) The Circle in the Square has named its new quarters after the chairman of its executive board, Joseph E. Levine, who should be very proud indeed of the extraordinary production with which Theodore Mann, artistic director of the Circle in the Square, has opened the house. It is a revival of O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," and I recommend it without the slightest reservation as a grave and beautiful embodiment of a grave and beautiful play. Lengthy as "Mourning" is, even in the present skillfully edited version, its three and a half hours seem not a moment too much and embrace not a word or gesture too many. The suspense of the grand, simple plot mounts like poison in a vial, unstoppably, up to the very moment when Vinnie passes a final, pitiless judgment on herself and then marches, with a vigor that amounts to lust, into the sealed house that will become both her place of punishment and her tomb. O'Neill is surely the least seductive of playwrights, but how he holds us, how he will not let us go! As if with rough blocks of the hardest stone, obviously carved with effort, he builds the formidable structure of his play, and when the last block has been inched into place, though we may feel crushed by the weight of his despairing view of life, we are also exhilarated; the playwright's personal suffering has been transformed into words that leave an uncanny residue of joy, and we quit the theatre grateful for the ordeal through which we have been made to pass. When O'Neill spoke of his family and himself as being, like the Mannons of "Mourning," under a curse, he meant the phrase literally; it was in this consciousness of being cursed that he found the energy, evidently not available to him anywhere else, to write his great plays.

Directed by Mr. Mann, the cast performs in a fashion that audiences are sure to remember for years to come. In the role of Christine Mannon, Colleen Dewhurst is, as the curious phrase goes, beyond praise, and so is Pamela Payton-Wright in the role of Vinnie. The duels between these two strong and tormented women for the possession of Ezra and Orin Mannon and of Captain Brant (a Mannon by blood though not in name) are breathtaking. Donald Davis and Alan Mixon are admirable as Ezra Mannon and Captain Brant. I would have liked Stephen McHattie, as Orin Mannon, to be more manly in his weakness and to teeter less on the verge of being simply dotty, and William Hickey, playing a traditional nineteenth-century hired man, to give more force to his role; he is our representative onstage and ought not to throw away lines—our lines—for the sake of an occasional laugh. The setting, which consists of the grim façade of a Greek Revival mansion in a New England town, is by Marsha L. Eck, the lighting is by Jules Fisher, and the costumes are by Noel Taylor. All three have proved worthy of their opportunity.

THE reasons to bother with Paul Zindel's "The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild," at the Ambassador, are the excellence of the performances by Maureen Stapleton, Lee Wallace,



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Florence Stanley, Elizabeth Wilson, and Neil Flanagan; the charm of the extravagantly squalid set, by Santo Loquasto; and the droll costumes, by Carrie F. Robbins. Mr. Zindel's ramshackle comedy has the hand-me-down look of innumerable TV skits of yesteryear, and there were times when I felt convinced that I had seen Sid Caesar playing Miss Stapleton's role in drag. Whether he ever did or no, he cannot have been funnier than Miss Stapleton, who is sweet and sour and bitter and bawdy and abrasive and touching by turns, and who must have trained like an Olympic runner in order to be able to carry out the quick costume changes and prolonged acrobatic horseplay called for in the script. She and her colleagues are well worth seeing and the play is not; how suggestible readers are to manage this optical feat I leave for them to work out.

"Lysistrata," which lasted for eight performances at the Brooks Atkinson, was an all-Greek disaster: Melina Mercouri, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, in a comedy by Aristophanes. Mr. Cacoyannis was accused in the program of having adapted the play, but "abducted" comes closer to describing what he did, leaving a nasty, squalling brat in its place.

—Brendan Gill

•

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Oh, it could creep in, Mrs. Lederman or no Mrs. Lederman.

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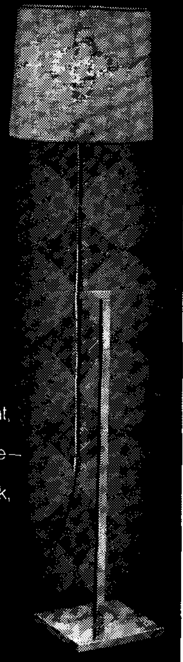

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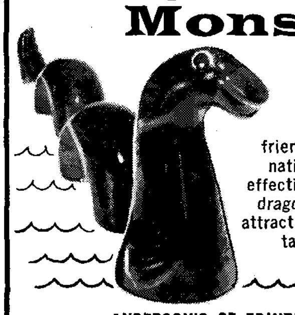

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FOOTBALL

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CHICK MEEHAN came down from an enormously successful career at Syracuse and took over a New York University that, playing out its home matches upon an island likewise inhabited by doughty Columbia, went almost unnoticed, even by its alumni. The time was the horn-of-plenty prosperousness of the middle twenties, and because the Ivy League was almost a closed circuit (the leavings in the ticket offices after the alumni subscription lists had been filled were slight indeed) there was big money with no place to go. Meehan helped out. Before he left N.Y.U., seven years later, he had its home matches in Yankee Stadium and not a few of his graduating players in the beginnings of the National Football League. The big money rejoiced not only in the exploits of Meehan's performers but in the work of the equally mastodonic players who represented Fordham, which had also gone Big Time. The news that there was money about had travelled widely; for a while, Washington & Jefferson and Lafayette staged their annual meet in the city, and so did Army and Navy. There was money about even on the dour, muddy afternoon uptown when N.Y.U. and Georgetown came together. The attendance was ample but the intelligence offered the customers was spare; not until he was hosed down in his locker room could anyone be assured that it really was Ken Provincial, a Georgetown end, who had snaffled an N.Y.U. ball and achieved the solitary score of the afternoon. Except for that shortage of onlookers, it did seem then that the New World—the World of the Common Man, not of the Closed Circuit—was to belong to what, for want of a more concise term, was called amateur football, and not to the overtly professional sort. Heywood Broun, the celebrated columnist, wrote only of Ivy League football, and so did Westbrook Pegler, the celebrated calumnist (Joseph McCarthy was a far less literate retracing of this model), but the sports desks of the city's press were filling up with the alumni of Fordham and N.Y.U., and great was the extolling of the pageantry and the proficiency

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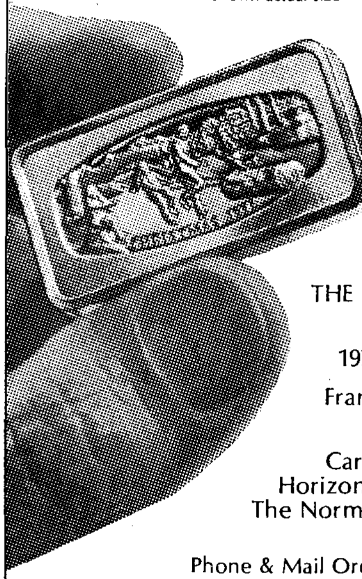
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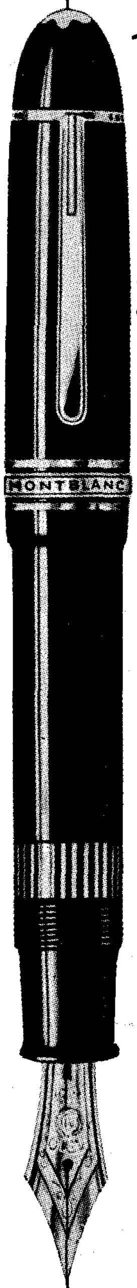

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of their alma maters. Yet even before the Depression at the end of the twenties dampened down all activities, there was arising on campus the thought that the tail might be wagging these two big universities. The end came soon enough. The supreme account of the whole phenomenon was Joel Sayre's "Rackety-Rax," a *roman à clef* whose title could not be more apt. Chick Meehan died in Syracuse a fortnight or so ago, and this is a memorial to his time, and to him.

TO Thanksgiving dinner, as a bounty for the pleasure they have afforded this correspondent during his viewing of the notably professional workmanship in the N.F.L., there shall be invited Calvin Hill of the Cowboys, Fran Tarkenton of the Vikings, Earl Morrall and Larry Csonka of the Dolphins (and their coach, Don Shula), Sonny Jurgensen and Larry Brown and Verlon Biggs of the Redskins, Marty Domres of the Colts, Ron Johnson of the Giants, John Riggins and Emerson Boozer of the Jets, and Harland Svare (yes, despite all that has gone wrong), the coach of the Chargers. Biggs' chivvying of the Jets, and in especial of Namath, in their resounding defeat shall be a permanent memory. There have been other rewards this season, in particular the maneuvers that evolve out of what purport to be straightforward fourth-down punts: the punter running with the ball, the punter throwing a long, down-the-alley pass. The best of these feats will not be on the books, for a penalty removed it from history. Yale's Jauron, lining up behind his right guard instead of in his customary blocking post, took a shotgun snap from center so fast that he was through the Dartmouth line, which was making for the putative punter, and into unoccupied territory before anyone but he and his teammates knew what was happening: a sprint of forty-five yards for a supererogatory Yale touchdown. The shotgun snap has all but disappeared, along with its reason, the single wing. It was nice to have them back for seventeen seconds. —J. W. L.

•

FRENCH WAY

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—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

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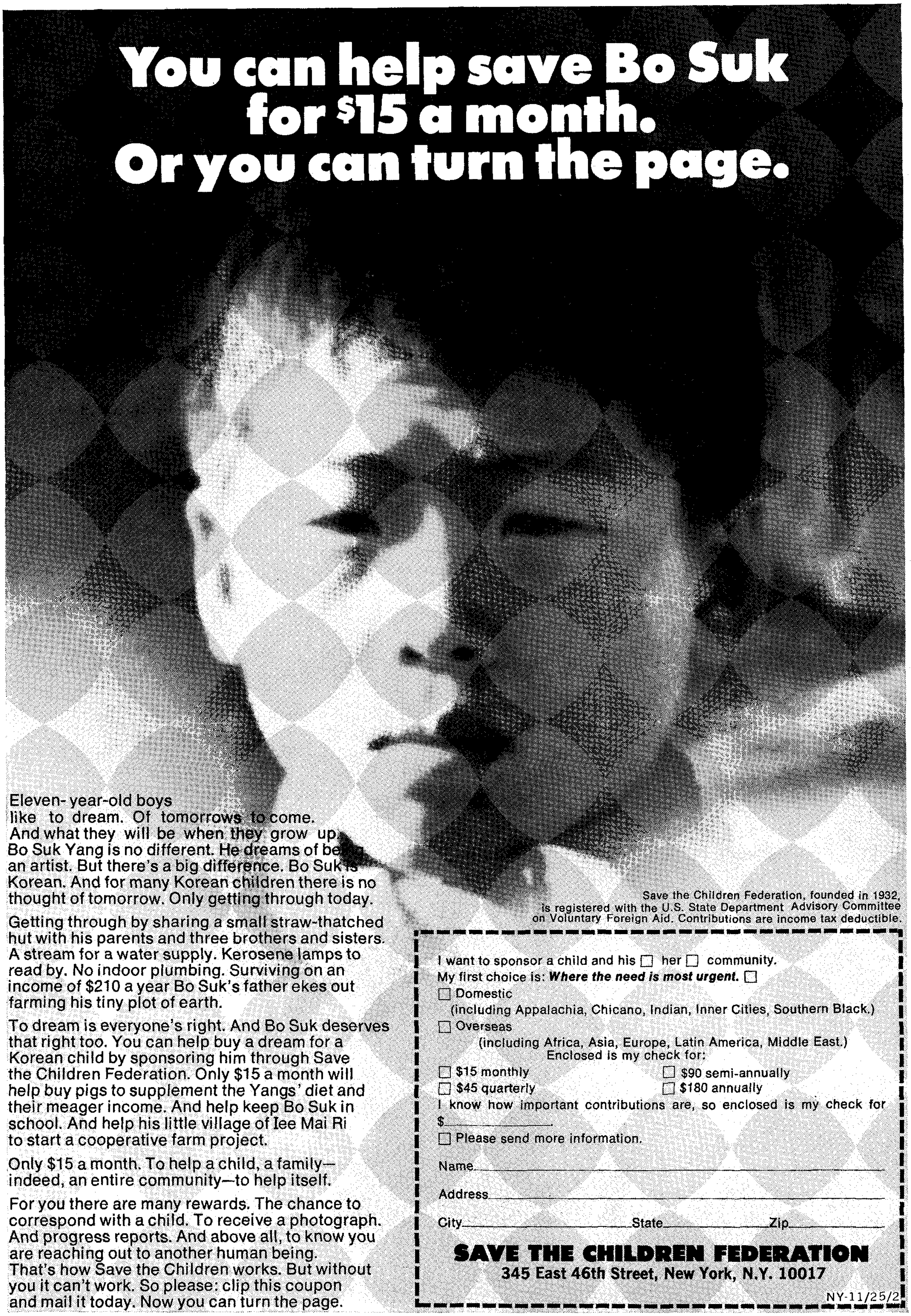

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NEW CHAPTER IN KOREA—I

IT is unlikely that dialogues recently started between representatives of North and South Korea in an effort to heal the hostility that has existed between the two halves of the Korean peninsula since the end of the Second World War will soon lead to the reunification of that ancient nation, but the mere fact that the talks are taking place is among the most significant events so far in the new era of international détente. It is equally important as an indication of a changing pattern of relationships in Asia—one that involves the reëmergence of Japan as a big economic and political power, and potentially a military power as well—and the beginning of an awareness on the part of the smaller Asian nations that the best way for them to survive is to get along with each other, despite ideological and political disputes. In Korea, such disputes, being inevitably linked with three bloody years of fratricidal war in the early nineteen-fifties, are not likely to be readily resolved. At best, the conflict over the political organization of the Korean peninsula will be replaced by a contest—one that will continue for many years and that the rest of the world will be carefully watching. The long background of unfortunate big-power interference in the affairs of the nearly forty-six million Koreans will inevitably hang heavy over the discussions, which began under the aegis of the North and South Korean Red Cross organizations, and are continuing, on a higher level, under the supervision of a specially established South-North Coördinating Committee. Last July, the intelligence chiefs of the two nations jointly signed a communiqué pledging a renunciation of the use of force and announcing the opening of a telephonic hot line between Seoul, in the South, and Pyongyang, in the North, to prevent "unexpected military incidents."

North Korea, as tight a Communist dictatorship as exists anywhere in the world, remains heavily dependent militarily and economically on the Soviet Union and somewhat less so on Communist China, while in South Korea the United States, under the United Nations banner to which we rallied fifteen other nations to fight in 1950, still has forty thousand troops—more than it now has inside South Vietnam. The South Koreans, who have not ceased to be wary of the North Koreans' intentions and are still unsure of themselves militarily (though their total regular forces outnumber those of the Northerners, they do not have as big or modern an air force), want the Americans to stay. The North Koreans, although they no longer insist on our departure as a prerequisite to negotiations, naturally want us out; in fact, they want the removal as soon as possible of the whole United Nations administrative apparatus, which they consider simply a fig leaf for our military. The Americans, who reduced their forces by twenty thousand in 1971, unofficially admit that further sizable reductions will almost surely take place by the end of 1973, if not sooner; just as in Vietnam, however, the role of American air power is a more controversial subject.

At the United Nations, a formal debate on the issue has been voted down for the past several years by the nations supporting South Korea and the U.N.'s continuing role there. This year, a proposal for Assembly debate, presented by Algeria and twelve other nonaligned countries, was defeated in the General Committee and then in the General Assembly, thus again precluding any full-dress discussion of the issue for at least another year. The Chinese and the Russians supported the Algerian proposal, but the Americans, backed by a British-led bloc and by various other nations, mustered enough votes to postpone the debate, on the ground that the Koreans should at present be left alone in their delicate deliberations. However, the more perceptive Americans in Seoul recognize that we now have to disengage ourselves from Korea, just as from Vietnam. One official there told me recently, "Korea has been a forgotten success story on our part, particularly in that we helped build such a prosperous economy

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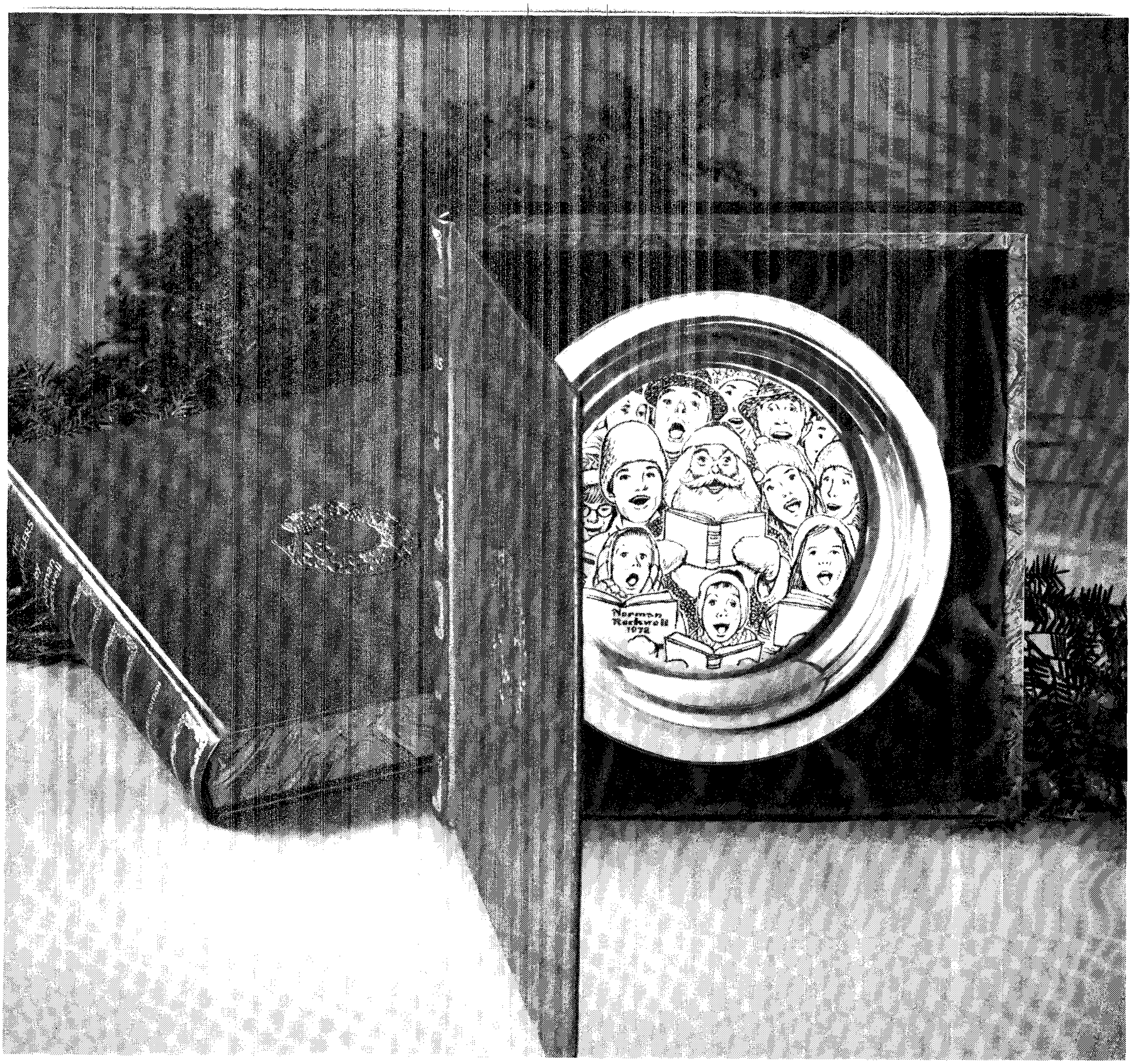

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out of the ruins of war, but in many respects we can say that our success here helped pave the way for our failure in Vietnam. The question now is: how do we disengage from a success, as opposed to disengaging from a failure?"

THE Red Cross talks, which were suggested by the South Koreans in August, 1971, and were agreed to with surprising alacrity by the North Koreans, began with twenty-five "preliminary" exchanges, lasting a year, and are now entering a substantive stage at "plenary" sessions, which are being held alternately in Pyongyang and Seoul to discuss the exchange of mail and visits among members of families long separated by the division of the country. If meetings of the Coördinating Committee, which began last month, facilitate a further rapprochement, as they seem to be doing so far, and if a formal peace treaty replaces the armistice that still obtains between the North Korean Army and the United Nations Command (represented by the United States), the process of dismantling the U.N. machinery in South Korea may conceivably be hastened. Now that the South-North Coördinating Committee has begun to discuss sending joint North-South teams and cultural groups abroad, the chances will increase that a North Korean observer will join the incumbent South Korean one at the U.N. and that the international organization's Korean role will become less one-sided, with its past functions altered, if not ended. The peace talks have dragged on at Panmunjom in dilatory and often bitter fashion since mid-1951. South Korean and neutral observers I spoke with in Seoul some weeks ago privately expect some sort of formalized Two Koreas solution to precede, perhaps by as much as a generation, any successful attempt to reunite the two halves of the country.

There is little doubt that, as the joint communiqué signed on July 4th by Lee Hu Rak, head of the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency, and Kim Young Joo, director of the North Korean Organization and Guidance Department, put it, the Koreans still consider themselves "a homogeneous people," who want to achieve "a great national unity . . . transcending differences in ideas, ideologies, and systems." Even if, in the closed Communist society of North Vietnam, both official discussion and public reaction have been guarded, in South Korea the excitement and joy following the announcement of the communiqué were tremendous—people wept in the streets. Almost immediately thereafter, though,

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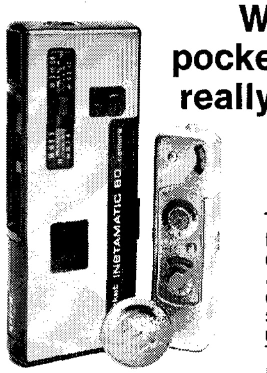

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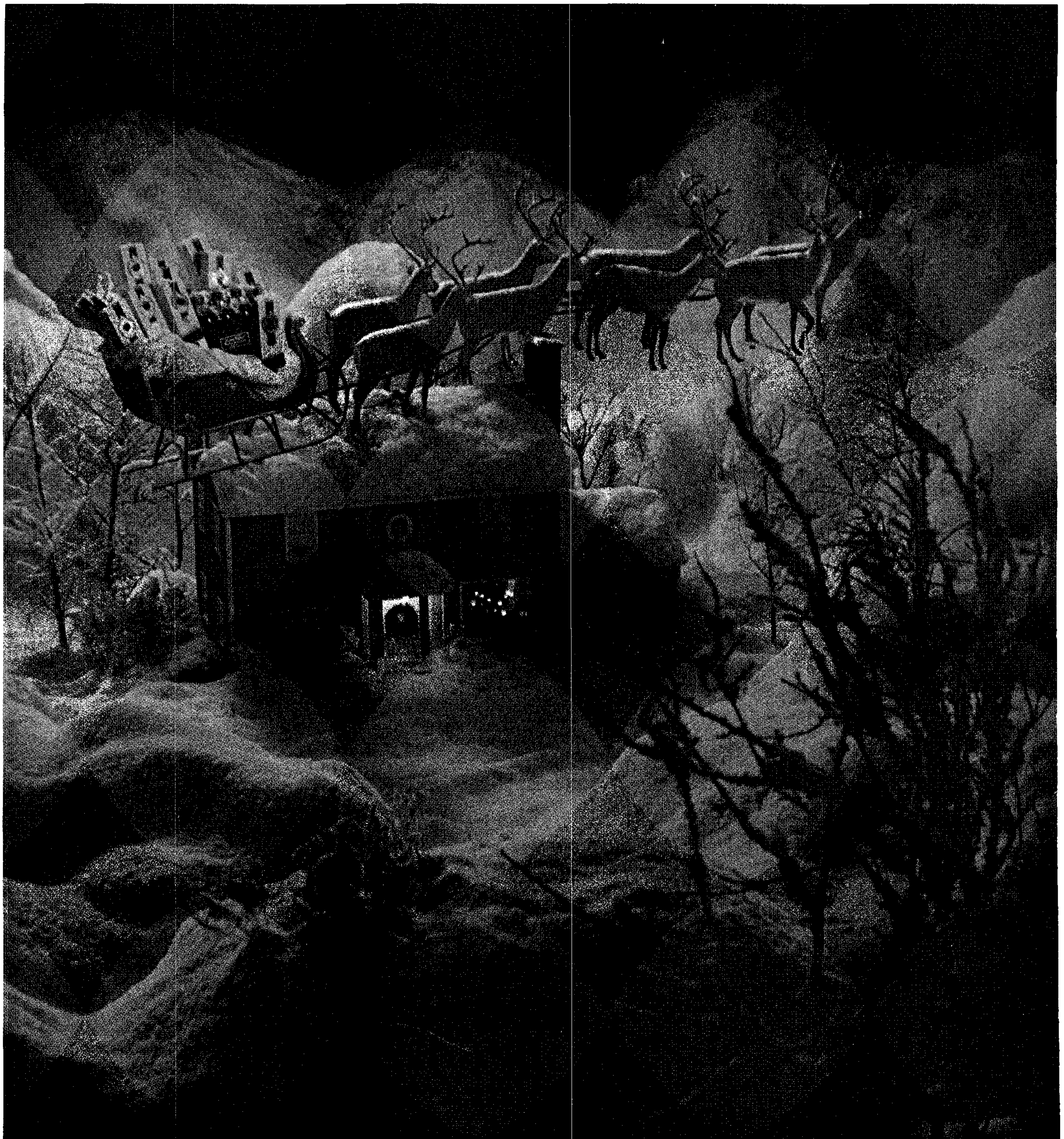

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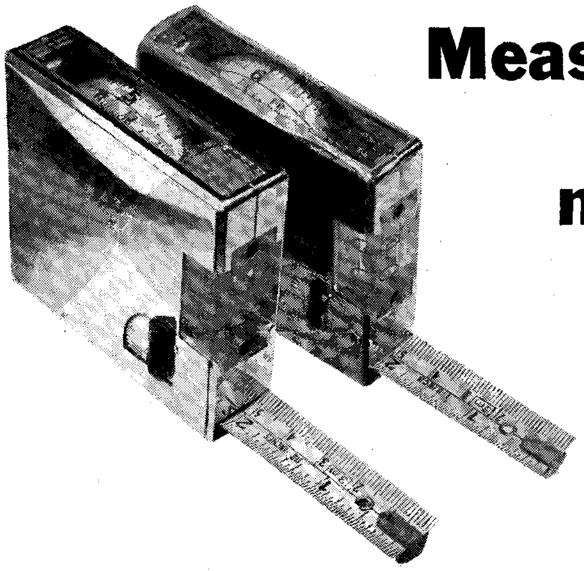
largely because of go-slow signals from the government of President Park Chung Hee, a mood of caution, if not apprehension, set in, and it was stressed that the road to unity would be long and difficult. This government position was reinforced on October 17th, when President Park proclaimed martial law, dissolved the National Assembly, and announced that the constitution would be amended so as to enable the dialogues with the North to continue legally. This last point had been questioned by the opposition New Democratic Party, which has been silenced, at least for the moment. Now, following the acceptance by national referendum of a new constitution (scheduled to occur on November 21st), elections will be held sometime in December for a group of electors to choose a President, undoubtedly giving Park the fourth term he desires. Under the new constitution, he would be empowered to choose one-third of the new National Assembly, with the balance to be elected within six months. Even before the imposition of martial law, freedom of speech and freedom of the press were limited by a decree that Park issued last December. (After the July 4th declaration, for instance, a number of people were arrested for saying such seemingly harmless things as that Kim Il Sung looked good in pictures showing him shaking hands in Pyongyang with Lee Hu Rak.) Now, although censorship is complete and only government-approved political news is allowed to be published, a great deal of private discussion has continued about the extraordinary turn that the two Koreas' affairs have taken. Immediately following the announcement of the July communiqué, when the now dissolved National Assembly was holding a special session, a debate went on between members of the opposition and members of the President's Democratic Republican Party about what the approach to the North and the North's response portended, and whether the apparent thaw would bring about an easing of the stringent government regulations introduced in December. The opposition's suggestions that the regulations could be eased were rejected at the time, but there was no indication that the even tougher martial-law measures would be introduced.

The situation of Korea has inevitably been compared to that of Vietnam and that of Germany, the two other nations that were divided at the end of the Second World War, but the three situations seem likely to remain quite different. Historians generally agree that there was more justification for the



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partition of Germany than for that of either Vietnam or Korea, since the two Asian nations were arbitrarily divided at military demarcation lines that made little sense politically or economically, having been set in hasty agreements between occupation forces—in the case of Vietnam initially between Nationalist China and Great Britain, and in the case of Korea between the Soviet Union and the United States.

VIETNAM, although many people do not realize the fact, existed as an independent, unified country within its present boundaries for less than a hundred years of its long and turbulent history, whereas the Koreans were a united people for many centuries. In some respects, events in the modern period have dealt more harshly with them than with either the Germans or the Vietnamese. In the last hundred years, the Korean peninsula, as much as, if not more than, any other area, has been a cockpit of the struggle among the four big Pacific powers—China, Russia, Japan, and the United States—but before that Korea existed in isolation and was known as the Hermit Kingdom. Originally settled by migrating tribesmen from Siberia and Manchuria, then by people from the Mongolian plateau, it came under the influence of the Chinese Han in the second century B.C. The arrival of other Chinese elements ultimately led to the establishment of three dynastic kingdoms, called Koguryo, Paekje, and Silla. The strongest of these, Silla, ultimately conquered the others, and its leaders ruled uninterruptedly and peacefully until the tenth century, when it gave way to the Koryo Dynasty. This dynasty, from whose name the word "Korea" was derived, was followed by only one other, the Yi, which lasted from the end of the fourteenth century until Korea became a Japanese imperial colony, in 1910. The Korean dynasties ruled by absolute divine right, and even the appearance in the thirteenth century of Confucianism, with its doctrine that the "children" of the king could overthrow him if he violated the "mandate of Heaven," did not affect the Korean emperors; the influence on the Korean people of Buddhism and Taoism, both nonviolent, antimaterialistic philosophies, also contributed to easy acceptance of dynastic rule. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the first of a series of social and political reform movements began to gain headway, but these were stopped short by the Japanese takeover. Japanese influence be-

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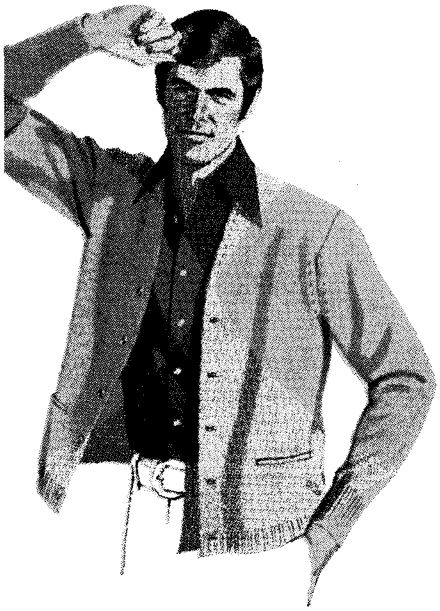

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came predominant in 1904 and 1905, during the Russo-Japanese War, when the Koreans were forced to support the imperial government in Tokyo under an agreement making "places and facilities necessary for military operations" available to the Japanese. Under the secret Taft-Katsura agreement of July, 1905, the United States acknowledged Japanese hegemony over Korea in return for Japan's acceptance of our domination of the Philippines, and in August of 1910 the Japanese formally annexed Korea. For the next thirty-two years, they ruled it with absolute authority, through an appointed governor-general. In 1919, there was a widespread popular uprising, and although it was harshly suppressed, the Japanese did relax some of their stricter controls, permitting some Koreans to take part in both local and national politics and again allowing the publication of Korean-language newspapers. Economically, though, the Japanese continued to subjugate Korea, using it as a source of food and as a back yard for Japan's own burgeoning economy. In 1942, three years before the Second World War ended, Korea was politically incorporated into Japan, and the Koreans were accorded Japanese citizenship, but this helped nobody; as the Japanese came closer to defeat, Korea's resources were almost totally depleted and inflation became rampant.

Despite the noble sentiments expressed by the United States, Great Britain, and China in the Cairo Declaration of 1943, which stated that, "mindful of the enslavement of the people of Korea, [we are] determined that Korea shall become free and independent," an unofficial division of the country into temporary sectors of occupation was arranged by the Russians and the Americans in the closing days of the Second World War. The Russians declared war on Japan on August 8, 1945, a week before the war ended, and Russian troops thereupon advanced from Manchuria into northern Korea; a month later, the Americans, following the occupation of Japan, sent troops into the southern part of Korea and set up a military government there. The temporary dividing line for the two occupation forces, at the Thirty-eighth Parallel, soon became a fixed barrier, and although over the next two years the Russians and the Americans tried to reach some agreement on setting up a provisional Korean government, they got nowhere, and in the winter of 1947 the negotiations were broken off. In May, 1948, under the auspices of a U.N. commis-

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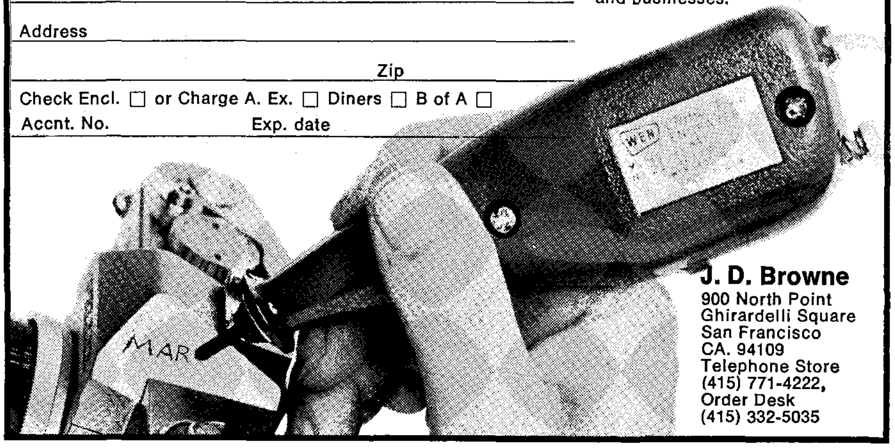

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sion, elections were held in South Korea for a National Assembly. In July, the new Assembly elected as President Syngman Rhee, a scholarly, conservative nationalist who had returned from abroad after earning degrees from George Washington, Harvard, and Princeton Universities. (A year later, the other most prominent nationalist leader in the South, Kim Koo, who had favored continuing political negotiations with the Communist regime in North Korea, was assassinated, apparently by one of Rhee's henchmen.) The Rhee government lasted until 1960, when it fell after mounting opposition culminated in student rebellions. A year later, following a period of political chaos, a military coup brought the present Park Chung Hee government into power.

THE history of Communism in Korea dates back to 1925, when a secret Communist Party was founded in Seoul, but factional struggles and stringent Japanese police controls kept it weak and ineffectual; although admitted to the Comintern in 1926, the Korean Party was dissolved in 1928. When Soviet troops moved into North Korea at the end of the war in 1945, some local Communists surfaced, along with a more substantial number of non-Communist nationalists. At that time, in addition to the domestic Communists, there were three Communist groups in Korea: returnees from China, known as the Yenan group, and two comparatively weak Soviet groups—Soviet Koreans, who had lived for years in the Soviet Union and who retained Soviet citizenship, and the so-called Kapsan faction, whose members had fought in Manchuria against the Japanese in the nineteen-thirties and forties. Kim Il Sung, according to his official biography, belonged to this faction. He was born in the village of Mangyondao, near Pyongyang, in 1912, as the fourth in a line of ardent nationalists. His real name was Kim Song Choo, but when he was fourteen and had fled with his family to Manchuria he renamed himself Kim Il Sung, after a legendary leader of the Korean resistance movement there. Despite his youth—so the Party account goes—Kim organized a Down with Imperialism Union and a Young Communist League in Manchuria, and it is now said that by the time he was twenty and the Japanese had taken over Manchuria young Kim had set up anti-Japanese guerrilla bases and even an underground "revolutionary government." Non-Korean versions of Kim's life—these are primarily

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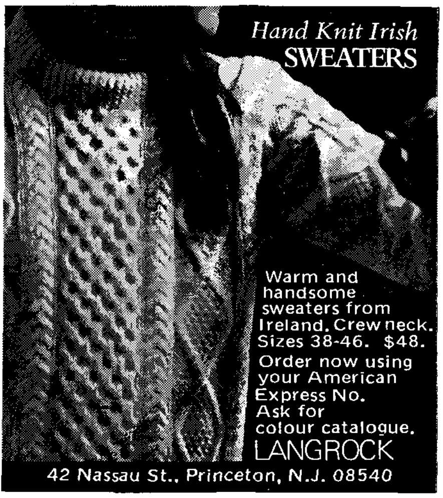

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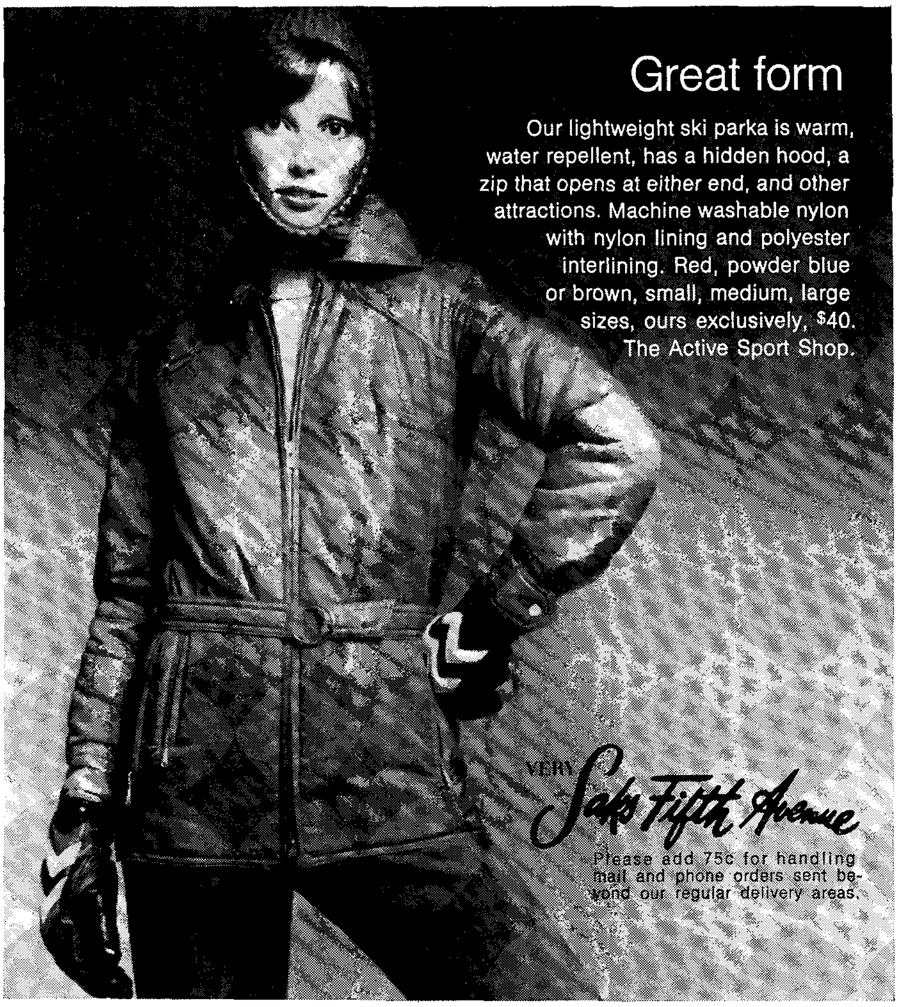
Russian and Chinese—indicate that his guerrilla band merely made a few ineffectual raids at the outset of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and was actually one of the smallest guerrilla groups. Furthermore, Kim was not particularly well known for his ideological abilities, though it was recognized that he possessed strategic and tactical skills. Shortly after the signing of the Soviet-Japanese neutrality pact in 1940, his unit withdrew to Siberia, and he stayed there for the next five years. According to those accounts, he had no official Communist Party position and was a fairly obscure figure when he was sent back to Korea by the Russians in September, 1945, appearing publicly for the first time at a rally in Pyongyang a month later, where he was introduced as a national hero by Cho Man Sik, a Christian who headed a popular new nationalist movement. The following week, Kim was made the first head of the North Korean Central Bureau of the Korean Communist Party, and it subsequently became known that he was the personal choice of Joseph Stalin—precisely because, as one Communist historian explains, "he was a limited man, a guerrilla rather than a political animal," and thus was regarded by Stalin as someone he could trust. The Russians' intention of taking complete political control of North Korea became clear in January, 1946, when Cho Man Sik was arrested; by the end of 1948, Kim, with the encouragement of the Russians, had eliminated his rivals of the Yenan group. In September of that year, he became Premier of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. When the Soviets withdrew their troops at the year's end, they recognized his new government and maintained a firm rein on it, not only through Kim but through trusted Soviet Koreans who had been installed in key government positions and in the top hierarchy of the Communist Party. North Korea, then, was a complete Soviet satellite, and its status was underlined in a mutual economic-and-cultural-coöperation agreement between Stalin and Kim signed in March, 1949, in which Kim acknowledged the superiority of Russian accomplishments and tutelage and in effect granted the Russians control over all foreign relations. In North Korean schools, the study of Russian became compulsory from the fifth grade on.

THE failure of Russian and American efforts to unify Korea in the years immediately following the



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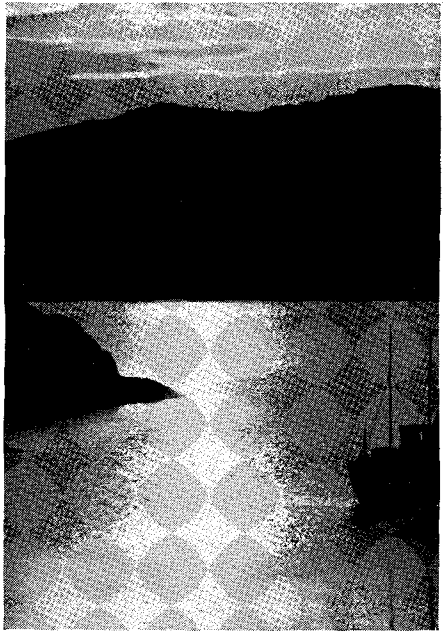

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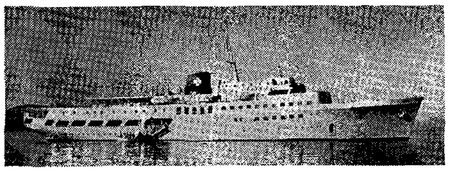

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war meant that, despite the withdrawal of the occupation forces of both nations (the Americans left in June, 1949, six months after the Russians), the conflict in the Korean peninsula between the two major powers continued. The desire of the Koreans themselves to achieve unification remained strong on both sides of the artificial barrier, but Korean efforts in this direction were nullified by the continuing Soviet-American struggle. In South Korea, the conservative, pro-American government stood for anti-Communism and anti-Japanism and enforced a version of democracy that, although permitting limited public debate, demanded total support of the Rhee regime, or, at the least, acquiescence in everything it did. Rhee's answer to all talk of unification was the empty, bellicose slogan "March North and Unify Korea," inspired by what he maintained—correctly, as it turned out—was a threat by the North to invade the South. Virtually no discussion of projected formulas for peaceful unification was allowed, and advocacy of a single, neutralized Korea was tantamount, in Rhee's view, to pro-Communism. Thus, it came about that in the period before the Korean war the unification movement in the South was dominated by members of the left wing, even though there were other leaders who were genuinely concerned over the issue and wanted to engage in a realistic dialogue with the North. For example, in April of 1948 a unification conference in Pyongyang was attended by a number of South Korean non-Communist progressives, among them Kim Koo, the Rhee opponent who was soon to be assassinated, and Kim Kyu Sik, an American-educated liberal, who was opposed to the unilateral elections in the South. In June, after the elections had taken place, another unification conference was held in Pyongyang and was also attended by some Southern political leaders. In August, elections were held in the North for a Supreme People's Assembly, and it was claimed that nearly seven million underground votes were cast for "progressive" candidates in the South. The figure was a highly inflated one, but Pyongyang subsequently was able to maintain truthfully that, from its standpoint, the People's Assembly included legitimately elected Southern members. In June of 1949, Pyongyang established a Democratic Front for the Unification of the Fatherland, which purportedly included some Southerners, and this group called for new elections to be held throughout Korea. Three

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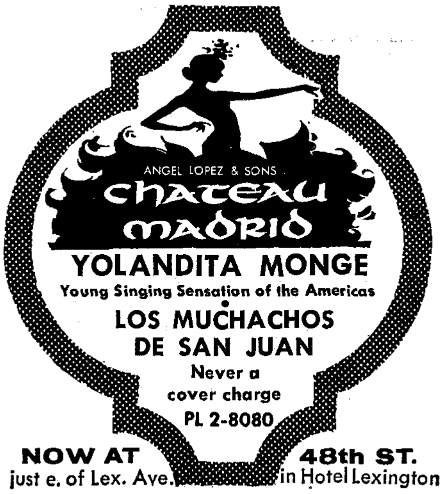

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Northern emissaries sent South to discuss the matter were arrested and imprisoned by Rhee, who thereby reemphasized the point that anyone responding to the North Korean overtures would be considered a traitor.

However harsh such actions by the Rhee regime were, there was no doubt that Kim Il Sung was even more intent on overwhelming the South—by force, if necessary—than Rhee was on engulfing the North. Moreover, Kim's military strength, thanks to Russian help, was far greater than Rhee's. In April and October of 1948, Communist-inspired uprisings took place on Cheju Island, at the tip of the peninsula, and in the city of Yosu, and throughout 1949 and the first half of 1950 guerrilla activity and Communist-inspired mutinies were widespread. All this not only created unrest but kept the South Korean economy far behind that of the more productive and mineral-rich North. The North was clearly getting ready to fight. On June 19, 1950, the Pyongyang government offered a unification plan that called for the Assemblies of both countries to create a united government pending elections under a new constitution; for a unified army and police force; and for the imprisonment of Rhee and eight other South Korean leaders as traitors. This was tantamount to an ultimatum, and, not surprisingly, was rejected. Six days later—early on the morning of Sunday, June 25th—elements of ten North Korean divisions, totalling about ninety thousand men and equipped with Russian guns and tanks, poured across the hundred-and-fifty-five-mile-long demarcation line and overran those South Korean Army units deployed along the parallel, which totalled four poorly armed divisions. That same day, the Security Council of the United Nations met in emergency session, with the Russians absent (they had been boycotting the U.N. for six months, because of its refusal to admit the Chinese Communist government in place of the Nationalist Chinese), and by a nine-to-nothing vote declared that the North Koreans had committed a breach of the peace, called upon them to stop their attack, and asked member nations to "render every assistance" in implementing the resolution. Two days later, as the North Koreans were on the verge of capturing Seoul, the United States ordered air and naval support for the South Korean Army, and later that day the Security Council, with the Russians still absent, called on all U.N. members to come to South Korea's as-

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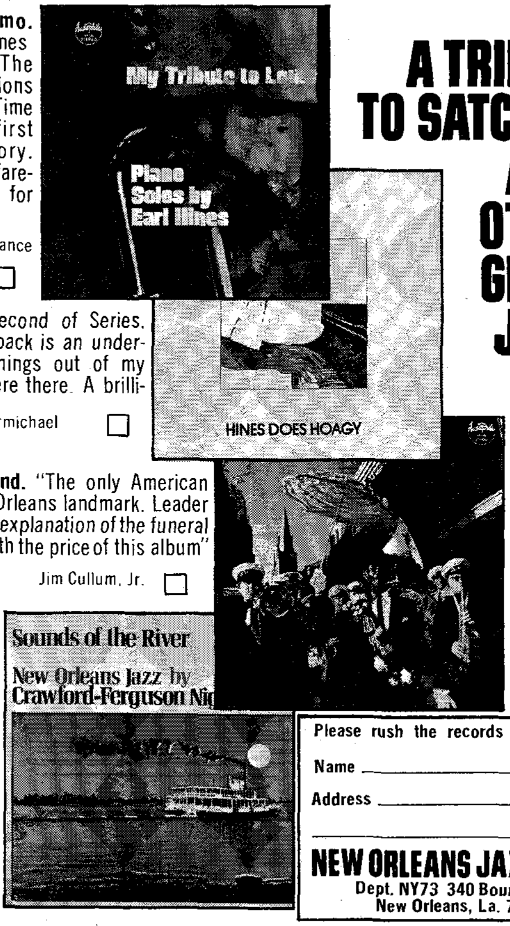
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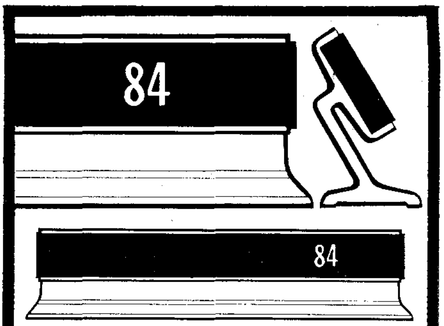
sistance. On the basis of this resolution, the United States and fifteen other nations sent combat forces to South Korea, with America contributing by far the largest number; nearly six million Americans from all branches of the service did duty in Korea before the armistice in mid-1953.

THE three years' war, during which a million people, civilian and military, were killed, most of them Chinese and North and South Korean troops (the Americans lost thirty-three thousand men in battle and suffered twenty thousand non-combat deaths), ended in stalemate and left the two Koreas more embittered and alienated than ever. The United Nations had hoped to stabilize the situation through a resolution, passed in October, 1950, that called for U.N. supervision of elections for a unified Korea when hostilities ended, but this measure became obsolete when General Douglas MacArthur shortly thereafter invaded all of North Korea and marched up to the Yalu River, bringing the Chinese into the war. Whereas the South Koreans suffered more over-all destruction and remained more politically divided, the war enhanced the power of Kim Il Sung, enabling him to eliminate most of his remaining rivals—both Soviet Koreans and pro-Chinese. Kim resented the fact that he had to defend his country with the help of huge numbers of Chinese troops, while he was annoyed at the Russians for the opposite reason: after their initial buildup of his army, they failed to give him the additional logistical support he wanted. Now he decided he would emulate both the Chinese and the Soviet systems as he saw fit, and would accept help from both countries but not commit himself completely to either. His subsequently announced policy of *juche*—a word that embraces nationalism, independence, and self-reliance—gave him political maneuverability that helped him rebuild the North Korean economy and further strengthen his own position of power. It did not, however, keep him from being caught in the middle of an ideological struggle.

Right after the war, Kim was so busy rebuilding North Korea that he did not have time to formulate what has since been described as his "strategy of triple revolution"—revolution in the North, in the South, and in the world at large. While he continued to excoriate "the U.S. imperialist aggressors" and "the reactionary puppet clique" in Seoul, he was unprepared, when Syng-



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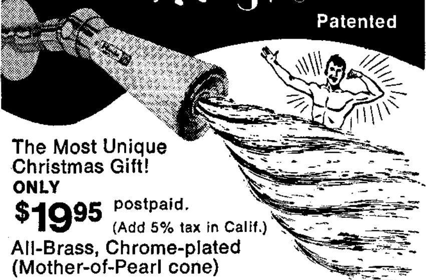

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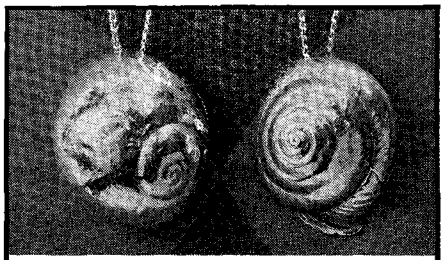

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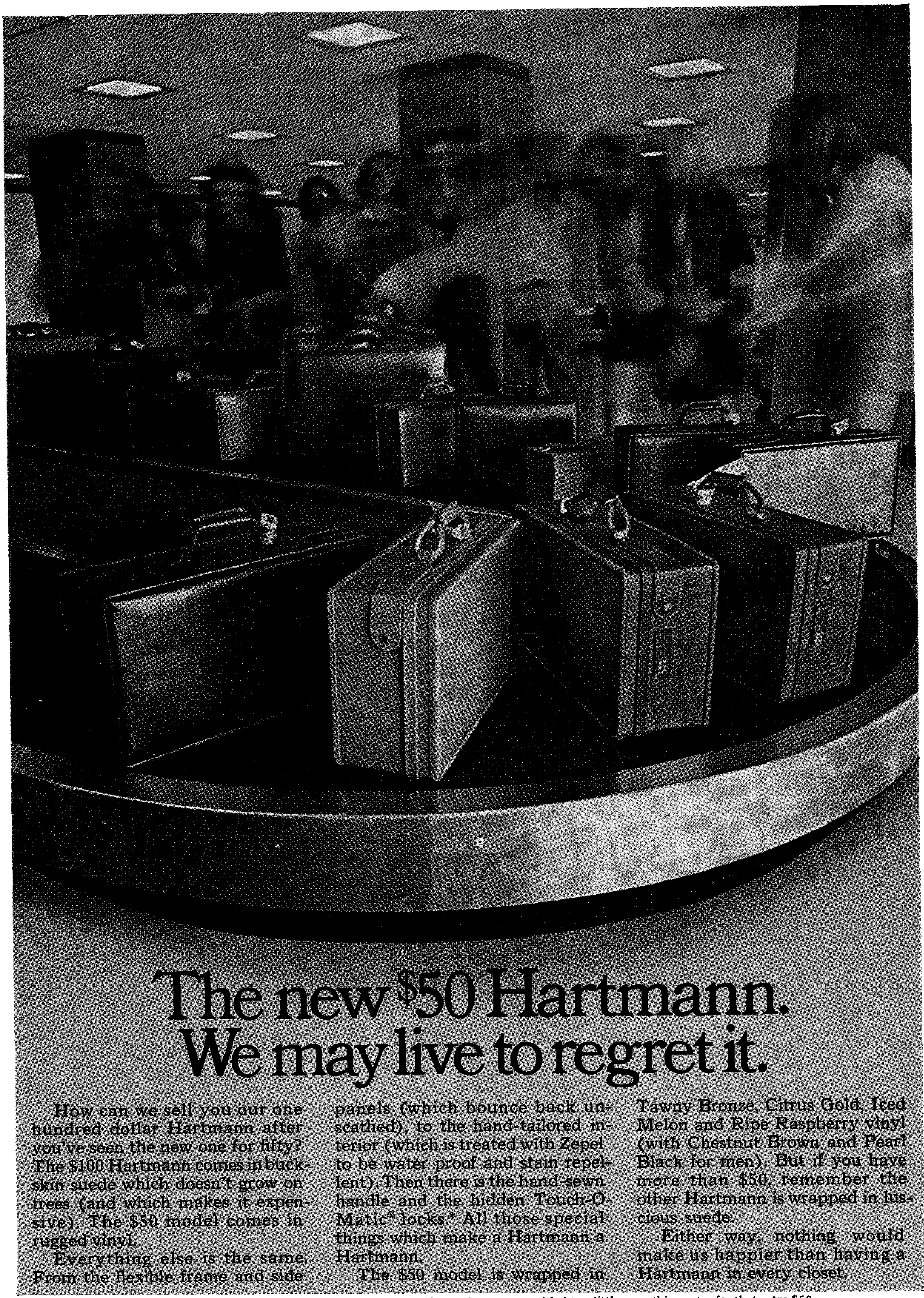

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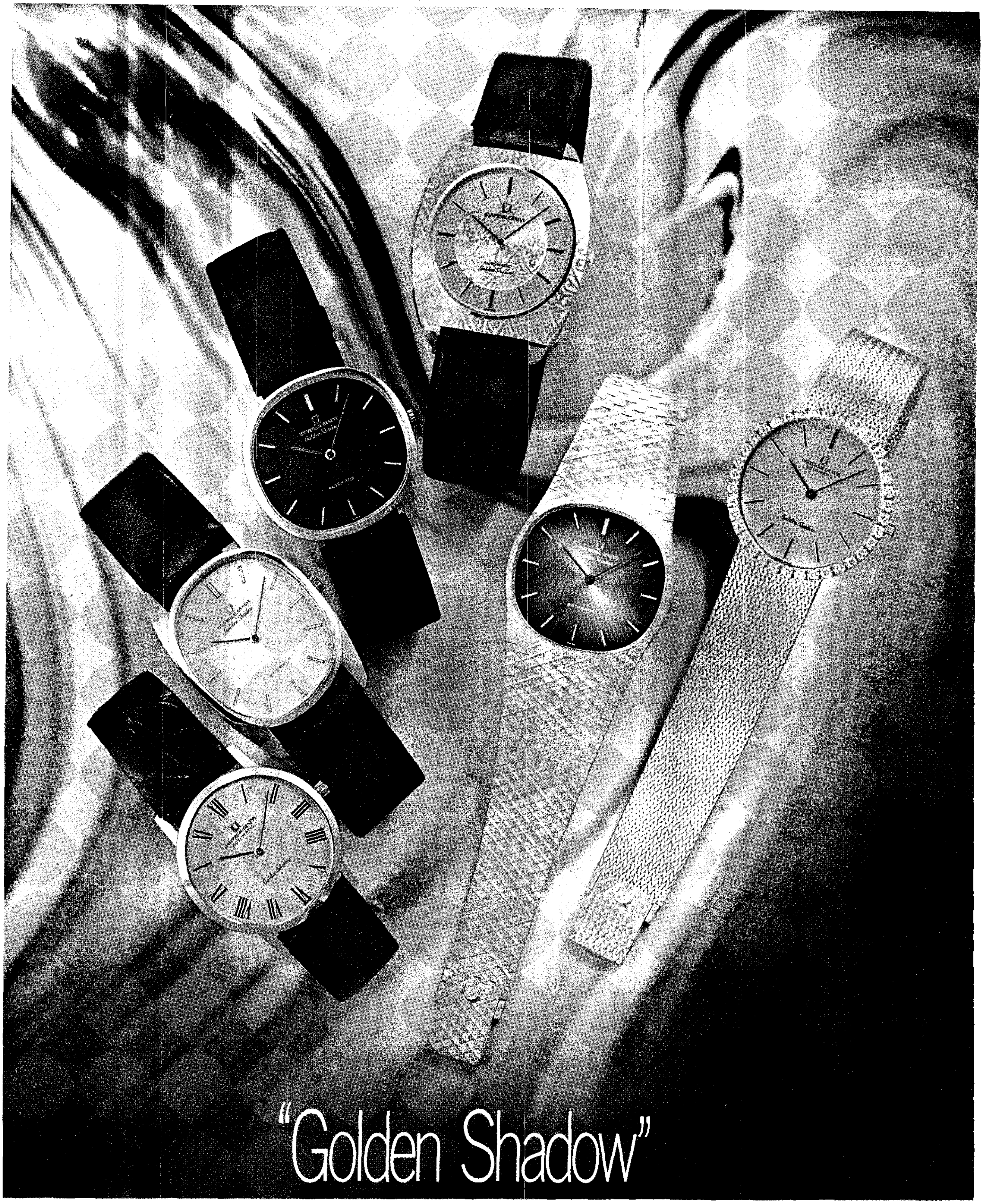

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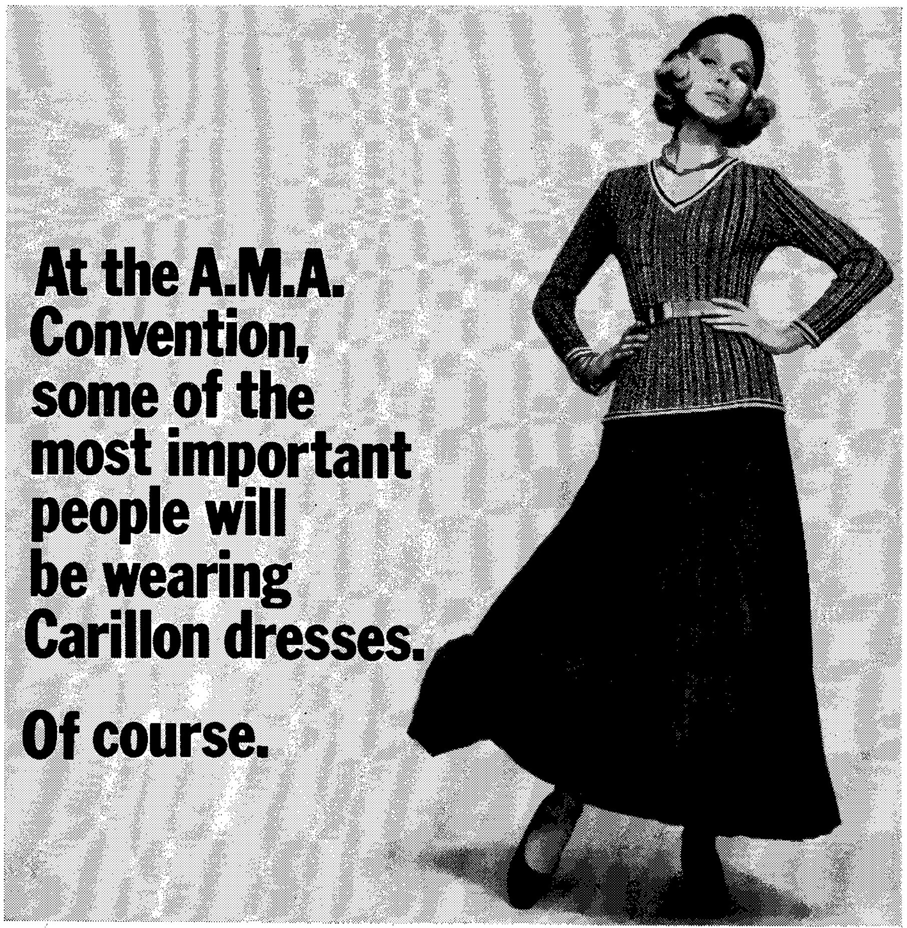
Kim Il Sung's policy suffered from the Sino-Soviet dispute in two ways: at first, the amount and quality of the aid he received became inconsistent and erratic, and ultimately both powers ceased to feel that their interests would be served by helping North Korea become strong enough to mount and sustain another long war against the South. In July, 1961, as the Sino-Soviet dispute slowly intensified, North Korea sought to affirm its neutrality by signing military pacts with both the Soviet Union and China. While Kim generally followed the Moscow line politically, he ardently supported Peking's anti-American views and made it increasingly clear that he regarded the Chinese as co-leaders of the Communist world. After Khrushchev denounced "neutralists," and the North Koreans came to be coolly received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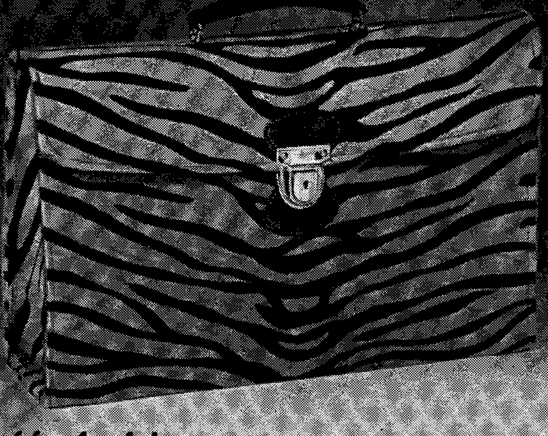
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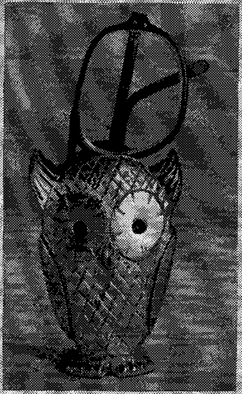
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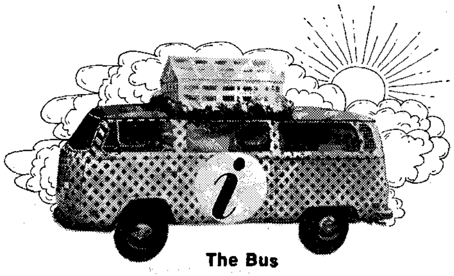

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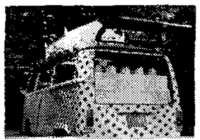
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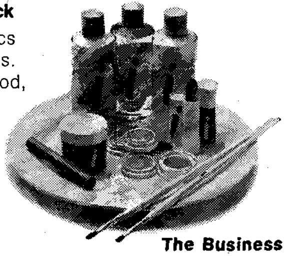
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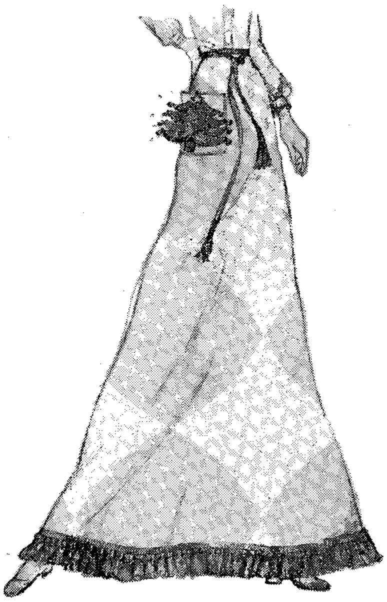
at European Communist conferences, Kim began moving toward Peking. He talked of "big-nation chauvinism" and supported China's tiny ally Albania. While Khrushchev reacted by reducing and all but cutting off economic and military aid to North Korea, Peking encouraged Pyongyang's attitude of defiance toward Moscow and increased its own aid. After Khrushchev was overthrown, late in 1964, Premier Kosygin visited Pyongyang, and Moscow again began giving both military and economic assistance to the North Koreans. Kim, however, ideologically still hewed to more of a pro-Peking line, attacking "revisionism" and "peaceful coexistence," and espousing "wars of liberation."

Then, in 1967, when the Cultural Revolution and the Red Guard movement intensified in China, Kim's relations with Peking cooled. The Chinese attacked Kim for failing to send "volunteers" to Vietnam, and posters appeared in Peking describing him as a "fat dictator" who was personally prospering while the North Korean people were suffering—an accusation that hurt Kim all the more because an economic setback in 1966 had emphasized the discrepancy between the amount he was spending for his military buildup (about thirty per cent of the national budget) and the amount that was necessary to meet the needs of the people, which were in fact being neglected. Eventually, the Chinese went so far as to suggest that Kim might be replaceable. He recalled his ambassador from Peking.

With this new swing of the pendulum, Kim signed another economic-aid agreement with Moscow, which now became more vigorous in its support of United Nations membership for North Korea. Even so, Kim tried to maintain a balance, and rejected Moscow's harsh denunciations of Peking, refused to attend anti-Chinese conferences called by the Soviet Union, and would not take sides in the Sino-Soviet border dispute. In 1969, Kim denounced "counter-revolutionary opportunist trends of all brands, such as flunkyism, dogmatism, great-power chauvinism, revisionism, left opportunism, and factionalism." This was meant as a criticism of both the Chinese and the Russians and as an expression of his own brand of nationalism, and so was roughly comparable to Ho Chi Minh's far more subtle method of establishing his credentials, over the years, as an independent nationalist Communist. Events once more altered the picture, however—most notably the growing cordiality between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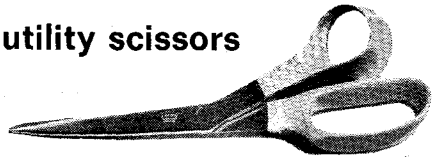

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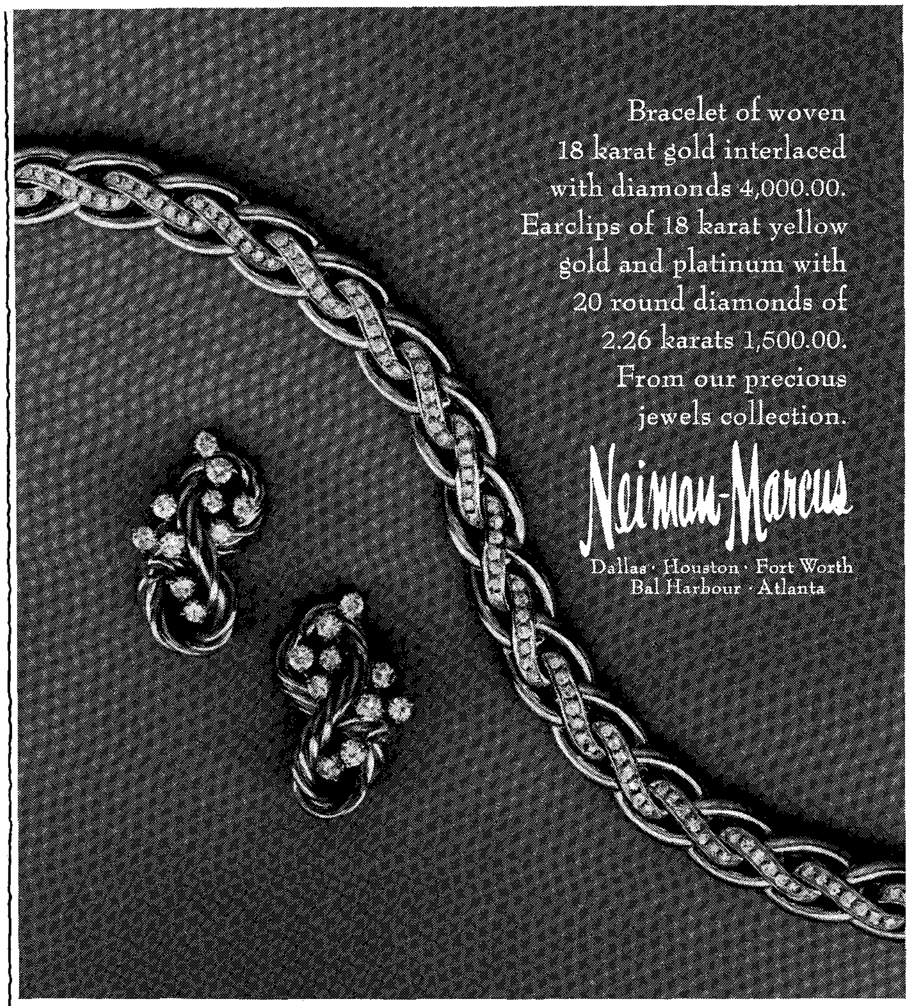
Japan and South Korea, which alarmed both Peking and Pyongyang—and after Premier Chou En-lai paid a three-day visit to Pyongyang in April, 1970, China and North Korea formally renewed their friendship, which Chou, harking back to the Korean war, described as "militant" and "blood-cemented." The Chinese promised Kim tank and rocket factories and fresh financial assistance. Despite these favors, Kim felt himself sufficiently independent to improve his relations with the Russians—from whom, late in 1970, he obtained further economic aid to build up his heavy industrial complex.

Kim's current willingness to negotiate with South Korea must be appraised in the light of these mercurial relations with his two Communist big brothers and also in the light of his domestic problems. According to some recent reports, there has been growing political and economic discontent in North Korea, and this has worried Kim. Moreover, in the past five years or so he has failed to obtain tangible political benefit from provoking incidents and disturbances either in the Demilitarized Zone along the Thirty-eighth Parallel or within South Korea itself or in the nearby waters, and this failure has also played its part in getting him to change his tune. In the D.M.Z., for example, armed confrontations between patrolling units of the North Korean Army and units of United States and South Korean troops began to escalate alarmingly in 1967 and 1968; in fact, during those two years five hundred and twenty-one North Koreans and three hundred and forty-three Americans and South Koreans were killed in such incidents. The figures have since dropped sharply, and though the D.M.Z. still bristles with guns and guard posts, there have been no incidents at all so far this year, and peasants on both sides of the D.M.Z. have begun to farm more and more of the land within the Zone itself.

In addition to taking part in the D.M.Z. incidents, the North Koreans have gone on trying all these years to establish an underground apparatus in South Korea, but, unlike the Communists in South Vietnam, they have made very little headway, even though something like six million of South Korea's thirty-two million people are Northerners or the children of Northern parents who came South before the Korean war. Northern agents have been landed by boat at remote points on the South Korean shore but have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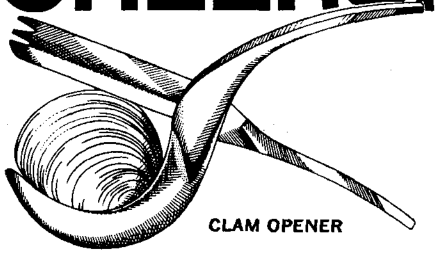

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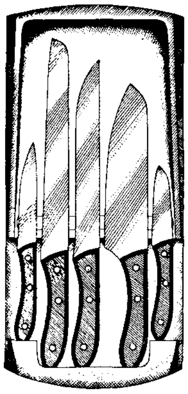

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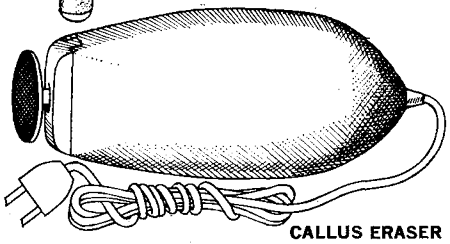

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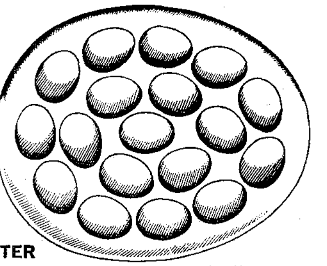

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nearly always been picked up by the police in a matter of days—more often than not as a result of tipoffs from villagers. Whatever objections the South Koreans have to the strict control measures of the Park regime—and these affect the conservative farmers less than the urban population—the great majority of the people remain afraid of the North Koreans. The memory of the sudden 1950 invasion is still vivid in the minds of people who are middle-aged and older, even though younger people are more inclined to favor unification. American and South Korean intelligence officials say that the North Koreans have not given up trying to infiltrate men and women into the South, but it has been estimated that there are never more than about three hundred agents in South Korea at a time and that there are only perhaps a thousand active Communist sympathizers to help them.

On a few occasions, the North Koreans have engaged in bolder actions, on a larger scale, but these, too, have failed. In October, 1968, a hundred and twenty-five North Korean guerrillas were secretly landed on the southeast coast near the city of Ulchin. The South Korean government quickly deployed a force of thirty or forty thousand soldiers, police, and members of its Homeland Reserve Force, and within a matter of days all but a dozen of the agents were killed; the rest were apprehended later. The most daring effort the North Koreans made was on January 21, 1968, when a band of thirty-one guerrillas armed with submachine guns and grenades managed to cross the D.M.Z. and penetrated as far as Seoul, reaching to within a thousand yards of Chong Wa Dae, or the Blue House, the Presidential mansion. Their mission was to assassinate Park, but they were detected at the last moment and twenty-nine were killed.

The Blue House affair occurred just two days before the now famous capture of the American spy ship Pueblo, which the North Koreans held, along with its crew, for nearly a year. In April, 1969, North Korean fighter planes shot down an American EC-121 naval reconnaissance plane with thirty-one men aboard. In both cases, Pyongyang apparently acted on its own, without consulting either Moscow or Peking about possible consequences. Though the two big Communist nations condemned the Pueblo's purpose and its presence in North Korean waters, they remained aloof from the dispute over it, and when the plane

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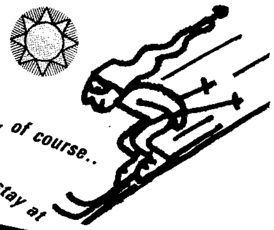

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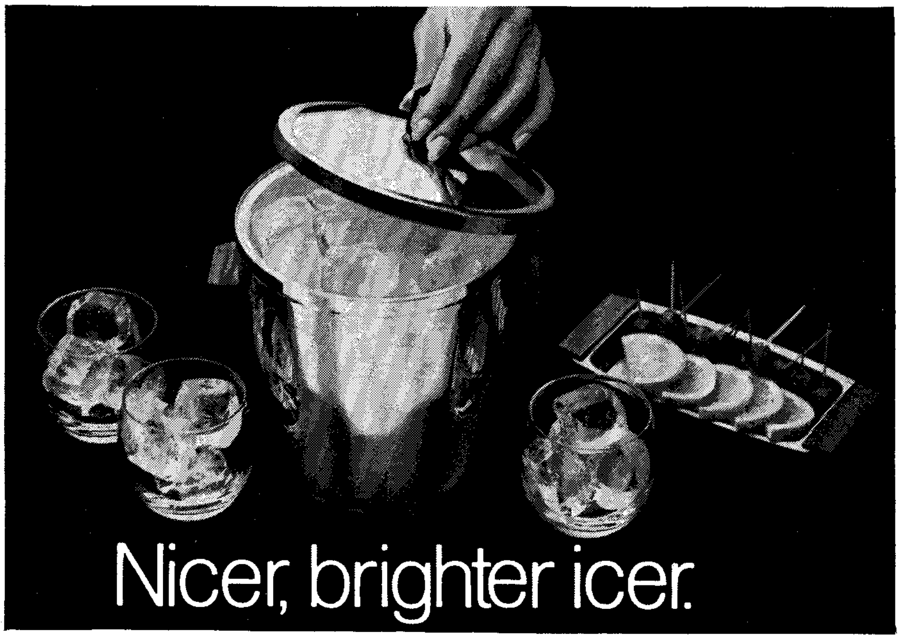
was shot down, the Russians went as far as to send ships to help search for survivors. One expert on North Korean affairs, Professor Byung Chul Koh, of the University of Illinois, has noted, "Moscow is exceedingly reluctant to write off North Korea . . . for fear of undermining its competitive position vis-à-vis Peking. This helps to explain why Moscow has displayed such a remarkable degree of patience in tolerating Pyongyang's mercurial behavior." Similarly, Peking, though it has continued to aid Pyongyang, has consistently made it clear that all Communist nations should fight their own wars of liberation—that, in the words of the late Lin Piao, "revolution cannot be exported." The Chinese Communists assuredly don't want another Korean war, particularly in view of the Russian threat to their western border, and, as Professor Koh has said, even "if their ability to prevent North Korea from sparking a crisis is limited . . . Moscow and Peking certainly have enough leverage over Pyongyang with which to defuse such a crisis so that it will not escalate into a full-scale conflict."

REGARDLESS of how much help Kim gets from his allies, there seems little doubt that he wants to lighten the burden of his defense costs and devote more effort and money to satisfying consumer demands and building up new trade relationships, particularly with Japan. So far, though, his military strength remains formidable. He has twenty-one regular divisions, of approximately nine thousand men each, plus supporting elements, plus the Farmer-Worker Militia and Red Youth Guards—a total of more than two million partly armed men. The North Korean Air Force is composed of six hundred and twenty Russian MIG-19s and MIG-21s, although only eighty to a hundred are the faster, supersonic MIG-21s. From twenty-five to thirty large armament and munitions factories, many of them constructed underground, and an undetermined number of smaller plants can produce most forms of military hardware, including mortars and the excellent Chinese AK-47 rifles, but not the country's more sophisticated artillery and missiles, which have been donated by the Russians. North Korean factories turn out eighty-five hundred tractors a year, and it seems possible that they can also produce some tanks—presumably copies of new Russian T-54 and T-55 models. With all this, the chief deterrent to North Ko-



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rean military adventures, according to South Korean intelligence, is that at any given time they probably have on hand no more than three months' supply of petroleum products, including gasoline.

In South Korea, the Americans have in some respects followed the pattern of the Russians and the Chinese in North Korea; that is, they have modernized the South Korean forces and kept them combat-ready but have not let them become strong enough—especially in air power—to launch an attack against the North. The South Koreans have twenty divisions (somewhat larger than the North Koreans'), of which two are still in Vietnam but are due back shortly and eleven are guarding the D.M.Z. Only the two divisions in Vietnam and a few units in Korea have modern M-16 rifles, but by 1974 a new factory will be producing enough M-16s to supply most of the others. The total regular armed-forces strength is around six hundred thousand; there are nearly two and a half million men in the Homeland Reserve, mostly armed with carbines, and there are ten reserve divisions, which are only partly armed. Under a five-year modernization program, which is now in its third year, the United States is supposed to give the South Koreans a billion and a half dollars' worth of military assistance, but Congress has made cuts in such allocations in the past couple of years and may make more. The South Korean Air Force has only one squadron of modern Phantom fighter-bombers, plus four squadrons of F-5s and six of older interceptors, which would be no match for attacking MIGs. One American officer told me forthrightly, "We don't want to give them the air power to go to Pyongyang."

In addition to forty thousand ground troops, the Americans maintain a wing of three squadrons of fighter-bombers in South Korea. At present, the United States forces are under the command of General Donald V. Bennett, who is also the head of the United Nations Command there. As such, he also has operational control of the South Korean forces. If the North Koreans have their way—and a majority of the United Nations members may sooner or later see to it that they do—the U.N. Command will be abolished, and whatever Americans remain in South Korea will be there at the invitation of the government and will presumably no longer have this operational control. Another administrative body that the North Koreans want to see abolished is the United Nations Commission for

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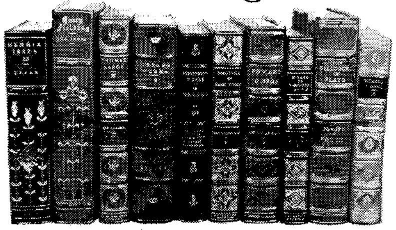

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the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea (UNCURK), which was set up by the October, 1950, U.N. resolution but has never been allowed to send its members on visits to the North. In fact, it hardly functions at all, but the South Koreans, backed by the Americans, regard it as a bargaining chip in the current negotiations, representing as it does the long-standing U.N. commitment to South Korea. "Admittedly, we have an overcrowded attic here," one American told me. "But we don't want to throw away anything that might come in handy."

That, naturally, is just what Kim Il Sung wants us to do, and the sooner the better. Last May, he told Harrison Salisbury and John Lee, of the *Times*, that he had "no intention of invading South Korea," and said, "I think it is high time for you [the United States] to put an end to your role of police." Later, in an interview with Selig Harrison, of the Washington *Post*, Kim went further: for the first time, he said he would agree to the demilitarizing of the truce zone along the Thirty-eighth Parallel—something that the United Nations and the United States have long advocated—provided that a simultaneous withdrawal could be negotiated by the Koreans themselves. In the same interview, Kim suggested a two-stage process for mutual reduction of forces, and made a further concession by adding that only after the conclusion of the second stage would the Americans have to withdraw their troops from Korea—something that he had previously insisted they must do before *any* disarmament by the Koreans.

It is apparent that Kim's new strategy of reunification has been deeply affected by the Nixon Doctrine and by President Nixon's visits to Peking and Moscow. The Peking visit apparently upset Kim a good deal, for the Party newspaper in Pyongyang described Nixon as "a rascal who is the first to make a mendicant trip with a white flag in one hand and a beggar's bowl in the other" and likened him to "a drowning person shaking his fist at North Korea." In formulating his new approach, which has also included the possibility of an intermediate step ("a confederate system . . . if the unified government cannot be set up right away"), Kim has been further motivated by his fears of the American-Japanese alliance and by the new Japanese economic power—and possible military power—in Asia. He has said repeatedly, "We do not want to become a Japanese colony again." Kim has nevertheless proposed cultural and economic ties

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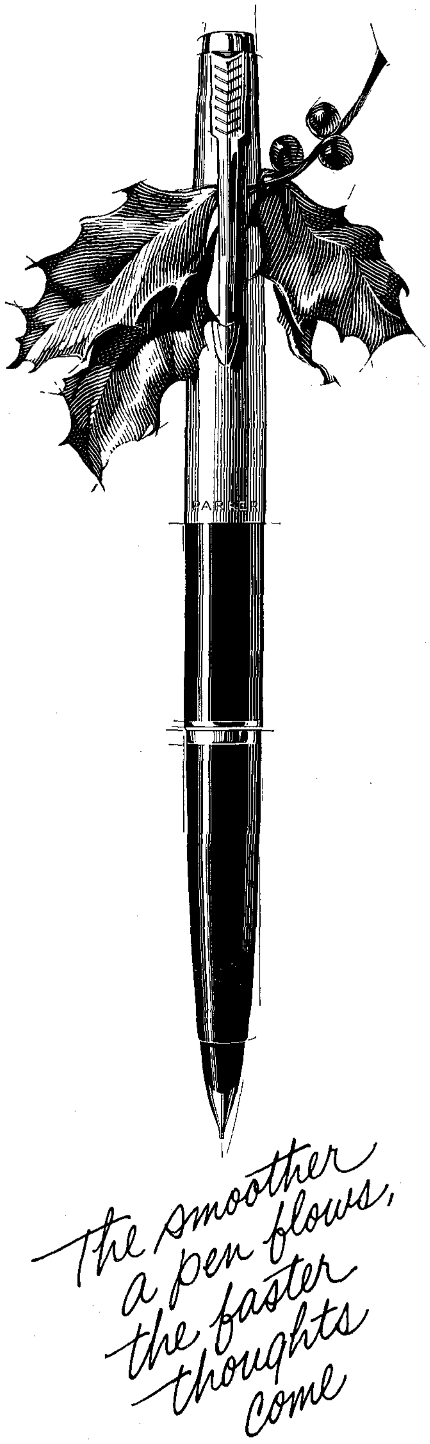
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with the Japanese, and though Japan's ties with South Korea are still strong, the Japanese, who make a distinction between their trade policy and their foreign policy, are now willing to do more business with North Korea (as with Communist China), and, through a recent five-year trade pact, Kim hopes to obtain Japanese aid.

WHEN the big news about the secret North-South agreement arranged by the intelligence chiefs was released, the immediate assumption of many Koreans was that the major powers, particularly the Chinese and the Americans, were behind the move. This was not altogether so, though the question of Korean unity had come up during the Nixon visit to China, and though the Americans and the Japanese had been kept apprised of developments—and presumably the Russians and the Chinese had been, too. The joint Chinese-American communiqué issued in Shanghai on February 27th simply contained reaffirmations of both Peking's and Washington's views on reunification of Korea. The Americans approved of South Korea's efforts "to seek a relaxation of tension and increase communications in the Korean peninsula," the communiqué said—a reference to the preliminary Red Cross talks, which had been going on for five months—and the Chinese expressed their support of North Korea's "eight-point program for the peaceful unification of Korea," which had been outlined by the North Korean Foreign Minister, Ho Tam, in April of 1971. The eight points had for the first time suggested a reduction of the forces of both sides but had made such a move contingent not only on the complete prior withdrawal of American forces but also on the dismantling of the treaty relationships between the Americans and the South Koreans and between the South Koreans and the Japanese. The program, moreover, had listed suggestions, including one for release of political prisoners, which the South Koreans had regarded very skeptically, as signifying no change in Kim's intention of creating a Marxist-Leninist party in the South as a means of taking over the country. The South had all along insisted that any process of détente had to be preceded by careful talks at the Red Cross level aimed at arranging "humanitarian" exchanges—chiefly contacts between split families. The South Koreans point out that the initiative for such talks had been taken by President Park in his annual Liberation Day speech of August 15, 1970. Kim Il

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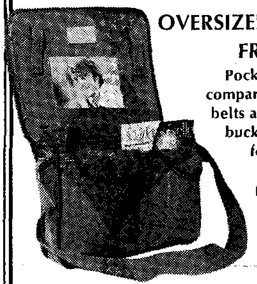

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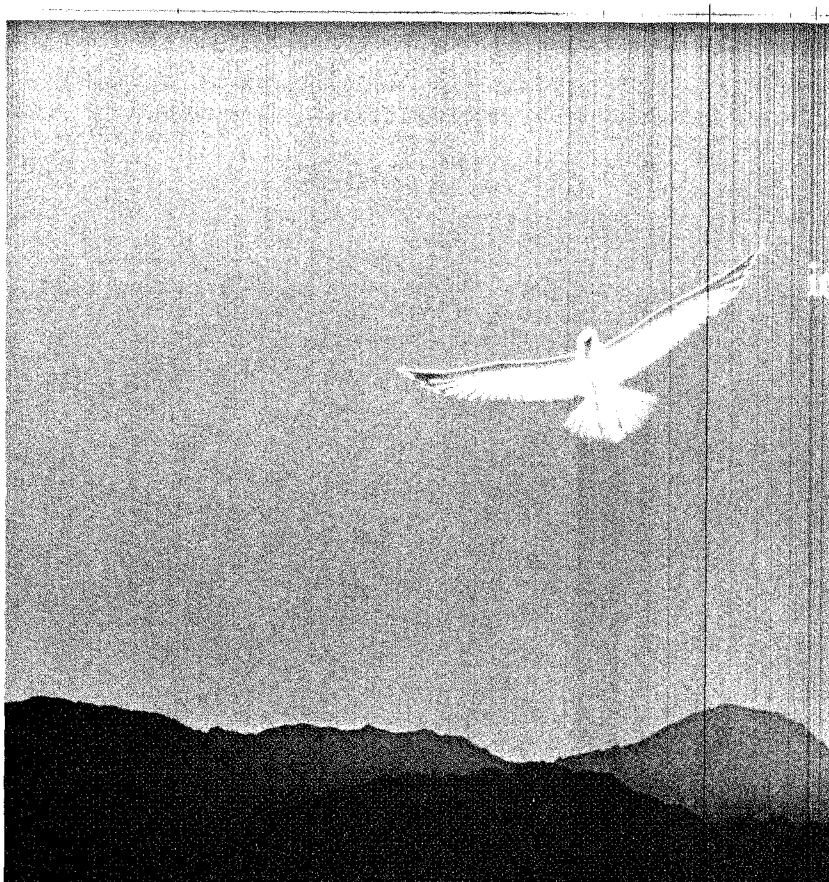

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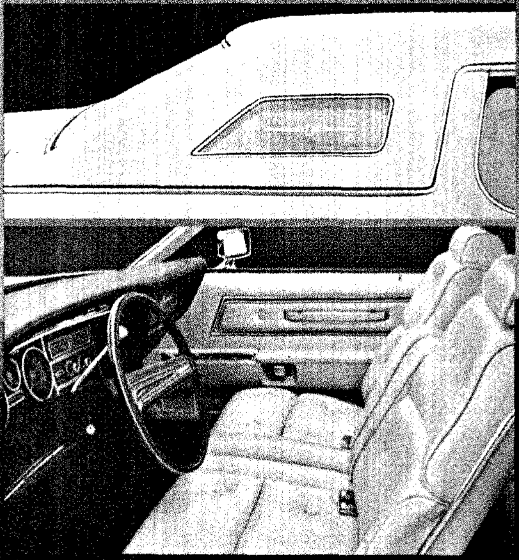

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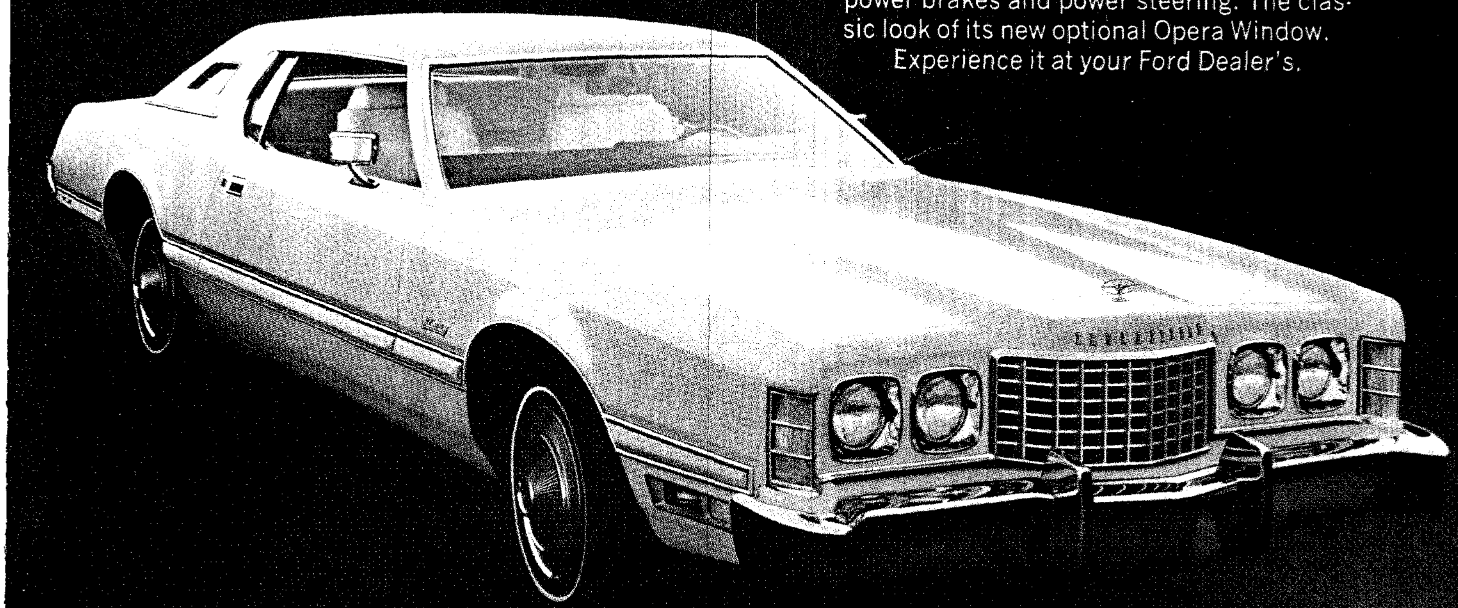

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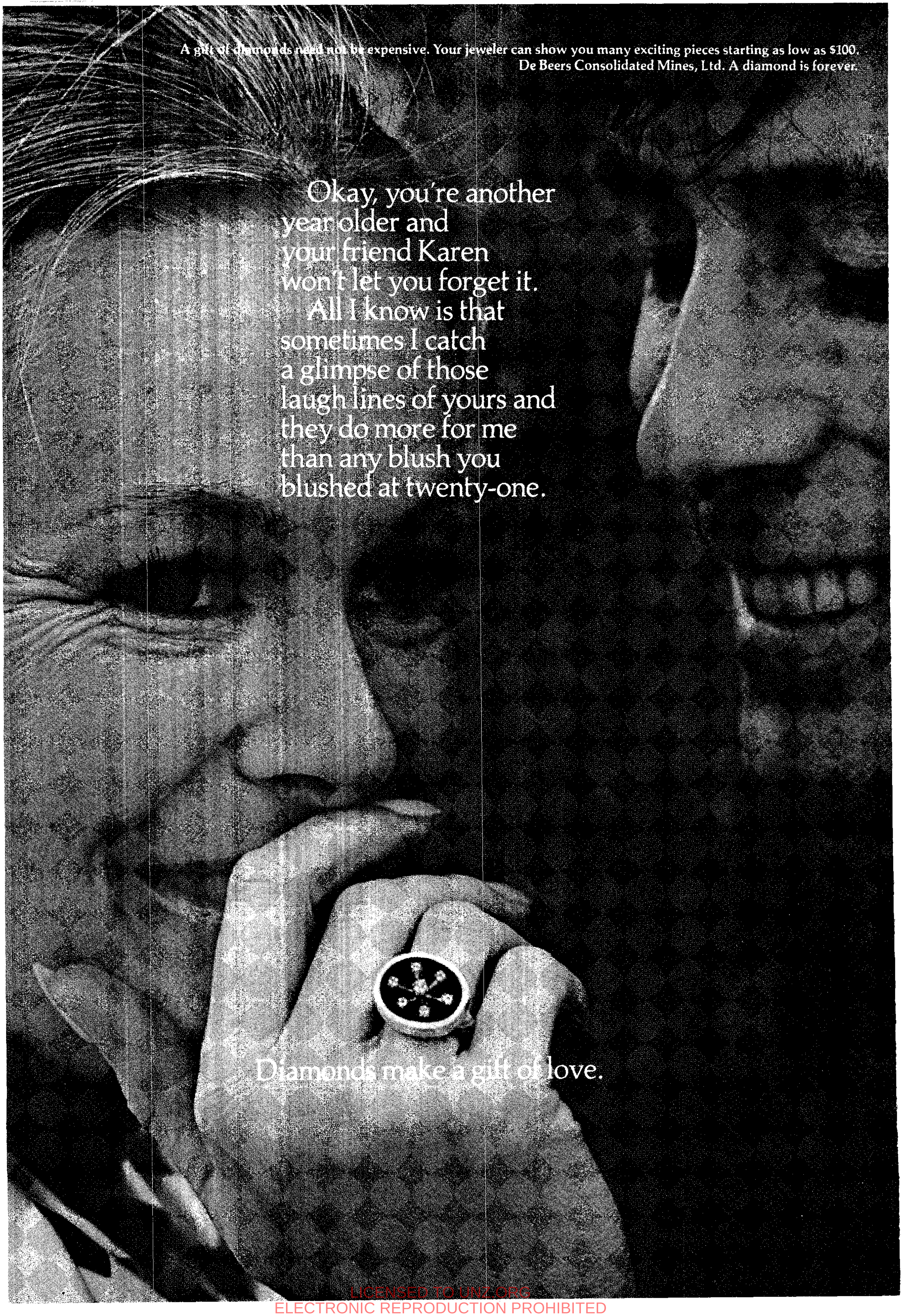

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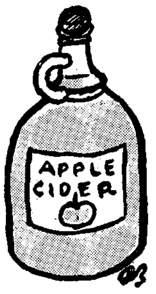
Sung had dismissed Park's offer, but then, in August, 1971—four months after the issuance of North Korea's eight points—when Dr. Choi Doo Sun, the president of South Korea's national Red Cross, proposed holding talks to alleviate the tragedy of the several million separated families throughout Korea, the North Koreans accepted within two days, causing quite a shock in Seoul. It was apparent, though, that the talks, which formally began on September 20th at Panmunjom, had the prior approval of both Kim and Park. Since Park had already made it clear that he favored such an approach, it was obviously Kim who had changed his tactics, if not his larger political strategy.

When Lee Hu Rak made his momentous announcement of the joint South-North communiqué last July 4th at a nationally televised press conference—the first since he had assumed his post—his words, tone, and manner were considerably more cautionary and defensive than the hopeful and positive language of the communiqué itself. Lee described how, on May 2nd, he had travelled by car to Panmunjom and crossed over into North Korea "with a truly grim resolution," had made most of the rest of the trip to Pyongyang by helicopter, and had spent four days there talking with both Kim Il Sung and Kim Young Joo, who is his younger brother and presumed heir apparent. Lee said that he had received "relatively hospitable treatment" but that it was only after he had returned that "I realized what a staggering risk I had taken." (It was subsequently learned that Lee had carried a capsule of poison with him in case the North Koreans should place him under arrest.) Then, on May 29th, he continued, Park Sung Chul, the Second Vice-Premier of North Korea, had come to Seoul. (Kim Young Joo, whom Lee had originally invited, was said to be ill; he is in fact believed to be suffering from a nervous disorder that may preclude his ever succeeding his brother.) Park Sung Chul, whose visit was carried out in the utmost secrecy, visited various restaurants and hotels in Seoul; at one hotel, the staff's only clue to the visitor's identity was a pack of North Korean cigarettes that someone noticed. Park was said to have been astonished by the many skyscrapers in Seoul, by the constant flow of traffic, and by the whole atmosphere of prosperity. "Does this go on all the time?" he asked, of the traffic, and "Who buys all these things in the shops?"

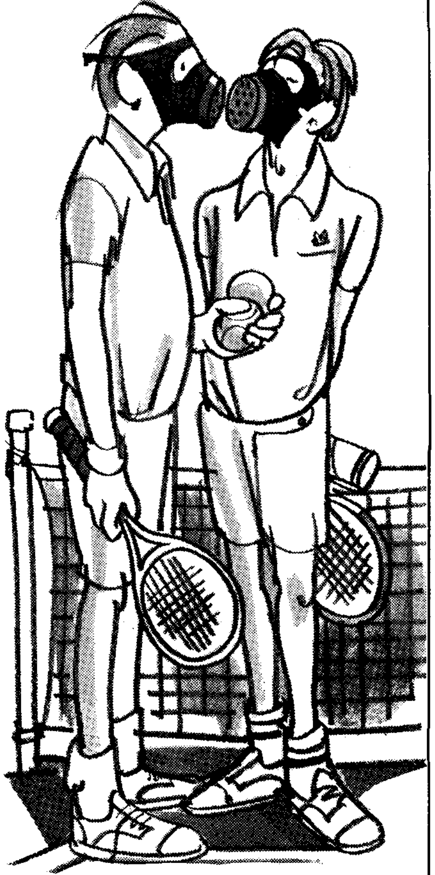


After describing Park's visit, Lee warned that the joint communiqué "contains some North Korean propaganda wording" but declared that there had been no "substantial change in the unification policy" of South Korea. Specifically, referring to the first point of the communiqué, in which both sides agreed to seek unification "through peaceful means, and not through the use of force against each other," and "without being subject to external imposition or interference," Lee reiterated the long-held South Korean contention that the United Nations is not an "external power" but "a competent universal representative body." The other communiqué points dealt with the pledge of both sides "not to slander or defame each other" and "to take positive measures to prevent inadvertent military incidents;" to "carry out various exchanges in many fields" in order to promote "mutual understanding and to expedite independent peaceful unification;" to "coöperate positively" in furthering the Red Cross talks; to set up the Seoul-Pyongyang hot line; to establish the South-North Coördinating Committee; and, finally, to seek the fulfillment of all objectives representing "the common aspirations of the entire people."

Lee, having declared that "we are moving from a confrontation without dialogue to a new era of confrontation with dialogue," pointed out that the latter "may quite possibly be more difficult, and may even heighten the already acute tension." He added, "If the Communists in our neighbor zone change their methods of struggle, behave normally, and show sincerity, our attitude toward them will be greatly modified accordingly." Lee went on to say that he expected to meet frequently with the members of the South-North Coördinating Committee to further the process of accommodation and agreement, and that "the longer we keep on with the talks, the better equipped we must be with a united attitude, based on national consensus and in accord with the state of emergency."

When the National Assembly held its special session in July, the first meetings were devoted to intense questioning of Premier Kim Jong Pil and other Cabinet members by representatives of the opposition New Democratic Party, many of whom were miffed because they had not been apprised sooner of Lee Hu Rak's mission. "Even Henry Kissinger wouldn't go anywhere without consultations," one N.D.P. member said—a remark that was scarcely true but drew laughter. The fact that Lee, who is not a popular figure, and who, as South Korean C.I.A. chief, is in charge of tracking down and capturing Communist agents, was selected to make the trip was also criticized. Premier Kim Jong Pil, who himself has no particular fondness for Lee—the two men are considered the most likely candidates to succeed President Park if he ever relinquishes his office—answered most of the New Democratic Party's difficult questions frankly and clarified many aspects of the government's position. Warning against "excessive, imaginary, and illusionary" expectations, he said, "The opening of dialogues is only a means of working toward our long-cherished hope for territorial reunification, and it will take quite a long time before the two sides understand each other's position." The Premier promised that the government would consult the Assembly when, or if, the new dialogue reached a stage where unification plans became concrete and realizable. (Such consultations, if held, will now apply to the new Assembly, when it is elected.) He also made it clear that there would be no such thing as "gray unification," which he defined as a mixture of Communism and democracy, and he added that neither a confederate system under a neutrality formula as proposed by Pyongyang nor recognition of North Korea as a separate state would be considered. Furthermore, he said, as far as South Korea was concerned, the Communists were occupying the North "illegally," and therefore no nonaggression treaty or treaty of any other kind would be signed with Pyongyang. He also firmly reiterated the government's position that the United Nations was not an "external force" in the Korean situation; anything Pyongyang said to the contrary was "propaganda," he declared.

When I later saw Kim Jong Pil alone, he conceded that "UNCURK must be superseded or be abolished one of these days," adding, "And we know the American forces can't stay here forever." But he strongly advanced the government's fundamental argument that "we must proceed step by step, by ourselves, as Koreans of the same blood," and that "if other parties try to hasten the process of unification, it will only hamper our efforts." The United Nations would retain a role in Korea, he told me, because, among other things, "it is the only organization that can oversee a fair election in



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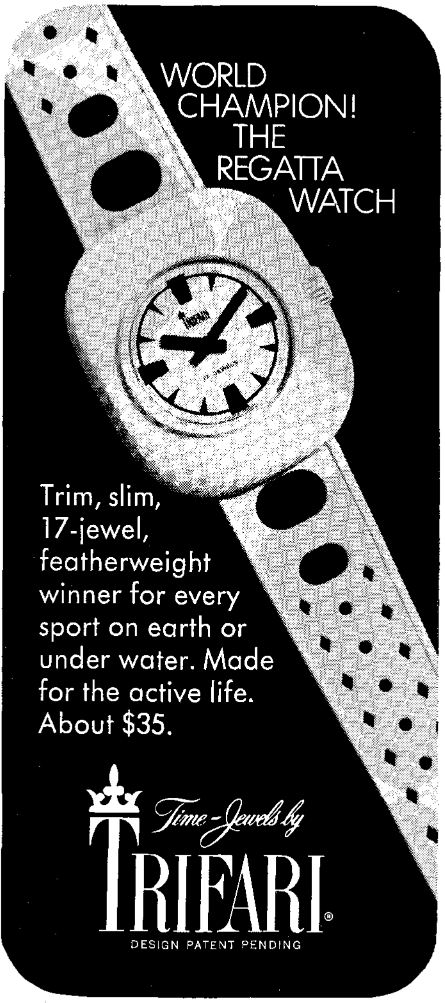

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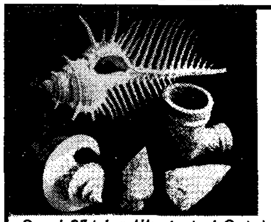

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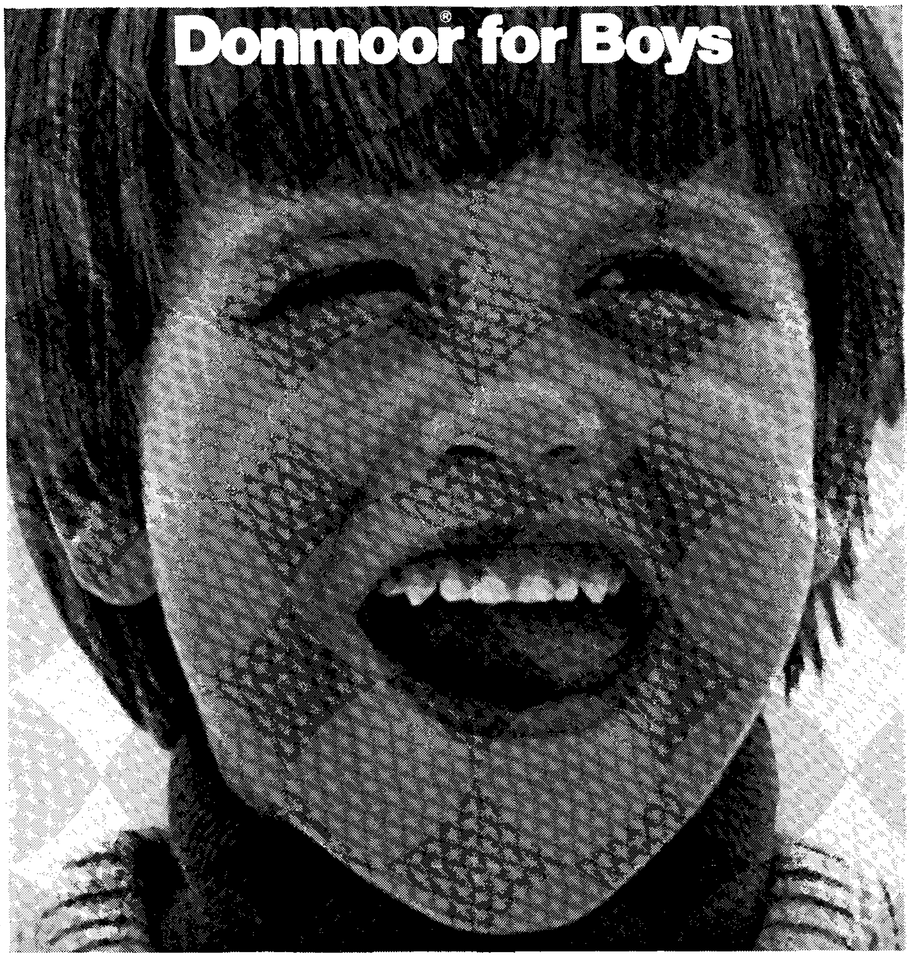
the peninsula in proportion to the indigenous population—which is something the North doesn't want." He admitted that the question of signing a peace treaty with Pyongyang was a delicate one, since it would imply recognizing the North as a legal entity. "It's not appropriate to talk about that now," he said. "But I can tell you that we have made our plans. We are dealing with one of the most difficult Communist Parties in the world." That was another reason, he said, that the role of the U.N. was important and "we accept its competence and authority" not only to supervise elections but also "to go up North and confirm and reaffirm that there is no intention to commit provocations or make threats." Premier Kim Jong Pil's whole tone during our hour-long conversation emphasized the government's cautious approach and its continuing mistrust of the North Koreans, who, he said, would "continue to play a divide-and-conquer game."

A FEW days before I saw Kim, I had travelled by bus thirty-five miles northwest to Panmunjom with some fifty South Korean reporters to attend one of the last of the twenty-five preliminary meetings of the South Korean and North Korean Red Cross groups that were preparing the way for the plenary Red Cross meetings now under way. As we started out, the South Korean reporters were warned by an escorting government officer to be careful, in talking to North Korean reporters, "not to overemphasize the reaction in the South when the July 4th announcement was made." It was all right to discuss "the general satisfaction" with the communiqué, the official said, but the journalists "should add that there are still doubts about North Korea's sincerity." We reached Panmunjom after travelling along Unification Highway and across Freedom Bridge over the Imjin River, having passed en route a series of five anti-tank barriers, made of large stone blocks and hard dirt walls, that stretched from one ridgeline to another. Almost as soon as we arrived, the Southern and Northern reporters settled down along an embankment between the two Red Cross headquarters and, over bottles of South and North Korean beer and soft drinks, amiably exchanged notes and observations while the delegates of the two sides met. Even the North and South Korean sentries talked to each other, for what I was told was the first time. I myself spoke with two North Korean women



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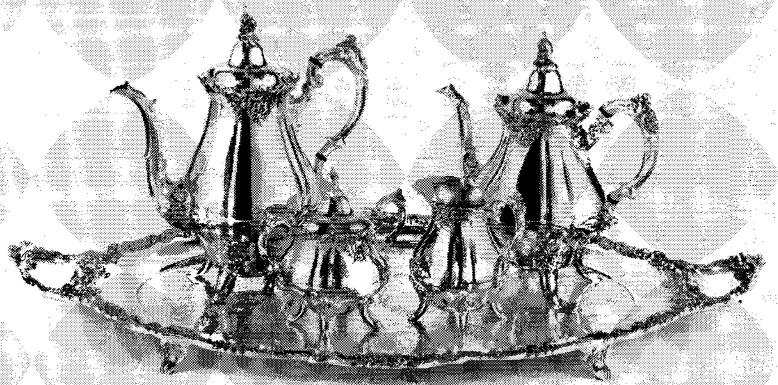

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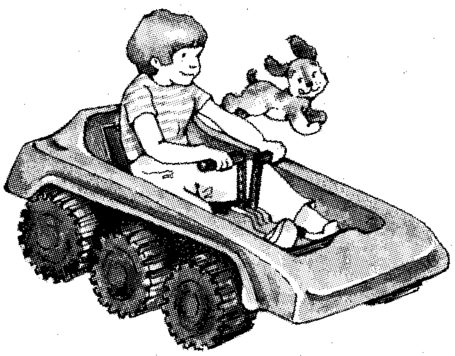

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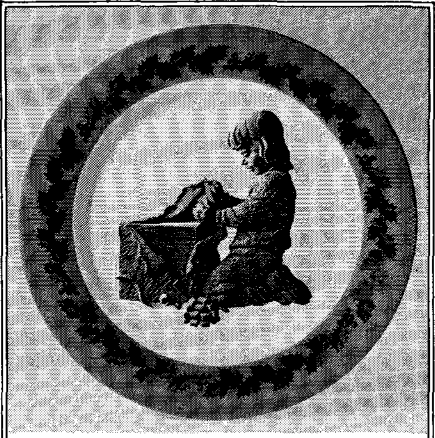

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reporters, who said that everyone in North Korea had been "very happy" about the communiqué announcement. They then delivered some criticism of "American imperialism" and of the United Nations role in Korea—the only difficulty with their recitation being that they seemed somewhat embarrassed and kept giggling.

A month earlier, at the twentieth Red Cross preliminary meeting, both sides had agreed on a five-point agenda for the full-dress talks. The agenda included exchanging information on the whereabouts and the fate of dispersed families and relatives in the two sections of Korea, arranging for free visits and meetings among them, facilitating the free exchange of correspondence, planning for the ultimate "reunion" of families "according to their free will," and, lastly, "other humanitarian matters." The main breakthrough in the year-long talks had come at the seventeenth meeting, in February, when the North dropped its demand for "free travel" for all North and South Koreans—"friends" as well as relatives—and, while still urging "political exchanges," no longer insisted that they be included as an agenda item. What remained to be done at the meeting I attended and at the two succeeding ones was to decide on the membership of the delegations for the full-scale discussions.

At the first plenary Red Cross meeting, which was held in Pyongyang on August 30th and was primarily a ceremonial one, the cordial atmosphere I had observed at Panmunjom was maintained. The five-point agenda was confirmed by the delegates, who agreed that they were embarking on "an epoch-making event" and writing "a new chapter in the long history of our nation." The Southern delegates and correspondents were well received on their arrival and well treated during their visit, which lasted five days. Among other things, they attended a musical drama based on a play written by Kim Il Sung, which dealt with the anti-Japanese struggles of the nineteen-thirties. According to the dispatches, the North Korean populace paid little attention to the Southern visitors. In Seoul, by contrast, there was again a great deal of excitement, and both the South Korean newspapers and the South Korean radio covered the event thoroughly. A few things, though, were not reported in the South, among them the Pyongyang radio's customary blast against "the American imperialist aggressors" and speeches made by representatives of the Korean Workers

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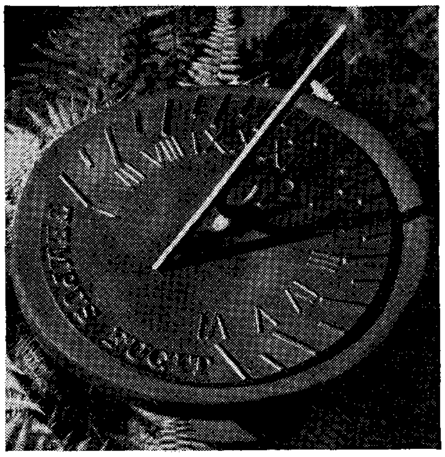

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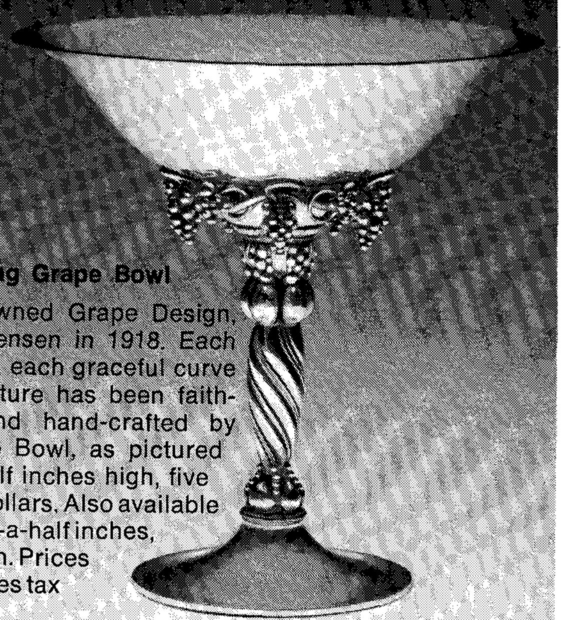
(Communist) Party and of social and cultural organizations, hailing Kim Il Sung as the instigator of "the great movement for peaceful unification of the fatherland."

Some Southern members of the Red Cross are worried that as the arrangements for making contacts between separated families progress there will be a repetition of events that took place in 1956 and 1957, shortly after the North Korean Red Cross was recognized by the International Red Cross, and it was agreed to look into "the whereabouts and welfare of displaced civilians." When North Korean reports on displaced persons and families were sent South, South Korean officials told me, they contained "pure propaganda rather than information." One man explained to me, "The reports listed the names of certain people and said they were living at such-and-such a place 'under the great and glorious regime of Kim Il Sung,' and went on to attack the Southern regime. We hope this won't happen again, but we do expect the Northerners to keep injecting political issues into the exchange procedures, even though we have a well-defined agenda. Still, if all goes well, we may have some exchanges started by the end of this year. The North Koreans will probably demand home-to-home visits, and visits by families in both parts of the country to their ancestors' tombs. We prefer that such visits begin at Panmunjom, but we're willing to consider other arrangements."

TO Kim Il Sung, the Red Cross talks, in furthering his wish to establish a number of contacts as soon as possible and to get a political dialogue going, are, of course, simply a means to an end. He has made it quite clear that his primary goal is unification—under North Korea's guidance, if not under its outright political leadership. The South Koreans, though they are more than twice as numerous, are in no hurry to hold countrywide elections, preferring a long period of peaceful coexistence prior to unification, partly because they are not eager to see the United States leave. On the other hand, many prominent Southerners, including both politicians and intellectuals, feel that to make a "detour" to unification through coexistence is a sign of weakness. These people recognize that a transitional stage of some sort is necessary, given all the complications of the situation, but maintain that, in the words of one of them, "we cannot remain prisoners of the past."

It was the realization that Kim had



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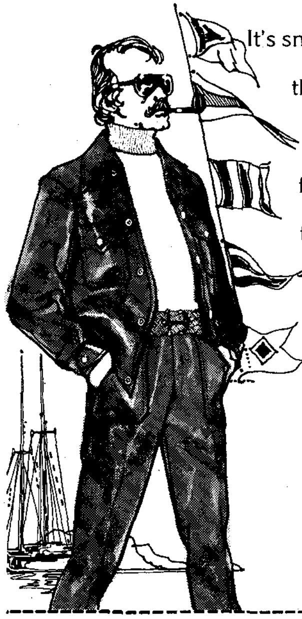

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placed them on the defensive with his propaganda campaign for simultaneous troop reductions followed by unification that prompted South Korea to suggest the Red Cross talks in the first place. "A rapprochement was long overdue—we had to do something," one politician told me. "We simply weren't keeping up with international developments, especially since the Nixon Doctrine and various détente moves, as well as Japan's new and broader approach. We've been using all the old clichés of anti-Communism and Dulles diplomacy, and it had to come to an end." Indeed, some of the more farseeing South Korean politicians and intellectuals have suggested that, with Kim broadening his base abroad by establishing relations with more countries, the South Koreans should seek diplomatic and trade contacts with the Soviet Union and China. By the same token, they suggest, the best way to guarantee both safety and progress for South Korea would be for Japan and the United States to recognize North Korea—something that the United States, at any rate, might not find it easy to do. "We are now living in a multi-polar world, and this fact has altered the future of Korea," one diplomat in Seoul said. "But where Kim appears to have accepted a new relationship with Moscow and Peking, in which he can depend on them so much and no more, Park remains unwilling to venture forth alone."

For either Kim or Park to formally adopt a Two Koreas approach would weaken his status as a Korean nationalist. Nevertheless, recent events have brought about a de-facto recognition of North Korea by South Korea, and the idea of an interim confederation cannot be dismissed. Many South Koreans and foreign observers, in fact, believe that this might be the best solution. Among other things, they point out, irreconcilable differences in social attitudes, to say nothing of political and economic structures, have been built up in the North and the South over a long period, and these would make it difficult to achieve outright unification quickly. "Anthropologists say that a quarter of a century can cause permanent changes," one diplomat said. "Despite the strong yearning for unity, the changes that have occurred as a result of the partition are many and will be hard to rectify."

Moreover, Kim has felt himself increasingly isolated as he gets older, and that may be one reason he is now working rapidly to achieve at least his minimum goals—to upset the Seoul-

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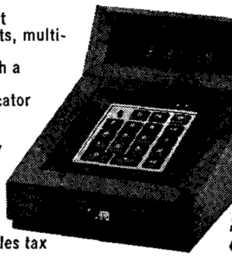

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Washington and Seoul-Tokyo relationships and then move on to a peninsula-wide election contest, which, even if he should lose it, would enable him to gain a political foothold in the South.

In any event, the new talks have ended the stalemate, just as Willy Brandt's policy of *Ostpolitik* has created a new period of rapprochement between West and East Germany. In the two Koreas, as in the two Germanys, public passions seem to have been calmed on both sides. The next step could conceivably be an improvement in the hostile atmosphere of the long-stalled armistice talks, which could lead to removal of the physical barrier between the two countries. Here, again, the South would still want some sort of U.N. supervision, which the North would oppose. The Coördinating Committee could play a part in effecting a compromise on this issue if the Red Cross talks make progress. If only for this reason, the July 4th communiqué was a vital step that should help preserve the peace as the talks proceed, but most experts predict that it will take at least a year to determine the real effect of the communiqué. It is thought that, privately, both the Chinese and the Russians may be perfectly willing to postpone yet again any attempt to solve the problems involving the U.N., and, because both fear the growing strength of Japan, they may even countenance, or actually welcome, the retention of some American troops in South Korea. The abolition of UNCURK would not necessarily preclude this. A good number of observers doubt whether any of the four Pacific powers even want to see Korean unification achieved soon, though they are all in favor of furthering new peace and tranquillity on the peninsula. Much will depend on what results from the intricate shifting of relationships in which Moscow, Peking, Tokyo, and Washington are now engaged. The joint communiqué from Seoul and Pyongyang was, at the very least, a clear reaffirmation of the concept of one fatherland for a people that should never have been divided.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

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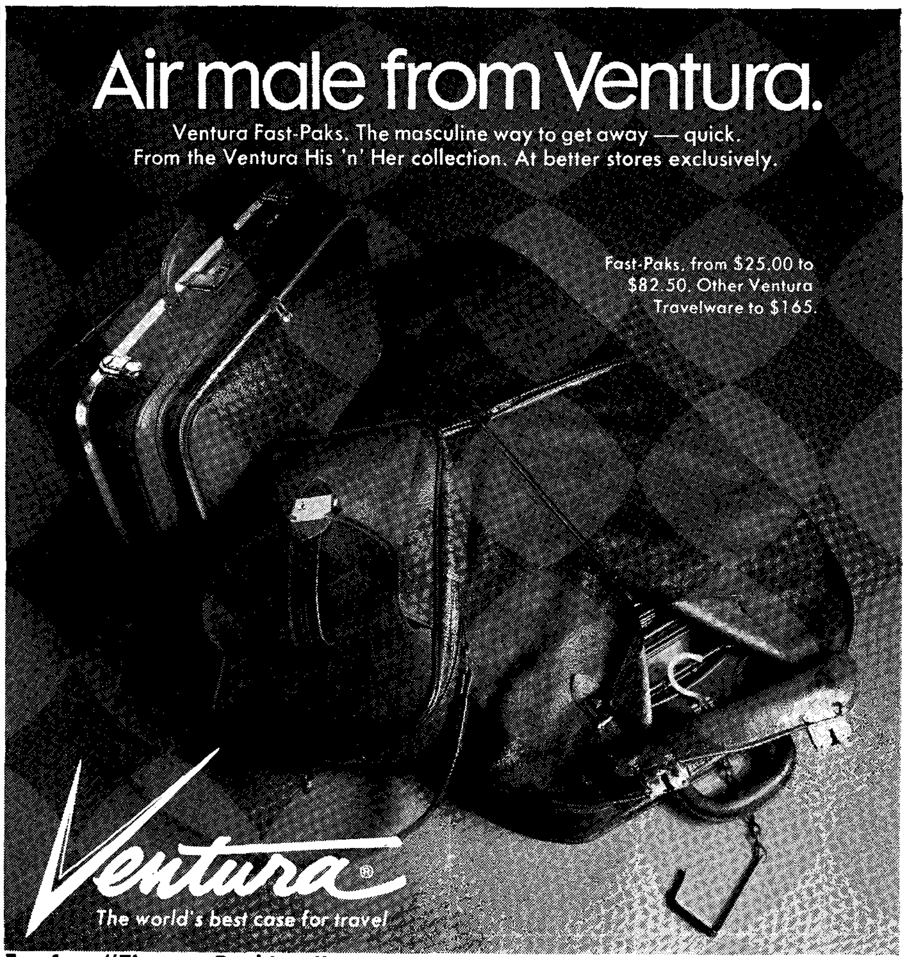

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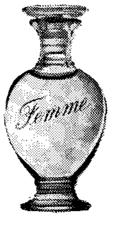


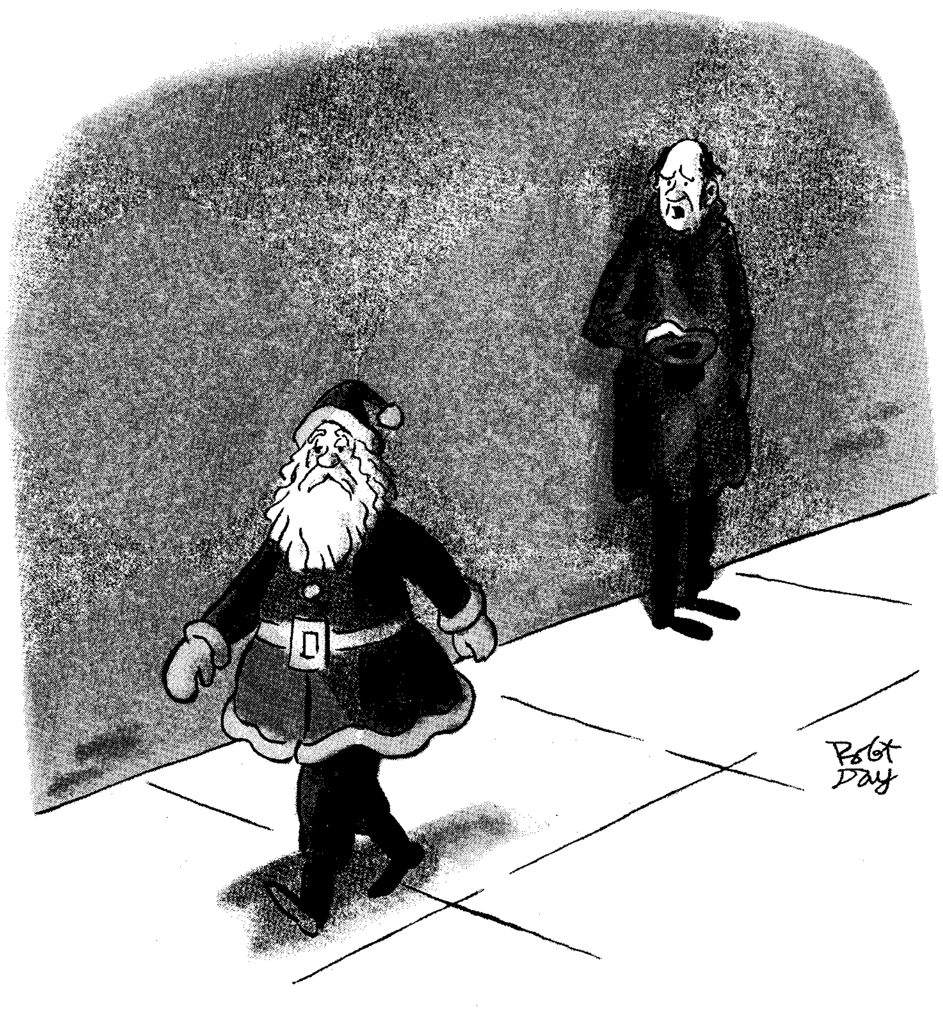
PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

. . .AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

IN a recent article in the *Times*, scornfully entitled "Mr. Hoving's Lemonade Stand," the art critic John Canaday reproved the director of the Metropolitan Museum for "letting himself get short-changed" in the "deaccession," as the Museum calls it, of four masterpieces from its collections—a van Gogh, a Rousseau, a Modigliani, and a Gris. According to Canaday, the Marlborough Gallery acquired the van Gogh and the Rousseau for a mere $1,500,000 ("known to be Marlborough's resale price for the van Gogh alone"), the Modigliani for $80,000 ("a figure estimated by experts as about half, or less, of the painting's value on the competitive market"), and the Gris for $60,000, with a David Smith sculpture and a Clyfford Still painting thrown in by Marlborough. Mr. Hoving's failure to make a fast buck, like so many of the terrible things one reads about in the paper today, is not an isolated instance but a symptom of a widespread malaise. During our travels around the city this fall in quest of Christmas presents for the house, we found repeated instances of equally unrapacious business practices. All over Manhattan, objects of beauty and rarity that could fetch staggering sums are being offered for only moderately high, and sometimes even for fair, prices. What this augurs for the inflated price structure on which the art and antiques world is poised we do not pretend to know, or even want to speculate about during this Season of Good Will. But we trust that the following list of art and antiques "bargains" will draw attention to this peculiar state of affairs. At Ginsburg & Levy, 815 Madison Avenue (68th), for example, we found a masterpiece of nineteenth-century American folk art going for a sum—$900—that would scarcely pay half a year's tuition at a local private school. The work in question is an appliquéd and embroidered wool table cover, six feet by four, whose black background is covered with various exquisitely stylized red, white, and yellow birds and flowers with olive-green foliage, which are set in squares outlined in red chain-stitching and framed by a grape-and-flower scroll border. The table cover is lined and fringed, and its pattern has the richness of color and succinctness of form that only the finest works of this genre achieve. A typical early-eighteenth-century delft brush back, the size of an oblong butter-dish cover, also $900, is more commensurate with its price. The brush back, which has holes for bristles on its unglazed underside, depicts, in blue and yellow and green, a lady sitting in a high-back chair, sewing, with her feet on a footstool. There is something vaguely Oriental about this Dutchwoman—as there is about much of the painting done on delft, which came into being as the poor man's substitute for the prohibitively priced Chinese-export ware of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

At the Macklowe Gallery, 1088 Madison Avenue (82nd), we had the pleasure of contemplating a tall white ceramic vase designed by Auguste Rodin, and the astonishment of learning that it is being offered for the pittance of $1,250. From a distance, it looks chaste and Oriental, but when you get up close you see that the rough, mottled texture of the vase at its most protuberant is a low-relief frieze of nymphs and shepherds and centaurs of an unmistakable Rodin cast, who are disporting themselves around the vase in the manner of outpatients at the Masters & Johnson Institute. The work is signed, and was made by the Sèvres factory, circa 1880, but no one at Macklowe could supply any further information about the history of this remarkable object. A less egregious giveaway (at $2,750) is a Gallé glass vase decorated with a crocus design and itself formed in the shape of a crocus. The remarkable thing about this vase is that the delicate, free, watercolor-like flowers and stems that appear on the sides of the vase were not painted but inlaid, by a process of marquetry—such as that used with wood veneers—which was carried out while the glass was in the molten state. The crocuses, purple and orange, and punctuated with yellow stamens, are poised on fragile stems that rise from a vibrant green base. The vase—which stands eight and a half inches high and slowly attenuates to a



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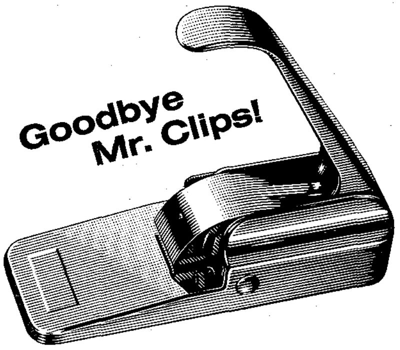

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diameter of an inch and three-quarters at the top—is a masterpiece of Art Nouveau. Macklowe also deals in Art Nouveau objects of a less exalted sort—an oval mirror, for example, in a gilded wood-and-gesso frame that in its mysterious, swirling decorativeness brings Gauguin to mind. The oblong frame measures twelve by fourteen inches, and the price is $75.

According to Rudi Stern, one of the owners of a gallery called Let There Be Neon, at 451 West Broadway, near Houston Street, the neon sign is a significant form of American folk art and a dying craft, and a visit to the gallery lends something almost like credence to this strange proposition. One opens a loft-building door and enters an enchanted landscape of white walls and cavernous recesses made by drooping white plaster columns, and everywhere one looks there is a neon sign softly glowing against the cool white background. An eighteen-by-twenty-eight-inch work in pink and blue that reads "We Rent Tuxedos & Bridal Gowns" is $125, "Cocktails" is $85, "Kosher Delicatessen" is $125, "15¢" is $90, and "Dog Kennel" is $350. We are accustomed to seeing neon signs against night skies and darkened storefronts, and in their unexpected context the signs at Let There Be Neon—like the quilts at the Whitney show of 1971 or the Navajo-blankets at the Brooklyn Museum this fall—take on the aura, if not the fact, of being works of contemporary art. The quilts and rugs have been associated with hard-edge Abstract painting, and the neon signs inevitably evoke Pop Art. "1 Hour" has all the *engagé* formalism of Oldenburg's "Wall Switches" (but costs only $60), and affinities between "Peter's Shoe Repair" ($300) and Lichtenstein's "Keds" and Dine's "A Nice Pair of Boots" will surely occur to viewers. Mr. Stern, who is tall and thin and has shoulder-length straight hair and cold green eyes, and who was dressed all in white with a long embroidered vest when we called on him, told us that neon was discovered by Sir William Ramsay and M. W. Travers in 1898, and that the first neon sign wasn't made in this country until 1923. After the Second World War, neon's period of decline set in, and today only about two per cent of the lighted signs we see are neon, the rest being fluorescent light. Mr. Stern dislikes the "cool and neutral" light of fluorescent signs and delights in what he calls "the high energy of neon." He does not like flashing lights, and, with the exception of one sign that weakly flickers because there is something the matter with it, all

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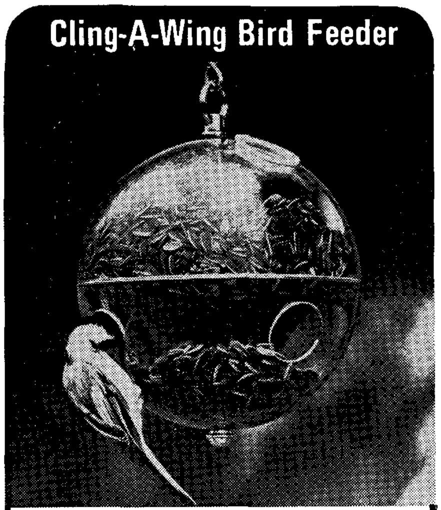

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the signs in the gallery are quiescent. In addition to old signs, Let There Be Neon offers new neon creations from $100 to $150—representations of flowers, umbrellas, lips, rainbows, and light bulbs—that rise from plastic flowerpots or are set on cylindrical white plastic stands. "Neon" comes from the Greek word for "new," the glass tubes that contain it are cool to the touch, and they last forever.

A local artist named Rhea Goodman came home from the Whitney quilt show and decided it was time to deaccession her own collection of antique quilts, which numbered over a hundred and, like the Gail van der Hoof and Jonathan Holstein collection, was composed largely of quilts selected for their merits as works of abstract design rather than for their rarity, antiquity, or craftsmanship—though these qualities were often present, too. Mrs. Goodman is now a professional dealer, who works out of her apartment on East Eighty-sixth Street, and offers a selection of over two hundred choice specimens, beginning at $125 and going up to $800, the average price being around $300. Mrs. Goodman urges purchasers to hang their quilts on the wall rather than to use them as bedspreads, and she has devised an ingenious method whereby quilts can be prepared for hanging. A grosgrain sleeve is sewn on the top edge of the quilt's reverse side and a wooden slat is threaded through it, like a curtain rod; a few nails in the wall will support the hanging. Mrs. Goodman receives visitors by appointment (her telephone number is 534-5008), and she sets an hour aside for each visit. Looking at quilts spread out on the floor of Mrs. Goodman's handsome, light- and art-filled living room is a very different experience from looking at them in the dark, cluttered antique shops where they are usually sold. The higher-priced quilts are rarities—such as a sampler quilt made in 1870 of delicately faded green, red, yellow, and pink cotton fabric, in which twenty-five different patterns appear ($600), or a commemorative quilt done in the "rolling-stone" pattern rubber-stamped with names—Esther H. Drace, Aron Muther, Jacob H. Erb—that touchingly evoke nineteenth-century small-town life ($400). But the least expensive quilt bought here will have distinction of design, will be in good repair, and will look as if it had just been washed and left out to dry in a meadow.

Robert K. Brown, another home-based dealer, also on East Eighty-sixth Street, has a group of objects made by

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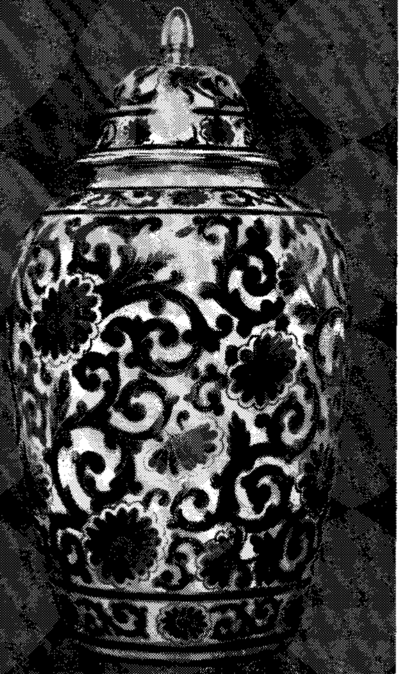

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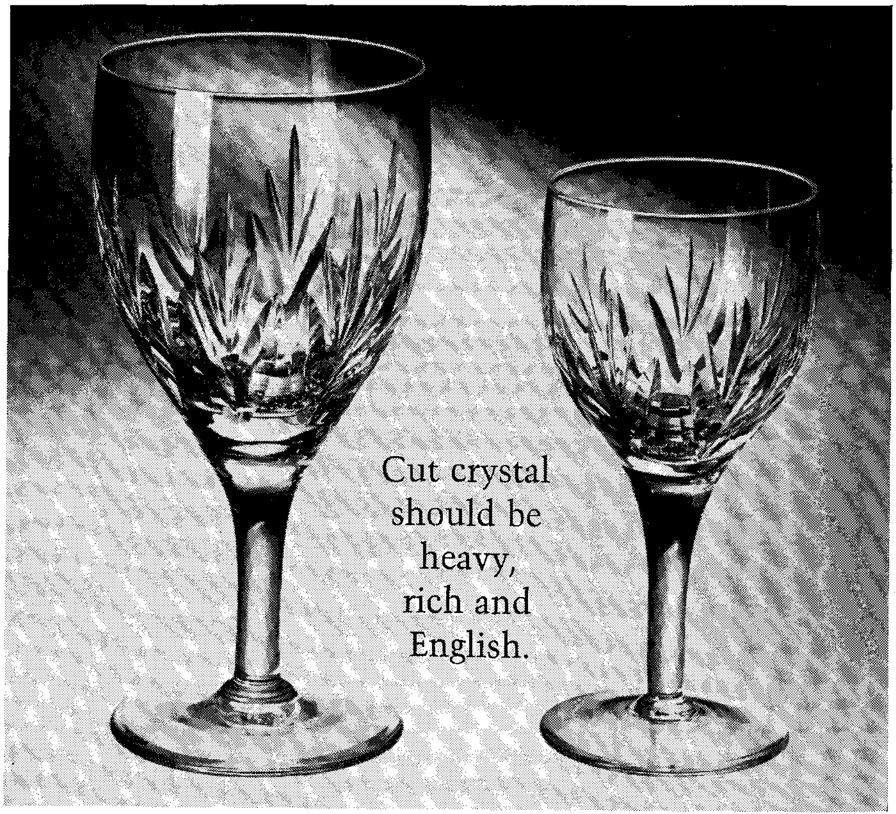
This is Pam (9" high)

the Wiener Werkstätte, and there are things in this collection that belong to design history. The Wiener Werkstätte, which was founded in 1903 and was in existence until 1932, began as a Viennese arm of the English movement against ornate Victorian machine-made objects. The Werkstätte designers and craftsmen produced handmade objects in metal, leather, wood, ceramic, and glass, and their work, interestingly, evolved from a spare, stiff, geometric early style into a rotund, curvilinear, almost florid, mature style. The architect and designer Josef Hoffmann, who was a founder and the best-known member of the Werkstätte, is represented in Mr. Brown's collection by a number of designs in metal or glass which substantiate his renown. An amethyst-colored glass bowl with a cover, which was made in 1915 and is four and a half inches high and four inches in diameter, is a work of great, quiet beauty. The bowl and its cover are identical flattened spheres, which sit on a squat, flared foot and are surmounted by a round central knob. The Hovingesque price of this lovely object is $395. A silver covered dish by Hoffmann, dated 1920, exemplifies the later ripe, organic style. The dish is an oblong four inches high, five and three-eighths inches wide, and four inches long, and its cover, which is divided into four plumply curved sections formed by mildly raised ribs, has a beaded rim and is lifted by a delicate ivory knob carved in the shape of an artichoke. The price is $700. Ivory is again employed by Hoffmann in the handle of a magnificent small silver bell with fluted sides, priced at $500. A strange and graceful goblet by Dagobert Peche has a long tulip-shaped bowl set on a short inverted tulip. The piece is eight inches high and four and a half inches in diameter. It is made of clear glass shot with small bubbles and painted with stylized maroon branches and U-shaped stripes that echo the shape of the bowl; three graduated horizontal stripes encircle the foot near its juncture with the bowl. Date 1916, price $700. Mr. Brown's collection may be seen by appointment; the telephone number is 427-4014.

At the Shepherd Gallery, 21 East 84th Street, a group of handsome framed designs for fabrics by the same Josef Hoffmann, done on graph paper in pen-and-ink and watercolor, are offered for an unexceptionable $850 each. But wait! In the next room, there is a panel sixty-three inches long and forty-nine and a half inches high, from a mural by Jean-Théodore Du-



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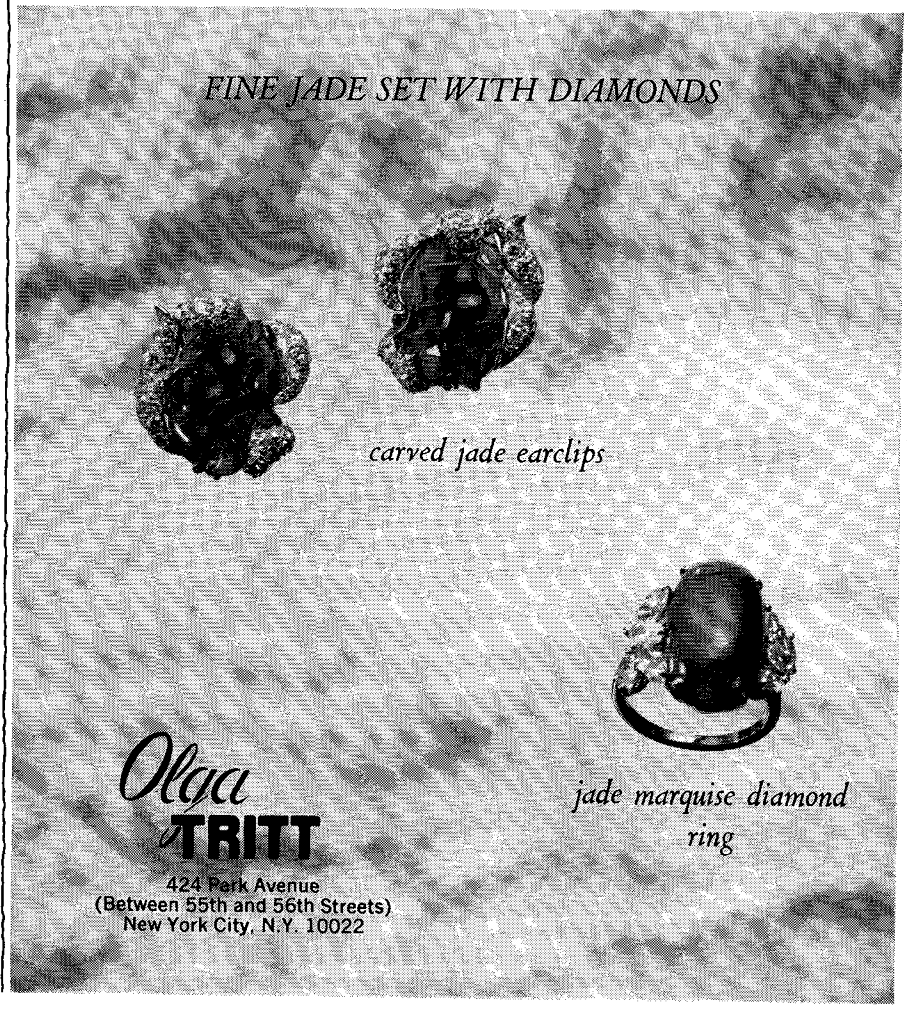
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pas, salvaged from the Grand Salon of the S.S. Normandie, that is painted in silver and gold leaf and in black, gray, gold, and red on plate glass, and shows some cumbersome nymphs and horses who look like the ashtrays in the lobby of Radio City Music Hall. The price is $2,400, which, you will agree, when you consider the historical significance of the piece, and its singular klutziness, is negligible. On the parlor floor of the gallery, a delicately tinted marble nude entitled "Corinthe," by Jean Léon Gérôme (which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1904), looks like the tinted plaster busts they used to have in the windows of neighborhood beauty parlors. The nude sits cross-legged atop a fluted green marble column, fifty-seven inches high, with an elaborate gilded-bronze capital, and she is crawling with jewelry—a crown, two necklaces, ten arm bracelets, two ankle bracelets, seven rings on her fingers and two on her toes, of gold set with opals and turquoises. "It looks like kitsch," the owner of the gallery observed of his $30,000 offering, "until you study it." We did so, and agree that there is something more here—as there is in all the pavonine imagery of Art Nouveau, the lilies and mollusks and stuck-up girls—than meets the cold eye, though we're not sure what it is. "Corinthe" stares into the middle distance, immobile and isolated, and beneath her column a bronze plaque warns the viewer, "*Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum.*" ("Not everyone is allowed to approach Corinthe.")

WE turn now from objects of beauty and singularity to objects of beauty and uniformity, and our first recommendation—as widespread in the city this fall as Queen Anne's lace in the country in July—is the Corning company's new line of glassware, called Creative Glass. With this ware, Corning offers something virtually unknown in our country: a machine-made product that is impeccably designed, flawlessly fabricated of an excellent material, and low-priced. By low-priced we mean, for example, $5 for a covered one-quart canister, $6 for a forty-ounce cocktail pitcher, $8 for a forty-ounce soufflé dish (it comes with a cover and a cork underplate), $8 for a set of four dessert bowls, and $12 for a set of four dessert plates. There are fifteen different items, some of which have never been seen before. ("First you buy it. Then you decide what to do with it," Corning advises in an advertisement.) One such

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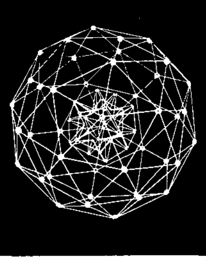

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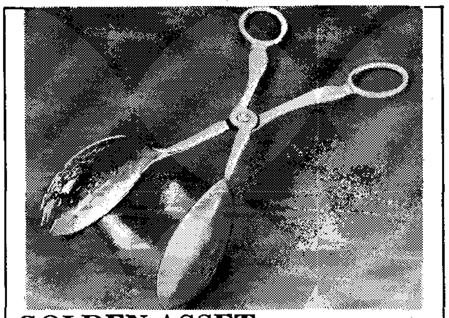

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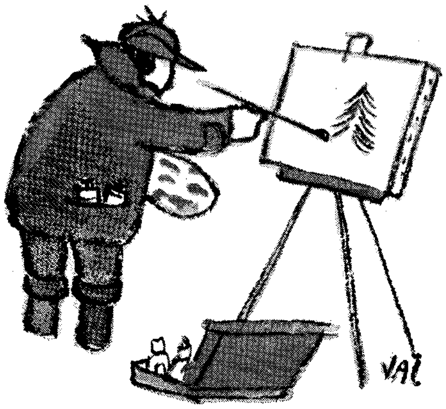
is an object called a Super Server ($10), which is made up of two domes fitted together to form a sphere, with an intervening flat dish separating the pair. (The Corning ad shows ice in the bottom and shrimp on the plate.) An indentation in the top of the upper dome permits it to be lifted with one hand, and such a "handle" also appears on the lids of canisters and soufflé dishes. Stacker Sets are double-decker canisters, with covers, that come in various sizes and proportions; one set combines a pint-size container with a quart-size one, and costs $7. (These containers can also be cooked in; Creative Glass, though it has the sparkle and delicacy of crystal, is oven-proof.) A set of four squat cups that are light and pleasant to hold by their O-shaped ears costs $8, and a set of saucers is $6. The pieces come packed in attractive black boxes, and B. Altman's, Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Gimbels, Design Research, Rosenthal Studio-Haus, Inc., at 584 Fifth Avenue (46th), and the Paper Moon, at 1192 Madison Avenue (87th), are places where we found them.

Another example of welcome pervasiveness is a clear Lucite recipe box for standard file cards that is thoughtfully appointed, in front, with a window, behind which the recipe that is being consulted is slipped, protected there from its ingredients and easily readable by the cook. The box comes with cards and food-category indexing, and it is available at Altman's, Bonniers, Dione Lucas, 226 East 51st Street, and many other places for $8.

Some bright-colored, modern-looking plastic bowls at Bonniers are equipped with puzzling little cranks at the bottom, whose function, it turns out, is to activate a rubber suction base, which keeps the bowl rigidly in place when the crank is turned to the right; when it's turned the other way, the suction is released. Such a bowl would be a boon to a cook with young children who like to help with mixing but who aren't strong (or "motivated")



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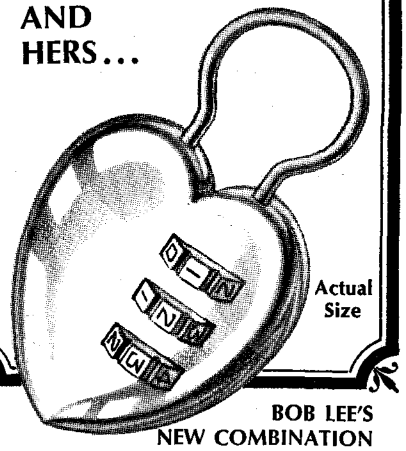

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enough to hold the bowl down. The bowls have wide brims that narrow as they approach a spout; the prices are $9 for one with a three-and-a-third-quart capacity and $7 for a specimen that holds two and a fifth quarts. At Bonniers, note, too, a fine-looking ivory-colored glazed-earthenware object from England called a ham stand, which is shaped like a compote and is hollow, in order to accommodate the shank ($20); a mortar and pestle, made of Swedish glass, which stands four and a half inches high and is five and a half inches in diameter ($15); a thin soufflé dish of heat-resistant glass, ten inches in diameter, which flares out gracefully an inch or so before the rim ($12.50); and a set of six smoked-glass bowls that graduate from one that is eight inches in diameter to a three-and-a-half-inch custard cup, by the Swedish firm of Orrefors ($37.50).

A serene small pitcher and bowl by Orrefors are on view at Altman's, in a choice of deep blue, green, smoked brown, or clear crystal; the pitcher is $8.50 and the bowl is $3.50. Nearby at Altman's, and again by Orrefors, stands a clear-crystal vase ($10) whose pleasingly peculiar proportions give it a lab-glass aspect: a long, thick, cylindrical neck rises from a squat, square-cut body. The gravy boat belonging to the white Arzberg china service at Altman's has a beautiful simplicity and is something that many people can use. It is a deep, oval bowl with an attached oval underplate; $9.

The seconds of Arzberg china for sale at the Pottery Barn, 231 Tenth Avenue (24th), are inconspicuously flawed and are perceptibly cheaper than the first-quality specimens at Altman's. The undersides say "Holiday" instead of "Arzberg," but these appear to be the same calm, lovely shapes and the same delicate, translucent porcelain. A breakfast cup and saucer are $3.35, a soup bowl with ears and a matching plate is $3.45, a covered round butter dish is $6 in a quarter-pound capacity and $7.25 in a half-pound one, demitasses with saucers are $2.25, and an oval serving dish eight inches long is $4.95. Another good buy at the Pottery Barn is oyster plates of white French porcelain, which provide six oyster-shaped cavities on a fluted background, along with a central well; $2.95 each.

The white china artichoke plates at Plummer-McCutcheon, 145 East 57th Street, elegantly isolate butter, gnawed leaves, and the vegetable, and are decorated with a relief pattern of artichoke

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leaves; $25 for a set of six. Plummer-McCutcheon's asparagus plates, also white china and $25 for six, are ridged with representations of asparagus spears and provide a well for butter at one side.

Tiffany's serving dish for berries is a white glazed-earthenware colander, eight inches in diameter, that sits on a slightly larger underplate with a mildly fluted edge; $14.50. Among other nice white things at Tiffany are an absolutely plain, round, glazed-earthenware serving dish, fifteen inches in diameter, with straight, low sides ($12.50); an octagonal glazed-earthenware cake plate, eleven inches in diameter, on a five-inch pedestal ($10); a plain round Bavarian china compote, eleven inches in diameter ($12.50); and some exquisite Limoges melon bowls that come in small, medium, and large sizes ($7, $8, and $10).

An engaging set of baby dishes by the Wedgwood company (available at Tiffany, Altman's, Plummer-McCutcheon, Macy's, and Gimbels) is decorated with illustrations and quotations from "The Tale of Peter Rabbit." It consists of a plate; a flat-bottomed, low-sided bowl; and a mug. "First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes. And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley" is the maybe ill-chosen message that runs around the rim of the plate, whose center shows a queasy-looking Peter. The colors closely approximate Beatrix Potter's, and the type is black and handsome; $10.95.

AT Paprikás Weiss Importer, 1546 Second Avenue (80th), a sign in the window says:

> The way of a woman with a dumpling is as important as her charm or beauty.

Which is a sentiment few women would be disposed to argue with today, though we're not sure that every woman who finds one of Paprikás Weiss's spätzle machines under the Christmas tree will know what to do with the thing. Spätzle, according to Mr. Edward Weiss (only his good friends call him Paprikás), are the little dumplings that regularly accompany the goulashes and sauerbratens of the Austro-Hungarian cuisine, and the spätzle machine is designed to uniformly shape the dumplings by one of two methods, depending on which of Paprikás Weiss's machines you choose. Machine No. 1 looks like a food mill, except that instead of fine perforations at the bottom there are spätzle-size

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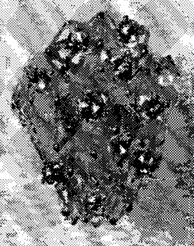

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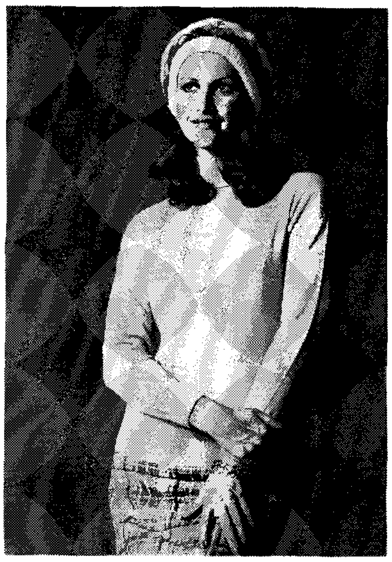

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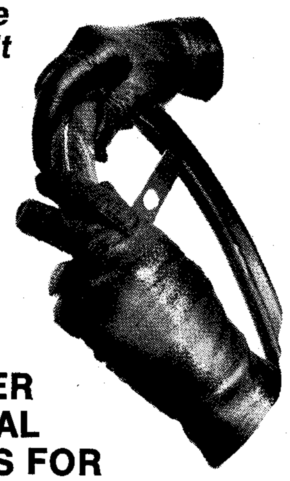
holes. The device is equipped with adjustable clamps to fit over the pot of boiling water into which the dumplings fall as they are created. The price is $8.98. Machine No. 2, at the same price, consists of a bottomless metal cup, to be filled with dough, that slides back and forth over a sort of metal runway—fifteen inches long, with large perforations in it—which shaves off dumpling-size pieces of dough. There are handles on both the cup and the strip it runs on, to facilitate the action. A German noodle-cutting machine at Paprikás Weiss looks like a nineteenth-century patent design. Fifteen inches long and five wide, it is made of cast iron painted white; is equipped with a wheel, a wooden crank, and a loading platform; and stands on four feet. Its function is to produce the short and extraordinarily thin noodles that float around in Central European chicken-noodle soups, and its price is $39.95, or two for $75. For a breadmaker, Paprikás Weiss offers an amenity called the Dough Girl Bread Maker—a big, twelve-quart aluminum pot from whose cover depends a kneading hook, turned by a crank on top. The pot sits in a removable metal cradle with suction feet of rubber that keep it in place on the table while the kneading operation, which requires about five minutes, is going on; $27.

The Salton people have introduced a sleek new hard-plastic electric yogurt-maker, and to convey its appearance we ask the reader to imagine a ship sixteen inches long, with gray sides, five white smokestacks, a yellow deck, and a clear-plastic dome over everything. The smokestacks are the tops of glass jars that stay belowdecks and contain the milk that is being turned into yogurt by gentle heat, which is controlled by a thermostat. The words "Salton Yogurt Maker" are printed in handsome black type on the side of the device. It comes with instructions and with a yellow plastic Thermo-Spoon, in which a thermometer is embedded. All this for $12 at D/R, Hammacher Schlemmer, Altman's, Macy's, and Bloomingdale's. Along with home bakers, home noodle-fabricators, home yogurt-makers, and other defectors from General Mills, there are people now who go so far as to make their own sausages, and Paprikás Weiss has a sausage stuffer for the purpose, a metal plunger sort of thing that both stuffs and seals; it comes in a thirteen-and-a-half-inch length for $10 and in a twenty-inch length, with two interchangeable tubes, for $15. For someone who would like to start a small



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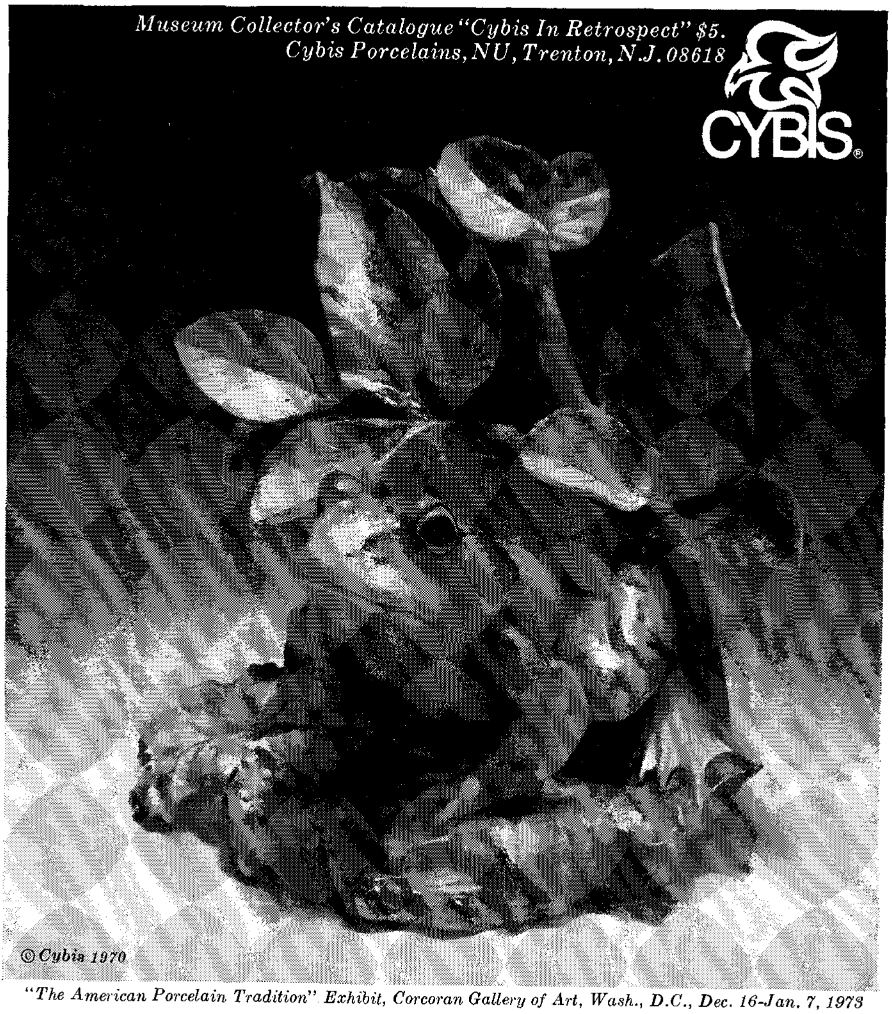
home sausage factory, Paprikás Weiss will provide, for $93, a heavy-duty sausage stuffer that can also be used as a fruit press, in case the owner wants to diversify. A wooden mixing spoon that can double as an oar—its handle is thirty-four inches long—costs $6 at Paprikás Weiss.

At the Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street, we found a device that purées food—a perforated, inverted metal cone supported by a metal stand. To work it, one simply rotates a wooden bat within the cone, pressing the potatoes or apples against the sides. In aluminum, this trusty nineteenth-century revival is $6.95, and in tin it is $5.95 (and better-looking). The Bridge Company has some new copperware lined with tin whose merits will not be lost on the serious cook who has the good fortune to receive one of these *luxe* pots and pans. A sauté pan, eleven and a half inches in diameter and three inches deep, has a long iron handle, a cover, and a price tag of $60. An oval au-gratin dish, fourteen inches long and nine and a half inches wide, with a stainless lining, is $35, and a similarly-lined saucepan, seven and three-quarter inches in diameter and four inches high, is $45. For the cook so earnest about his avocation that maybe he ought to be distracted with a book of religious verse rather than encouraged with what we are about to recommend, we nevertheless recommend a seventeen-pound tin-lined copper brazier that was hand-wrought in France specially for the Bridge Company and costs $195. It is twelve inches long, eight inches wide, and six and three-quarters inches high, it has four solid-brass handles, and its cover can be used as an au-gratin dish. There is a bin at the Bridge Company filled with small gold-rimmed, ivory-colored porcelain mugs, which, according to their undersides, were made "expressly for National Airlines." They would be very nice mugs for small children on the ground to drink their milk from; sixty cents each.

IN the good old days when housewives used canned soups, frozen vegetables, and store-bought bread, a small apron sufficed as protection for the clothes worn during the preparation of meals. But now that cooking dinner has taken on all the complications of a Dr. Welby episode, Bloomingdale's has been moved to put on sale in a department called Cook's Tour, on the fifth floor, some special clothes, sort of like surgeons' gowns and pajamas, to be worn while cook-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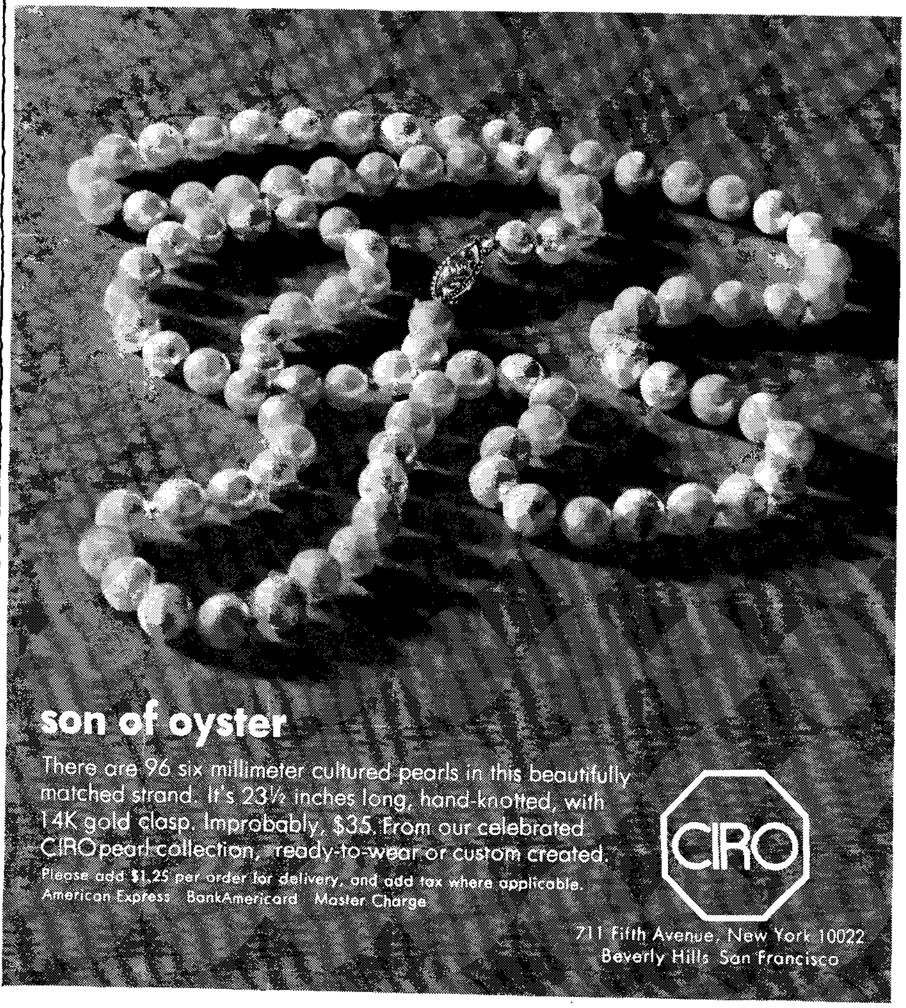
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ing. These garments are called Kitchen Rags, and they come in various styles—if that's the word for the shapeless pants, shorts, tops, skirts, gowns, and tunics offered, for cooks of both sexes, in off-white cotton T-shirt material trimmed with red or navy stitching. The Rags are sold packaged in white paper bags, like French bread; the red label on each bag lists all the styles available, and the one inside is checked off and identified by size and trim. Styles are designated by arch names, such as French Dressing, for a long gown, and Popover, for a scoop-necked top. Prices range from $5 to $10. These clothes, if unbeautiful, look clean and cheerful, and the light, soft fabric seems just right for someone bending over a hot stove.

On the sixth floor at Bloomingdale's are some fluted tin molds from Portugal that make handsome canisters and are seven and a half inches high and six inches across in their $4 manifestation, and five and a half inches high and four inches across when the price is $3. Also noteworthy are Bloomingdale's square-cut white porcelain baking dishes from France; thirteen and a half inches long, eight and a half inches wide, and two inches deep is one size ($10), and eleven inches long, seven inches wide, and an inch and three-quarters deep is another ($8). Gimbels' rectangular baking dishes—twelve inches long, nine inches wide, and an inch and a half deep—are chocolate-brown glazed earthenware, and cost $9. They are on display in the attractive eighth-floor enclave called the Creative Kitchen, where you will also find a gracefully round, unmistakably English teakettle, $4.50 in the four-pint size and $6 in the six-pint size. It is made of aluminum, and it has an elegantly curved spout, a black handle, and an unobtrusive steam vent.

Dione Lucas has some giftworthy porcelain ovenware from France, daintily decorated with polychrome old-fashioned flowers and fruit. There are soufflé dishes, quiche pans, covered casseroles, and uncovered baking dishes whose major ornament—a pretty cluster of the flowers and fruit—is situated directly under the soufflé or quiche or leftovers, and whose fluted sides are encircled by a delicate wreath. The quiche pan comes in nine-, ten-, and eleven-inch diameters, for $16, $18, and $21, respectively; a seven-and-a-half-inch soufflé dish is $9.95; a shallow oval baking dish, fourteen inches long, is $21; individual soufflé dishes are $2.95; and pots de crème of a more

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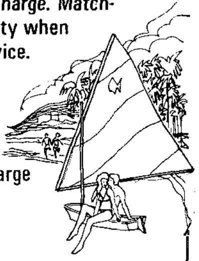

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delicate porcelain are $4.95 each. Dione Lucas has outsized wineglasses, called Taster Goblets, in a twenty-eight-ounce tulip shape, for $2.95, and in an eighteen-ounce round goblet, for $2.75. These are handmade in West Virginia of fairly thin blown glass, and from the same source, for the excellent price of $1.50 each, come classic eleven-ounce tulip-shaped claret glasses.

At the Paper Moon, individual white soufflé dishes, four inches in diameter, are decorated with delicate green and pink herbs inside and around the fluted sides. These dishes represent the Japanese at their most French, and cost $5 for a set of four, each illustrating a different herb. A comely octagonal serving dish, of white glazed earthenware, fourteen inches long and eight inches wide, is $9 at the Paper Moon. Some stolid mugs of light-blue glazed earthenware, decorated with hand-painted sprays of peasant-style multicolored flowers, are $4.50 each, and a substantial pitcher to match, a foot high and shaped like an old-fashioned milk can, is $13.

AUTHENTIC old-fashioned milk cans, of steel and from England—eighteen inches tall and fourteen inches in diameter at the bottom, tapering to an eight-inch diameter at the top—may be dragged home from Ann-Morris Antiques, 235 East 60th Street and 1061 Second Avenue (56th). A small plaque beneath the spout of each can attests to its four-gallon capacity, and two handles are provided: a large one near the top and a smaller one on the opposite side near the bottom, to facilitate pouring. The price is $90. A steel cream can, eight inches tall, with a brass handle that arches over the five-inch oval opening at the top, is priced at $120 and dated 1870. Both the milk cans and the cream can are strongly designed and immensely handsome.

At Entropy Design, 235 East 51st Street, aluminum beer kegs, whose aesthetic claims are less insistent, are offered for $35. Entropy has supplemented its elegant collection of lab glass with evaporating dishes made of white oven-proof Coors porcelain, which are glazed within and unglazed without. These dishes are round bowls with a spout, and they come in many sizes, ranging from a tiny dish, three inches across ($1.25), to one nine inches in diameter ($5.50). An outsized evaporating dish—sixteen inches across and six inches high—is $40. A handsome covered white porcelain saucepan with a wooden handle looks like a

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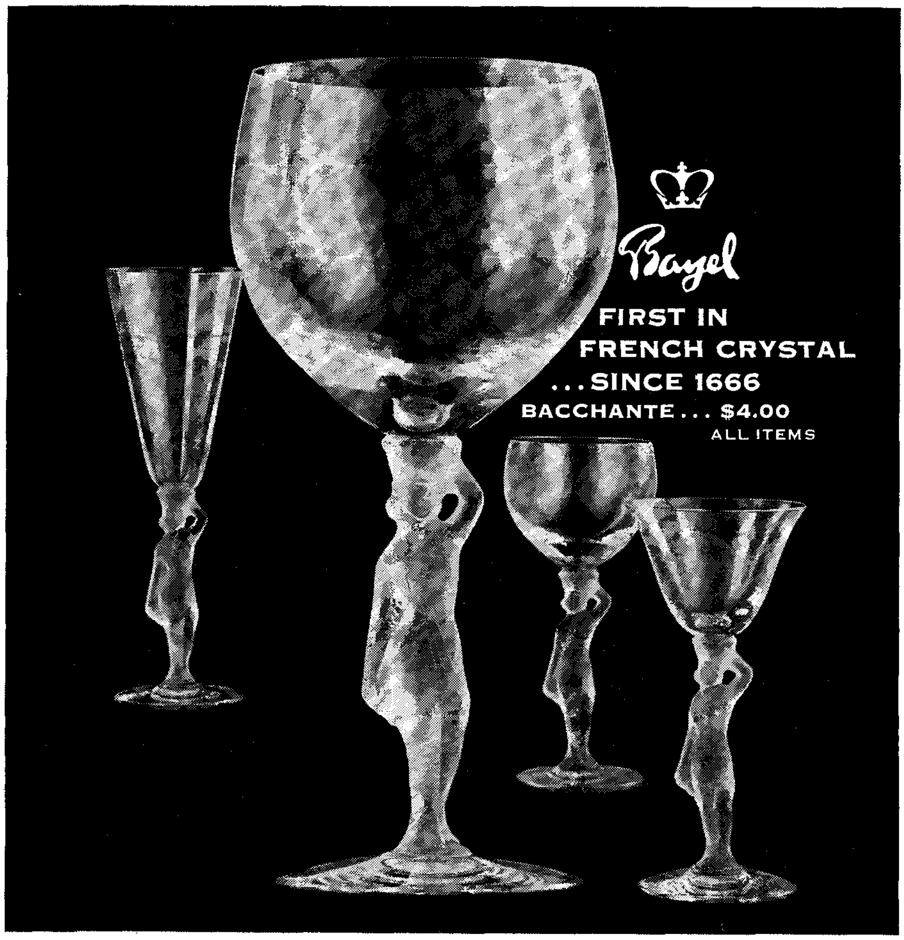

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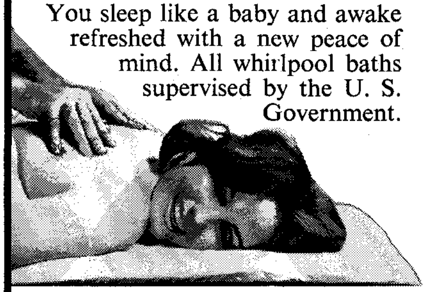

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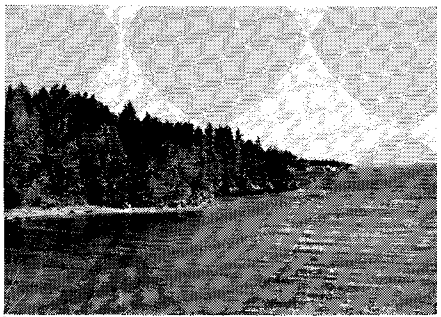
Scandinavian import but turns out to be a piece of laboratory equipment, too; it costs $9.50, and a version with a porcelain handle and no cover is $5.50.

One of the best-looking pieces of furniture that we have seen in a long time is a mahogany chest that may just possibly still be on view in the window of Eris Antiques, 1001 Second Avenue (53rd). The chest originally stood in a store harboring spools of Clark's thread and arousing about as much aesthetic ecstasy as the deep freezes in our supermarkets do today. It has six narrow drawers with brass pulls and with windows in them that advertise Clark's Spool Cotton, and on the back there is a beautiful circular design, again an advertisement for Clark's; $400 is the price.

An unusual paper souvenir of the coronation of George IV, curiously dated July 19, 1821, rather than the actual date of August 4th, is for sale at the James II Shop, upstairs at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street. It is a pictorial scroll of the coronation procession—a hand-colored print that unrolls from a cylindrical lacquered box, itself covered with a print showing George as a Roman emperor crowned with bay and accompanied by a British lion who looks like a Maurice Sendak wild thing. The scroll is twenty-nine feet long, we're told. (The proprietor was unwilling to unroll it all the way, because of the wear and tear on the relic—price $450—caused by each unrolling and re-rolling.) A tiny Victorian needle box of tortoiseshell, about two inches high, is made like a knife box, being internally fitted with seven ivory dividers for different sizes of needles to stand upright between. The box has a monogrammed silver plaque, and it shuts with an emphatic click; $80. Another agreeable relic of the Age of Victoria—this one at Florence Goldman, 995 Second Avenue (52nd)—is a portable curling-iron heater, in the form of a flat brass box, four inches long, two and a quarter inches wide, and an inch and three-quarters deep, that opens to reveal a miniature alcohol burner. The price is $60. An oak-and-brass combination clock and letter box is a handsome domed piece, sixteen inches high, eight inches wide, and six and a half inches deep, that presents, in descending order, a clock, a slot for letters, and a windowed door that opens with a key. The owner thinks it may have come from a Victorian country hotel, and asks $225 for it. A beautiful big brass watering can at Florence Goldman, ten inches high and eleven inches wide, with a



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long, bent spout, looks as if it might have been salvaged from the conservatory of a Victorian country house, and costs $110.

THE change that has taken place within the last decade in our attitude toward Victorian furniture and objects—from horrified fascination to something almost like real liking—has brought with it, among other strange things, a revival of interest in that most Victorian of things, the music box. Rita Ford, 812 Madison Avenue (68th), possesses the largest commercial collection of antique music boxes in the country, and sells restored specimens, made between 1830 and 1910, for from $400 to $6,000, in their original, inlaid-wood cases. The six-thousand-dollar pièce de résistance of Miss Ford's collection is an instrument equipped with six interchangeable cylinders, which play four tunes each, encased in a stately piece of burled-walnut furniture appointed with a pullout desk. It has a lovely, rich tone, and was made by the firm of Nicole-Frères, in Geneva, which, as you may know, is the Stradivarius of music-box makers. The instrument at Rita Ford that most delighted us, however, is an upright, coin-operated disc box, made by the firm of Kalliope for use in a German beer garden. It has a wonderful, raucous tone and, in addition, offers the spectacle of a horse race, which takes place within a panel on the face of the cabinet. While the music plays "Stars and Stripes Forever" and other Sousa marches (the box comes with ten discs), painted cardboard horses gallop past a painted rural landscape. The cabinet is elaborately carved and is in such good condition that Miss Ford believes it couldn't possibly have reached the German beer garden—where they are always smashing things, in their jolly German way—that it was in-

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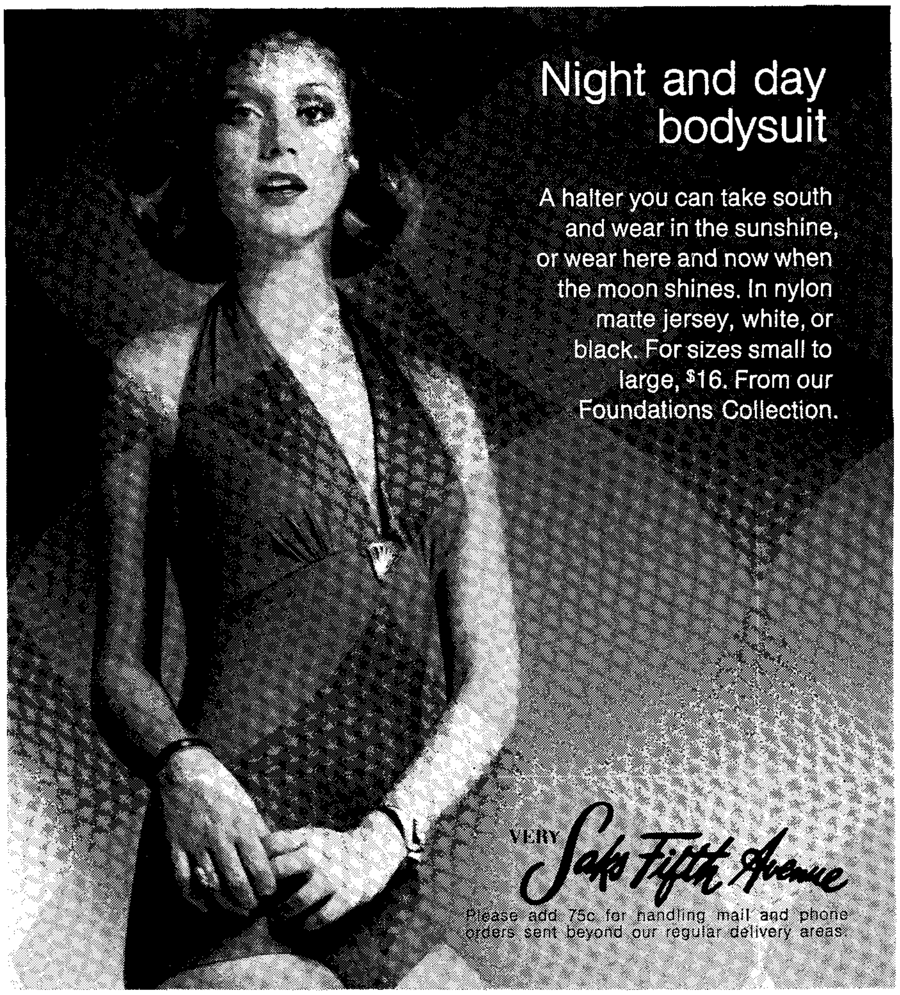
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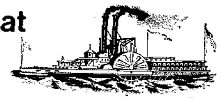

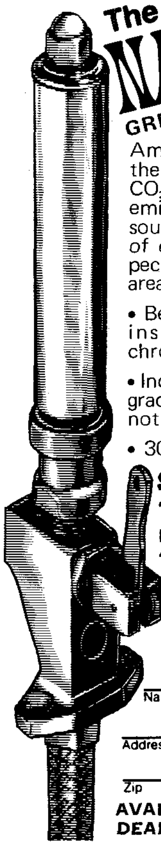

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tended for. The box accepts nickels, and Miss Ford wants $4,500 for it. New music boxes are available here for from $10 to $200, and Rita Ford also offers five stereo records, at $6.95 each, of the music of her antique boxes, which severally play Christmas carols, arias from operas, and hymns and sacred music. They are nice when played softly.

A SPLENDID collection of nineteenth-century Chinese hand puppets is on view in the gift shop of the American Museum of Natural History. The puppets wear beautiful clothes, decorated with appliqué designs and trimmed with bits of what may be monkey fur. The costumes have delicately, if somewhat grubbily, faded, but they still suggest their past vibrancy. The papier-mâché faces, in contrast to the clothes, are horrible and very funny. The puppets were used in travelling shows, the people at the Museum surmise, and they are priced at $38 each. A collection of all-white hand-embroidered and hand-crocheted tablecloths at Altman's, which looks as if it came from some Old World sweatshop, comes instead from the Brave New World of contemporary China. An exquisite Army and Navy pattern—alternating squares of embroidery and fragile lace, and every bit of it handmade—goes into a fifty-by-sixty-eight-inch tablecloth, which comes with six napkins ($85), and into an enormous sixty-nine-by-one-hundred-and-forty-inch tablecloth, with twelve napkins ($235). A round cloth, sixty-eight inches in diameter, of a batiste-like mixture of polyester and cotton, embroidered and appliquéd with a romantic floral-wreath design, is $90 and comes with eight napkins. An oblong version, fifty by sixty-three inches, is $60, with six napkins. A round cloth, sixty-eight inches in diameter, that combines crocheting with embroidery in a complex circular pattern, is $88, with eight napkins, and a sixty-eight-by-eighty-eight-inch rectangular version, with twelve napkins, is $140. Bonniers and the Paper Moon have imported from China some extremely nice oval straw boxes with covers that have short, flat-lying handles. There are four sizes, ranging from three inches by four, at $3, to six inches by eight, at $7.50.

THE "artistic" photograph you have taken and are determined to give someone for Christmas will hurt less if you present it in a good-looking frame, and a very good-looking one indeed sits in the Guest and Gift Shop

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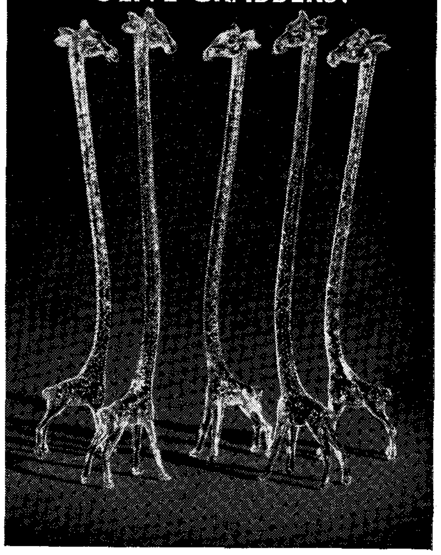

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at Saks Fifth Avenue—an octagonal standing frame of pewter, from Portugal, seven and a half inches high and six and a half inches wide, into which a four-by-five-inch work will fit. The price is $25, and a version ten inches high and nine inches wide is $30.

A silver centerpiece at Buccellati, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th), may be just the thing you have been looking for to instruct some pale, uptight Functionalist on your Christmas list in the riotous pleasures of the ornate. This enormous, hand-hammered Thing (it's twenty inches in diameter) is a ring of realistic silver grapes, figs, apples, and lemons thickly but unstiffly clustered around a basket woven of flat silver bands. Hammer marks and shading—the latter achieved by a special process of oxidation—give the fruit a look of mythological ripeness and the whole piece an appearance of dark, brooding antiquity. The price is $6,200. Some less overwhelming, though no less finely wrought, silver objects at Buccellati are: a cast-silver mouse with tiny lapis-lazuli eyes and a remarkably hairy-looking gray coat (the silver is chased and oxidized to achieve this effect), priced at $240; a silver and vermeil salt and pepper set in the form of a pair of unopened poppies that repose, pen fashion, in silver leaf-shaped holders, at $230; an open salt dish in the shape of a scallop shell, with a handle in the form of a sea horse, at $70; a cast-silver naked dancing child, four and a half inches high, who has five peers, each of whom has struck a different pose, and all of whom can be arranged to hold hands in a circle, at $210 per child; and an optimistic caviar scoop (it is the sauce ladle from Buccellati's St. Mark flatware), at $23.

At S. Wyler, Inc., 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), an appealing early-Victorian set of a dozen ivory-handled, silver-plated knives and forks sits in a comfortably worn black-velvet-lined red tooled-leather box nine inches by ten and a half. The design on the handles is one of simple, stylized flat plumes, reminiscent of designs by the Arts and Crafts reformers of the late nineteenth century, though in fact the set was made in 1835, when the extravagances for which the reforms were devised had not yet got under way. The set is $150. The top of an unadorned octagonal tea caddy lifts by means of an unusual wooden knob stained green and carved in the form of a pineapple. The caddy, dated circa 1790 by Wyler, is four and a half inches high, five and a half inches long, and three and

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three-quarters inches wide. There are two sections within, and $300 is the price.

AT La Provence de Pierre Deux, 378 Bleecker Street, near Charles, remarkably pretty hand-blocked cotton prints from Provence are used to cover pillows and to make placemats, tablecloths, napkins, and clothes. There are Paisleys and small-sprigged patterns, and the colors are very pure and fresh. One thinks of country inns and cottage gardens in the morning sunshine as one studies these fragrant fabrics. A fourteen-inch-square polyester pillow is $20, a twenty-inch-square one is $30, and an enormous, twenty-seven-inch-square one is $40. The ones we liked best have a border of a complementary print framing a square of the predominant print, and for home sewers who would like to duplicate these combinations, or deviate from them, both fabric and borders can be bought. Those fabrics that come in thirty-six-inch widths are $7.50 a yard, and fabrics fifty-two inches wide are $12 a yard. Borders are from two to six inches wide and cost from $2.50 to $6 a yard. Quilted placemats with the above-described two-fabric panelling are $3.50 each; napkins are $2; mitt pot-holders are $3. An item called Empty Pocket, which is a small fabric-covered cardboard box whose sides tie together at the corners with attached strings of the same fabric, is $6.50.

Henri Bendel's sofa pillows covered with pieces salvaged from antique patchwork quilts produce, in their way, an effect almost as striking as that of the whole quilts discussed earlier. The excerpts are bordered with velvet, satin, or corduroy in contrasting colors, and these fabrics are also employed in the backs of the pillow covers. One notable example features an eight-point brown-and-rust star on a background of a white sprigged fabric, framed in dark-brown velvet and backed with dark-brown satin. The price is $20. Another choice specimen is a satin herringbone square, composed of bands of dark green, rust, red, yellow, blue, and ivory, that gleams out of a black velvet frame and has a brown satin back. This one is $25.

At Limited Editions, 235 East 72nd Street, pillows whose cases have been basket-woven, on the diagonal, of wide grosgrain ribbon have the look of Art Deco graphics. A black-white-and-gray striped ribbon thus woven results in an arresting zigzag pattern that looks three-dimensional, while a brown

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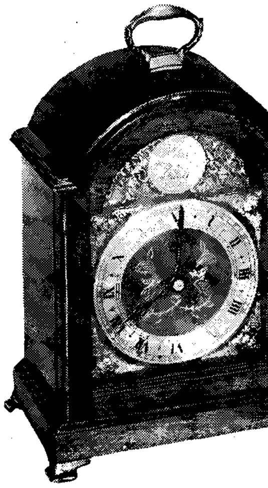

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ribbon woven with a beige one produces a harlequin pattern. Apartments furnished with glass and chrome and Edwardian antiques would benefit from the cold elegance of these pillows, which are $30 each.

The down pillows at Lord & Taylor, covered with Jack Lenor Larsen's new Thaibok silk prints (produced, according to a press release, "after fifteen months of intensive work in steamy Siam"), have an opulence and gorgeousness reminiscent of the umbrageous splendors of Barbara D'Arcy's period rooms at Bloomingdale's. In one print, rows of large, stylized red strawberries with yellow seeds are superimposed on wide bands of deep magenta, lavender, purple, and gray. Another design shows stylized orange and red peonies on a glowing emerald background. The pillows are $20 each, placemats in similar prints are $6 each, and the fabrics themselves are available for around $30 a yard.

Hand-blocked linen dish towels, made at the Yateley Industries for Disabled Girls, in England, and on sale at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), are remarkable for an uncommercial and yet by no means amateurish appearance. The prints have a fresh "pulled" quality, and the designs are at once innocent and technically assured. A nineteenth-century rural English atmosphere adheres to some of the designs, and others put one in mind of cave paintings. Trees and deer, Vikings (with shields), unicorns, coffeepots, and medallions are some of the motifs, printed in green, blue, brown, or orange on off-white linen; $3 each.

THE renowned printmaking industry that has grown up around Cape Dorset, in the Canadian Arctic, sends an annual selection from the year's work to the American Indian Arts Center, whose new address is 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), and this year's selection heightens one's sense of incredulity at the achievement of these masters of printmaking who a decade or so ago didn't even know what a print was. The absence of anything "primitive" about the Cape Dorset prints always strikes the viewer, and this year's productions seem to have reached a new peak of elegance and refinement. The ornamental element has always been strong in these prints, and has evoked comparison with Japanese woodcuts and the works of the Nabis and the Symbolists. The introduction this year of vibrant colors—greens and blues and oranges—aug-

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ments the decorativeness of the prints. But the Cape Dorset prints are more than works of decoration. "Angako's Dream," by Sorosilutoo—which shows a globe, borne on the backs of a pair of mythological birds and flanked by a pair of sinuous, hovering whales, inside which an Eskimo woman with a papoose on her back is pictured purposefully striding somewhere—is a Jungian narrative as well as a lovely, Oriental-looking black-red-and-green design. This print measures nineteen and a quarter inches by twenty-four, and is priced at $200. The fearful symmetry of "Owl Attacked by Dogs"—an owl in midair is flanked by two dogs on the ground, of identical size and pose, each of which has one of the owl's feet in its mouth—provides another instance of the fusion of the decorative with the atavistic. "Owl Attacked by Dogs" is by Peter Pitseolak; it measures sixteen and three-quarters inches by twenty-four, and the price is $95. "Walrus Hunter," by Keeleemeomee, deploys three large, disembodied brown-and-yellow walrus heads on the white page and places a small hunter in a blue parka, who is about to shoot his harpoon, just below the head on the right-hand side. This stylized and mysterious work measures fifteen inches by twenty-four, and costs $110. The prints are made in editions of not more than fifty each (after which the plates are destroyed), and the American Indian Arts Center has only one of each print.

THE Metropolitan Museum's Gift Shop has escaped the purges going on in the rest of the Museum (even the cafeteria has refined its salad collection, eliminating some of the weaker plats du jour), and continues to add to its now considerable group of reproductions. This year's new items include two stunning replicas of eighteenth-century hard-paste porcelain, which represent the Museum's first foray into reproduction porcelain. Replica No. 1 is of a plate, nine and a quarter inches in diameter, made at the Royal Porcelain Factory at Meissen around 1725 and decorated with a concise polychrome bouquet of Chinese flowers and three preoccupied butterflies. Seventeen different colors are employed in the print, which is set off by a molded basketweave border. The price is $17.50. Reproduction No. 2 is of a plate from a "private service" made in the Imperial Porcelain Factory at St. Petersburg about 1760 for Empress Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great—an opulent, and yet restrained and elegant, latticework pat-

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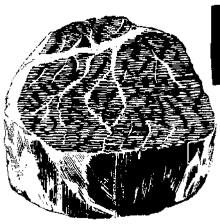

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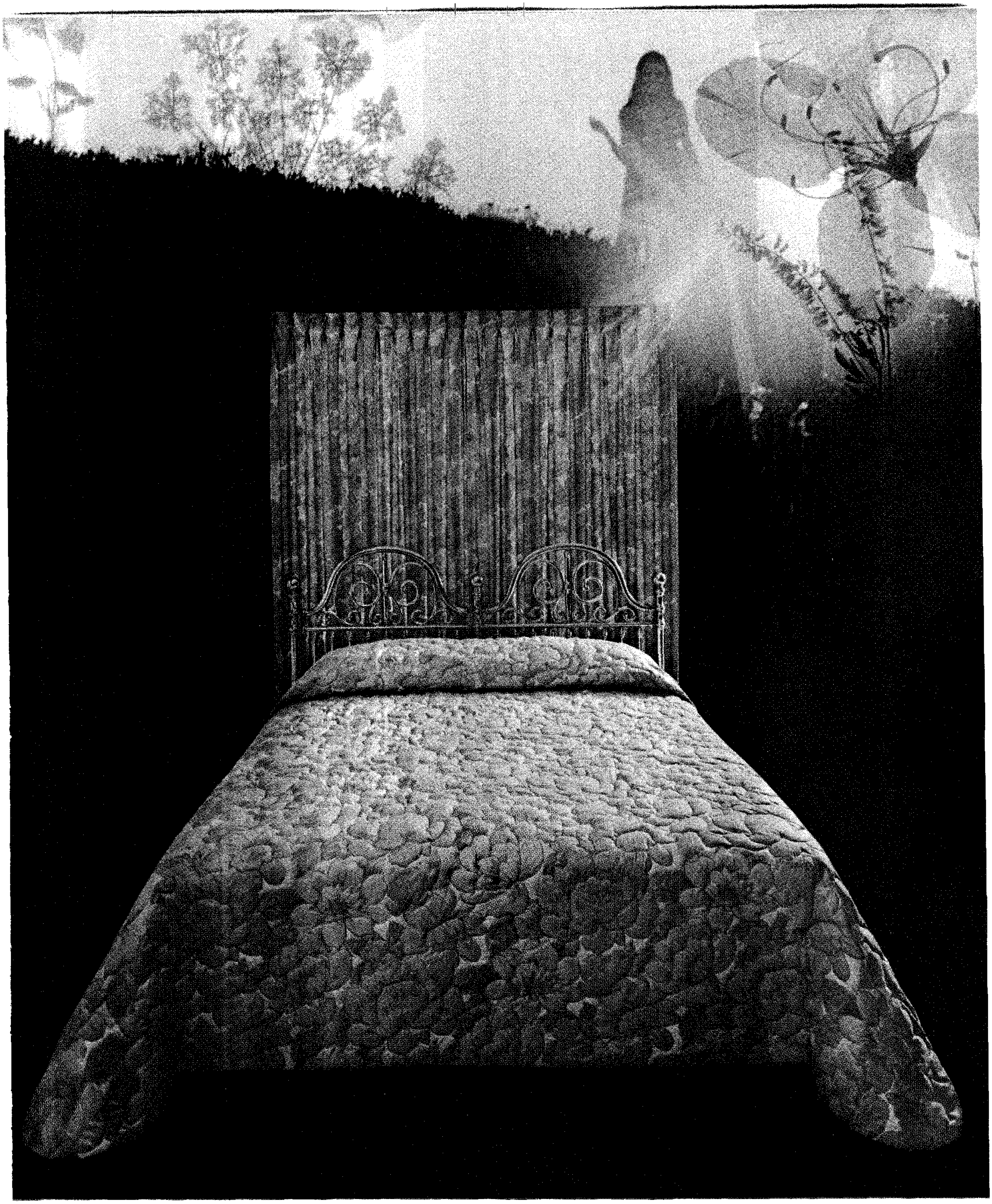

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tern of magenta and gold, which diminishes in size as it spirals toward the center. Wherever the delicate gold bands of the trellis intersect, a small, five-petalled magenta flower appears, and all this is repeated in relief beneath the colors; $50.

Also new at the Museum Gift Shop are twelve eighteenth-century delft calendar plates, priced at $22.50 each, whose originals were given to the Museum by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1927. Each blue-and-white plate (nine and one-eighth inches in diameter) depicts, in very fine, sharp detail, a different activity, such as haying, skating, planting, shearing, or courting, and bears the name of a month. These plates have great charm. In the Gift Shop's glass department, a quilted diamond-and-sunburst pattern has been added to the American three-mold glass that the Museum began to reproduce a few years ago. A set of four tumblers three and a half inches high is $12.95, and a matching decanter, ten and a half inches high, with an acorn stopper, is $15. To pick up one of the tumblers is to be agreeably surprised by its lightness. A Victorian sugar bowl and creamer decorated with a magnet-and-grape pattern are $27.50, and the sugar bowl is available alone for $16. These come in clear glass or sapphire-blue. The sugar bowl is in the form of a goblet with a domed lid surmounted by a knob in the shape of an acorn squash, and it stands eight and three-quarter inches tall and holds a pound of sugar. These "commanding proportions" moved the writer of the Museum's catalogue to remark that "in the democracy of the American kitchen the diners might be said to sit around the sugar rather than below the salt," and to point out, for the benefit of those who wish to use the bowl as a candy dish, that "expert measure calculates its capacity at 200 sugared almonds."

Among the Gift Shop's redoubtable silver reproductions, take note of a wonderfully designed little spice caster (three and seven-eighths inches in height), with a pierced domed lid, a banded base, and a graceful S-shaped handle, whose original was made by William Jones, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, around 1730, for a couple named Humphrey and Abigail Devereaux. It costs $55. A little spoon (four and a half inches long) with a fluted, scallop-shell bowl and floral engravings on the handle, is a replica of one made by Paul Revere, and costs $4.95.

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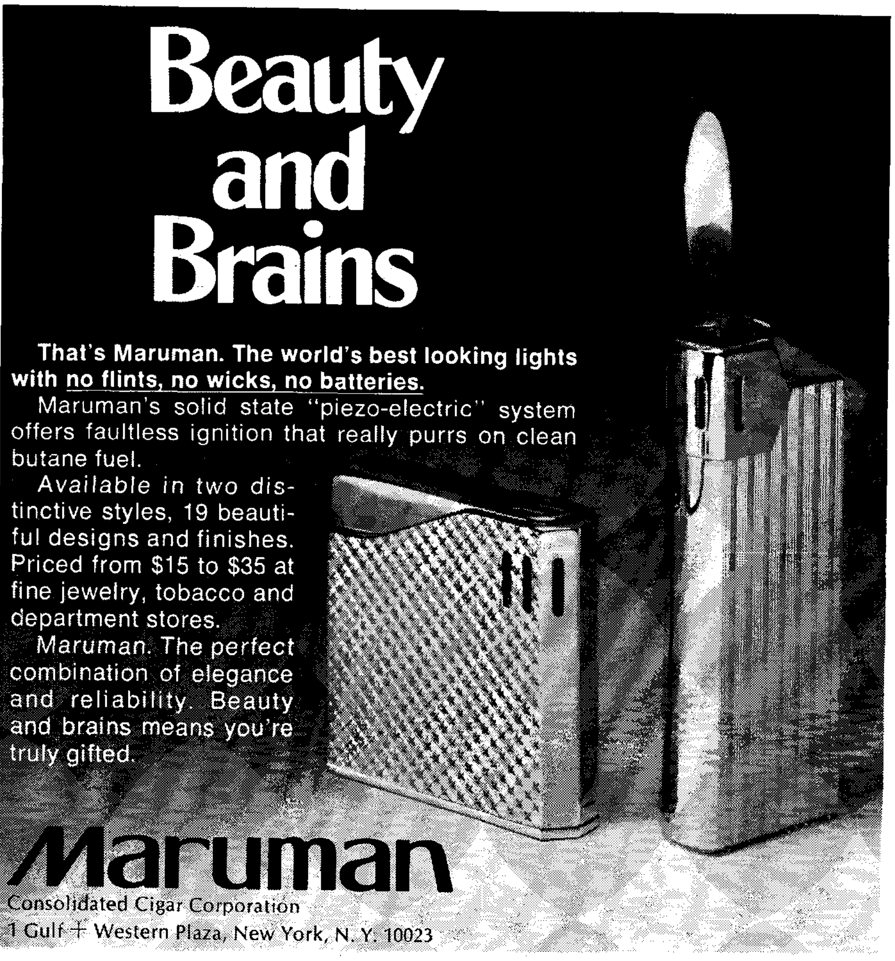

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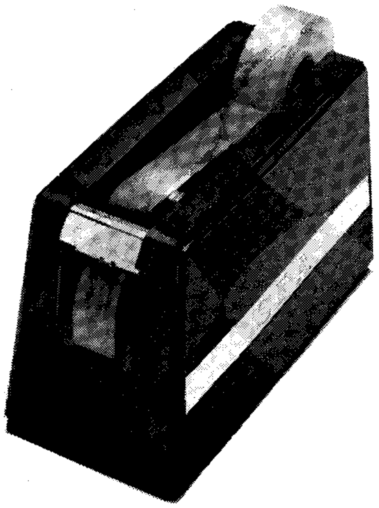

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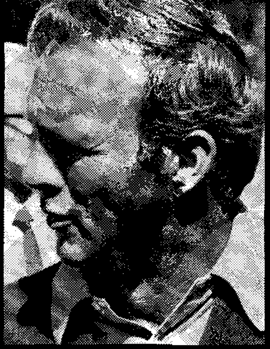

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calendar is called "Beasts of Earth and Air," and it is a worthy successor to the superb "Flowers for All Seasons," of 1971. Color and black-and-white photographs of paintings, sculpture, fabrics, porcelains, screens, and manuscripts in the Museum's collections (or details therefrom) pertaining to birds, mammals, and reptiles face the days of the week printed in handsome black calligraphic type on white paper. Selections include the "Unicorn in Captivity" tapestry; a detail from one of the "Peaceable Kingdom"s; a Greek vase showing a horse race; a seventeenth-century Japanese box top showing mice destroying a fan; a detail from Renoir's "Mme. Charpentier and her Children;" twentieth-century Eskimo carvings; a detail from a Rowlandson watercolor; and a wooden model of a cow barn, complete with cows and farmers, made in Egypt about 2000 B.C. The author of the calendar is A. Hyatt Mayor (the author of "Flowers for All Seasons"), and, in addition to a fine introduction, he has written a short paragraph or found a suitable quotation to accompany each of the fifty-four selections. In almost all cases, the strain of such an undertaking does not show, and in some instances, such as in the quoting of

My name is Benjamin Jowett,
I'm master of Balliol College,
If anything's known, I know it,
And what I don't know isn't
knowledge

opposite a sculpture of the Egyptian god Thot in the form of a baboon, the joys of the task are manifest. The calendar comes boxed for mailing, and the price is $2.75.

Another calendar that agreeably reflects the personality of its author—in this case, to be exact, its authors—is "A Literary Calendar," by Thomas and Susan Cahill. A wall/desk calendar, eleven inches by fourteen and a half, commemorating the birthdays of dead and living writers, this one is illustrated with twelve black-and-white photographs of handsome urban and rural landscapes accompanied by a quotation from one of the authors born during the month faced by the reproduction. People who wonder if there can possibly be anything to astrology will realize, upon learning that A. E. Housman, Robert Frost, and Tennessee Williams were all born on the same day (March 26th), that there cannot. Other nice conjunctions are Pierre Abélard and Charlotte Brontë (April 21st), John Calvin and Marcel Proust (July 10th), Nietzsche and P. G. Wodehouse (October 15th), and

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Shakespeare and Vladimir Nabokov (April 23rd). The New York Public Library and Bloomingdale's bookshop sell the calendar for $3.

The Museum of Modern Art's 1973 engagement calendar ($3.95) is entitled "Landscape," and its fifty-four color and black-and-white reproductions of landscapes owned by the Museum form a kind of treatise on the variety of the forms of modern art. The selections include Braque's "Road Near l'Estaque," Matisse's "The Blue Window," Klimt's "The Park," Sheeler's "American Landscape," Magritte's "Empire of Light, II," Jasper Johns' "Map," Léger's "The Gas Pump," van Gogh's "The Starry Night," and Allan D'Arcangelo's "Highway U.S. 1, Number 5." The still living and breathing question "Is photography Art?" is answered in the affirmative by this calendar, which admits ten photographs into its elect company, among them a marvellous Rousseau-like work by Ansel Adams entitled "Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico," and a priceless piece of social satire by Joel Meyerowitz entitled "Los Angeles," whose affinity with and superiority to the work of the photo-realist school of painting raises a whole new set of questions.

One of the events of the year was an exhibition of photographs by Jacques Henri Lartigue, held jointly this fall at the Witkin and Neikrug Galleries, to mark the publication of a limited-edition portfolio of ten of Lartigue's photographs. The exhibition is over, but the portfolio—than which we can think of no more magnificent Christmas present—is still available, for $1,150, at the Witkin Gallery, 243 East 60th Street, and at Neikrug, 224 East 68th Street. These are "original" prints (as opposed to reproductions), made from Lartigue's negatives, in handsome sepia tones, and they are matted and signed, and accompanied by an introduction by Anaïs Nin and a brief statement by Lartigue. Most of the photographs in the show (available for from $160 to $200 each) and in the portfolio were taken in the early nineteen-hundreds, and the fact that Lartigue is still alive and is still taking pictures seems astonishing until you take in the even more astonishing fact that Lartigue was only ten or so when he took the pictures for which he is most celebrated. Everyone who sees a Lartigue photograph thinks immediately of Proust; these pictures provide the most uncanny equivalent of the images that form in the mind as one reads "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu"—uncanny because it is not a

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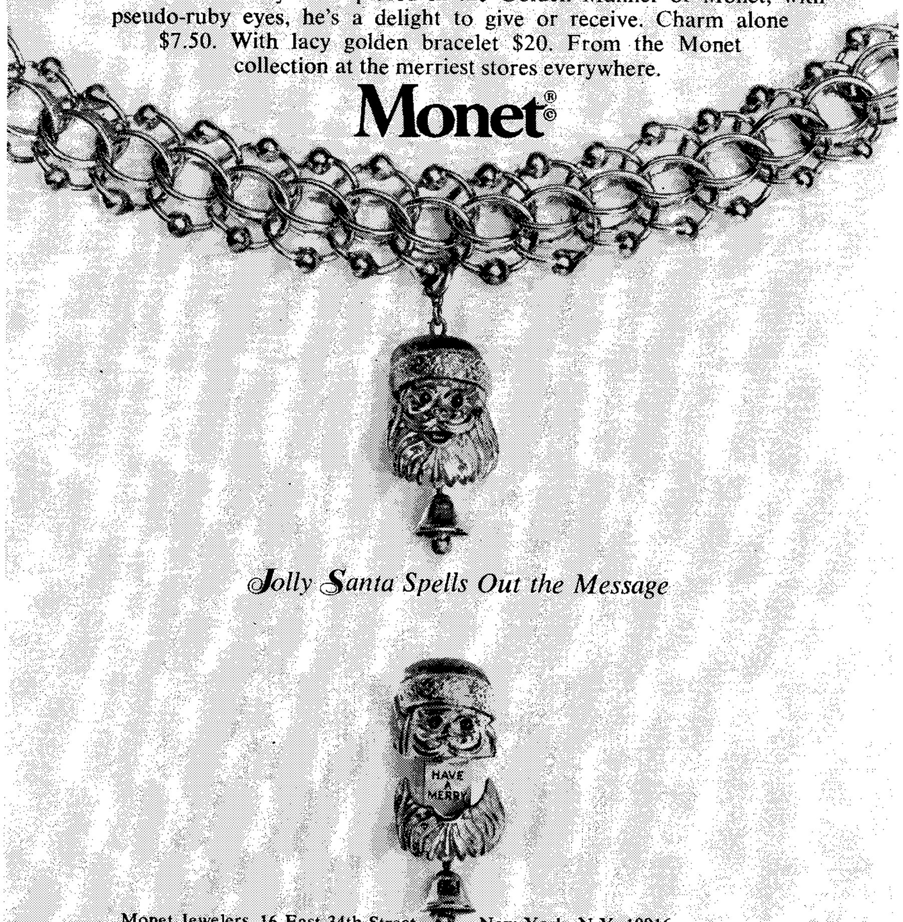

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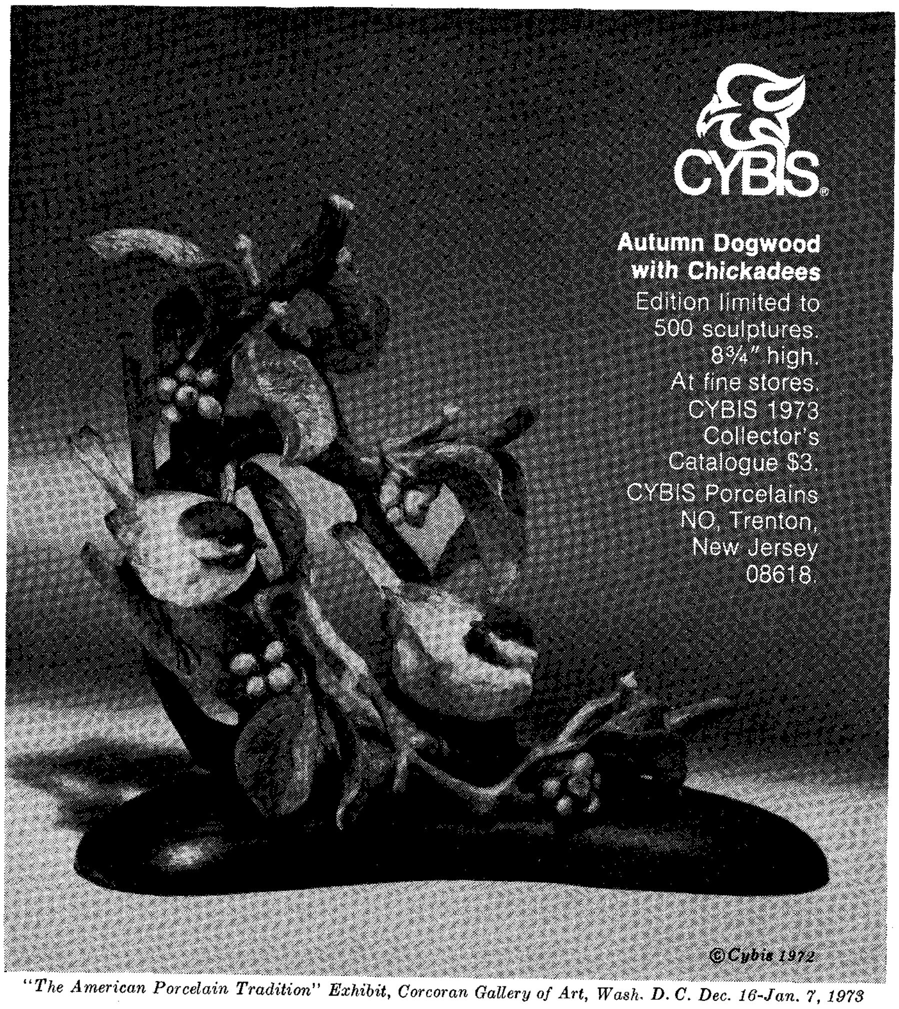

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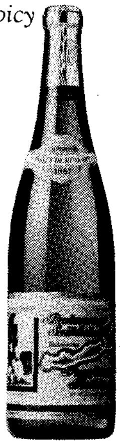

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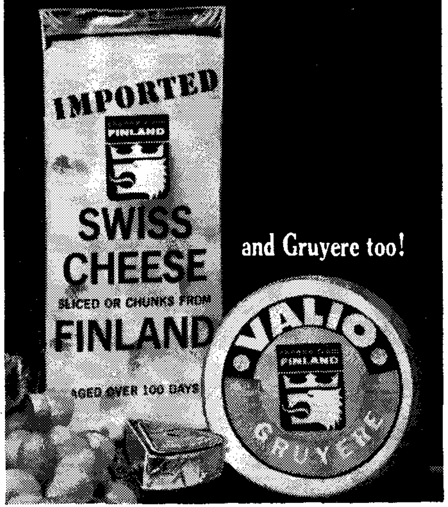

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mere coincidence of time and place and class that links the little boy with the enormous camera to the writer in the cork-lined room but also a consonance of vision. The feeling of *déjà vu* produced by the Witkin-Neikrug prints is even more strongly present in a book of Lartigue's photographs accompanied by excerpts from his journal. The book, entitled "Diary of a Century" ($27.50 in the Viking hard cover and $12 in the Museum of Modern Art paperback), edited by Richard Avedon, and designed by Bea Feitler, contains most of the pictures in the Witkin-Neikrug show and many more besides. From "my first photograph of Papa and Maman," taken in 1902, when he was six, to "Simone on her seventy-fifth birthday," taken in 1970, Lartigue adheres to his quest for the moment of pure happiness, and, with his images of a golden childhood peopled by delightful playmates and benevolent parents and uncles and nannies and, later, of an adulthood peopled by beautiful women, he documents its palpable reality. Life's sadness is not omitted from the account—war, the death of a beloved relative, the betrayal of a wife, the miseries of old age are given their due place in the record—but it does not *dis*place the happiness that, as Lartigue writes, "is an element, which, like air, is *everywhere*." Proust put the matter this way:

> Several times in the course of a year I would hear my grandfather tell at table the story, which never varied, of the behavior of M. Swann the elder upon the death of his wife, by whose bedside he had watched day and night. My grandfather, who had not seen him for a long time, hastened to join him at the Swanns' family property on the outskirts of Combray, and managed to entice him for a moment, weeping profusely, out of the death-chamber, so that he should not be present when the body was laid in its coffin. They took a turn or two in the park, where there was a little sunshine. Suddenly M. Swann seized my grandfather by the arm and cried, "Oh, my dear old friend, how fortunate we are to be walking here together on such a charming day! Don't you see how pretty they are, all these trees—my hawthorns, and my new pond, on which you have never congratulated me? You look as glum as a nightcap. Don't you feel this little breeze? Ah! whatever you may say, it's good to be alive all the same . . ."

●

DELHI: Surjit Shah has just published his first collection of short stories. He's aged three.

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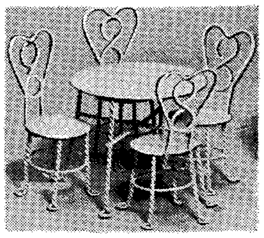

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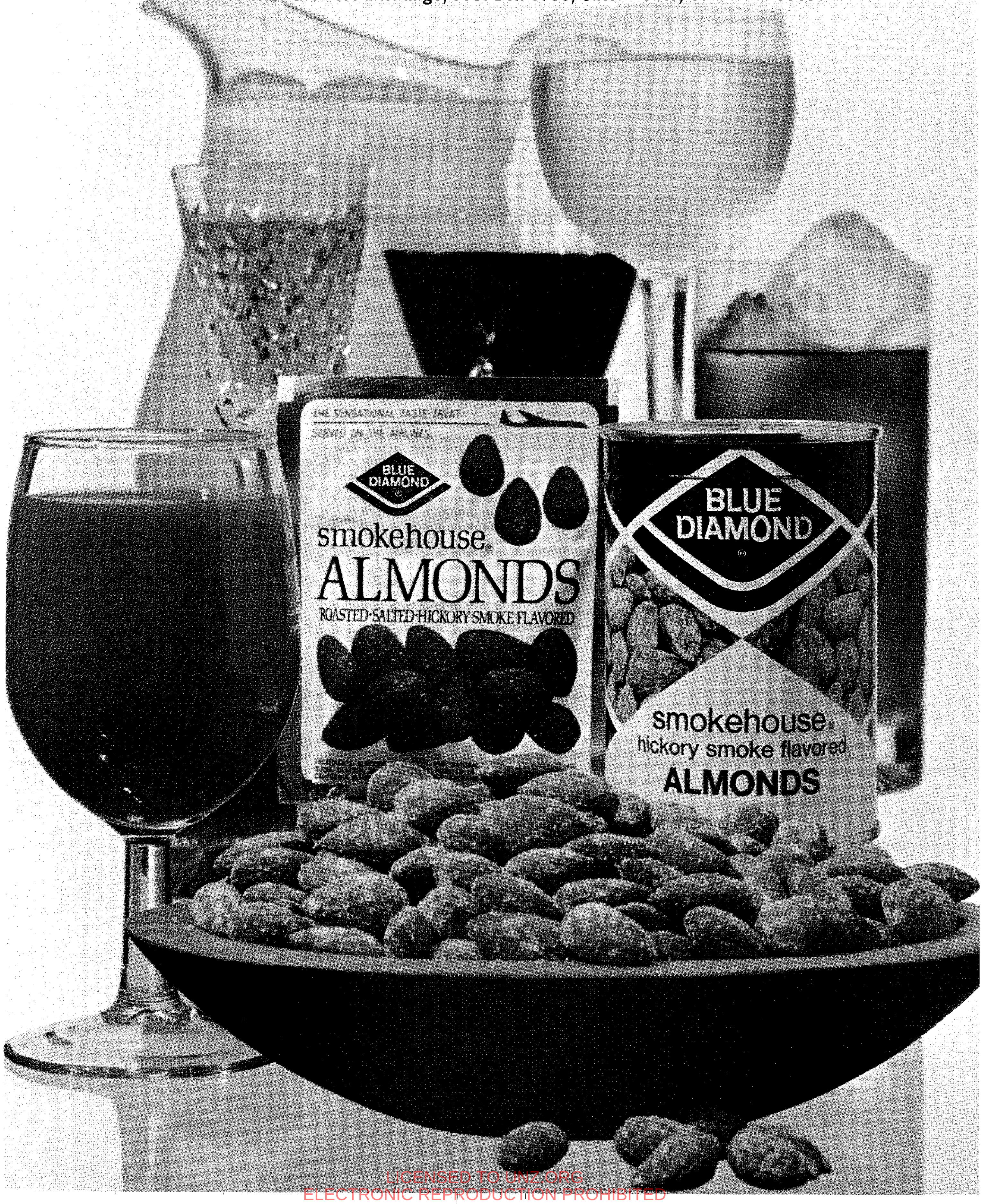

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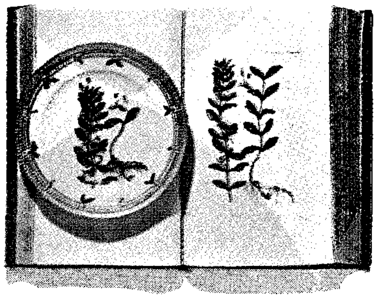

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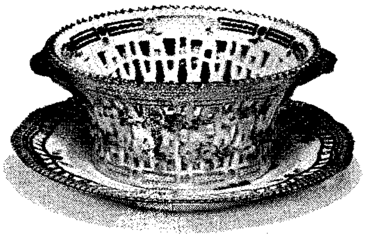

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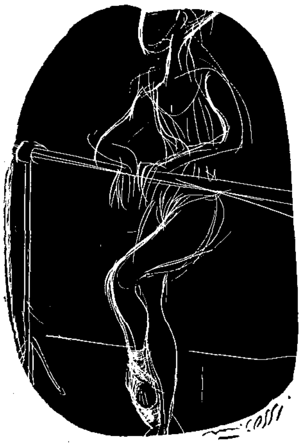
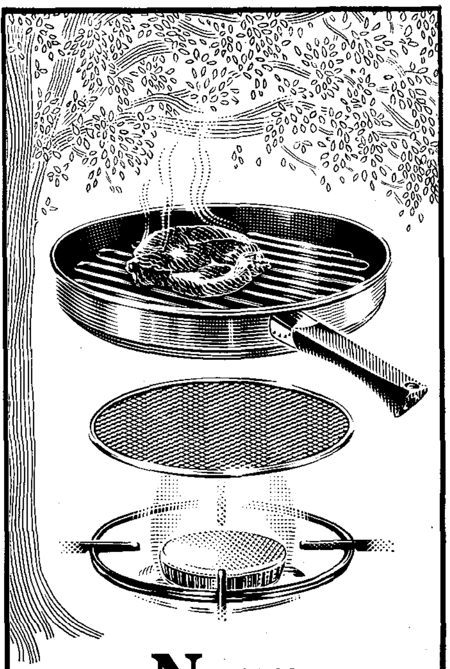
MUSICAL EVENTS

Northwest Passage

A CHAIN of opera companies spans the West Coast from San Diego to Seattle, and over the border to Vancouver. Seattle is a place where "Opera Lives." Buttons and bumpers proclaim it. The management of the Seattle Opera points with pride to figures that show a higher proportion of opera-attending populace than can be found in any other American city. As a rule, each production is given seven times: four times in the original language, with international artists; thrice in English, with the resident company. The Opera House is a handsome, comfortable, friendly building that seats just over three thousand people; it dates from the 1962 World's Fair. On my visit, earlier this month, I found work in progress on the company's long-term plan of staging the "Ring" and preparing audiences for it, a "Manon Lescaut" in design, and a "Faust" in dress rehearsal. Though reviewing a show on the basis of a rehearsal is inadmissible, the merits of the Marguerite can fairly be noted. Margarita Kyriaki, Greek-born, Graz-based, singing for the first time in America, has a supple, well-schooled soprano. Its timbre is darkly lustrous, well knit, lyrical, distinctive. She phrases in long, shapely spans. She should also be very good in roles like Amelia in "Boccanegra," Desdemona, and Eva in "Die Meistersinger."



IN Vancouver, there was Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," with Joan Sutherland as heroine. Miss Sutherland chose Seattle for her first Lakmé and first "Hoffmann" heroines in French, Vancouver for her first Norma, and now the Borgia—a role that suits her very well. Among Donizetti's middle operas, "Lucrezia Borgia" ranks high. It dates from 1833, the year of "Il Furioso," "Parisina," and "Torquato Tasso"—fine and unusual pieces all. The libretto, by Felice Romani after Victor Hugo, has some unusual features. For one, there is no love interest: Gennaro, the tenor, feels a distinct attraction toward the beautiful woman who wakes him with a kiss (on the hand) in the Prologue, but embarks on no love duet—which is just as well, since he learns in the last few moments of the opera that she is, in fact, his mother. For another, there are no big, set spectacles, no processions or dances or elaborate crowd scenes—just an offstage *festa* as backdrop to the action of the Prologue, and a brief party in Act II. The women of the chorus are scarcely used. In this concentration on the principals, varied by male-voice choruses, "Lucrezia" recalls another opera based on Hugo. Verdi, when he turned "Le Roi S'Amuse" into "Rigoletto," may have remembered the parallel between the two dramas drawn by the playwright in his preface to "Lucrèce Borgia" and repeated by Romani in his foreword to the libretto. In one play of this "bilogy," said Hugo, we find "physical deformity sanctified by paternal emotion;" in the other, "moral deformity purified by maternal emotion." "Purified" is rather strong. Lucrezia is not a nice woman. Though she feels warmly toward her son, once she thinks he is safely out of town she poisons off his five best friends. With unveiled menace she sings to the spouse, Alfonso d'Este, who has crossed her, "Take care, Don Alfonso, my *fourth* husband!" Donizetti makes frequent use of the friends as a male-voice quintet (stretching the term to include, along the top line, the transvestite contralto, Orsini). The predominance of low voices, both choral and solo, gives to the score of "Lucrezia" a rich tonality; the single soprano role of the heroine stands out in high relief. The forms are similarly unconventional. Only the bass, Alfonso, sings a straightforward full-scale aria with cabaletta. The soprano has a brief and beautiful *romanza*, "Come è bello," the tenor his "Di pescator" (set into a duet), the contralto a little narrative song and the famous *brindisi*, both with a refrain from the companions. All the rest is duet, trio, or ensemble, carefully and richly composed, until we reach Lucrezia's final bravura outburst, over the corpse of her son. Even this defies convention by juxtaposing slow and fast sections in a single, repeated stanza. (The number



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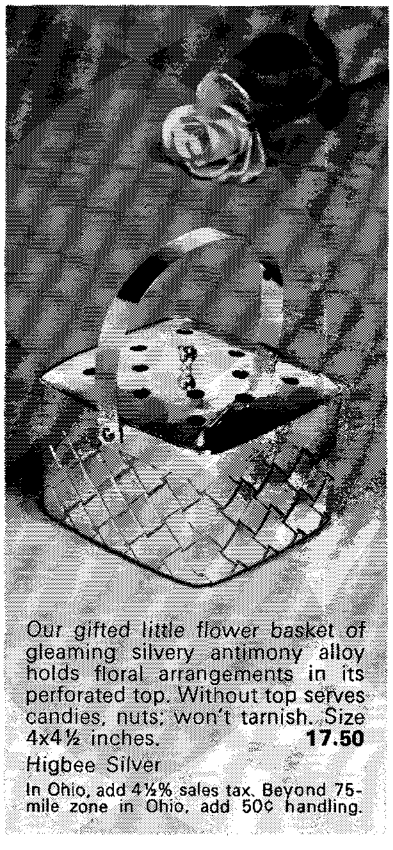

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was included, we are told, only at the insistence of the first Lucrezia, against the wishes of composer and librettist; in that case, Méric-Lalande's dramatic instincts were sounder than theirs.) The surge and impetus of the score are considerable. Each scene is dynamically constructed, and the music drives forward with the action. Some of the melodies have close counterparts in Verdi's "Il Trovatore." There are impressive strokes. At the climax of the Prologue the quintet cries "È la Borgia!" in bare octaves, doubled by menacing brass, as the mask is torn from the heroine's face. (Gautier left a vivid description of Giulia Grisi's Lucrezia at this moment: "Features pale as if cut in marble, and defiant, flashing eyes.") The second verses of "Come é bello" and of "Di pescator" are not straight repeats; in the former, there are subtle variations of the vocal line; in the other, little changes of melody and harmony sensitive to the words. A brief colloquy between rival rogues, sent by Duke and by Duchess to Gennaro (this encounter suggests that of Mime and Alberich in "Siegfried"), could easily have been treated as an episode of no great musical importance; instead, Donizetti writes a flowing instrumental melody, wittily scored, dovetails into it the *parlante* exchanges, and creates a little gem of a scene.

Richard Bonynge conducted the Vancouver Symphony with spirit, with style, with appreciation of the orchestral colors and chivalrous attention to the vocal phrasing. Beverly Fyfe's chorus was well prepared. José Varona's set—a single construction, differently decked for each scene—was bold, and good to look at, Irving Guttman's production straightforward and sensible. In such a frame the singers must have found it easy to give of their best. During that tender *romanza* in her first scene, Miss Sutherland could not be acquitted of mooching along the vocal line, sounding droopy when she aimed to be delicate, but as soon as the Borgia was angered the soprano became energetic. Her rhythms were incisive, her tones flashing. Her performance was both brilliant and passionate—perhaps her most exciting achievement since the Scala Semiramide. The role of Lucrezia gives scope not only to the accuracy and agility of her voice but also to its amplitude and power. Miss Sutherland should surely be adding Abigail in "Nabucco," Lady Macbeth, and Hélène in "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" to her repertory. Huguette Tourangeau's Orsini had the right sparky quality. Her *brindisi* sounded like a madcap

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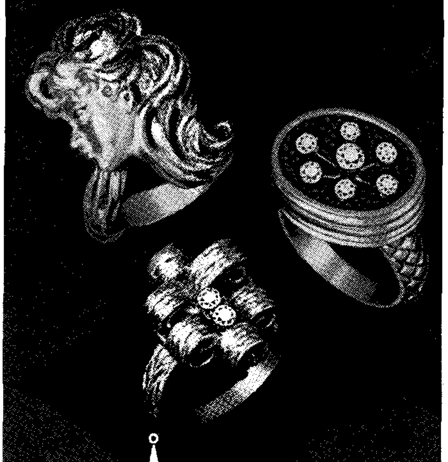

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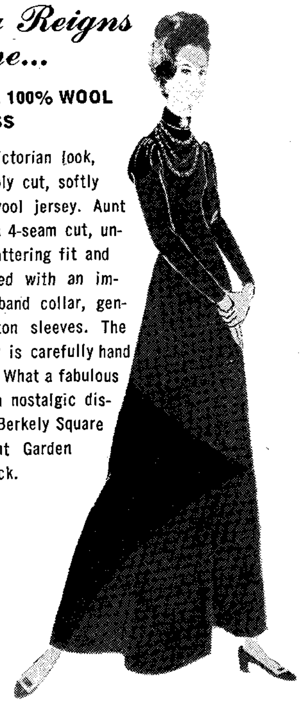

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improvisation, and there was an astonishing moment in the second verse when, from the heart of a low note, there suddenly shone and swelled a high note two octaves above. John Alexander, the Gennaro, is a tenor who gets steadily better. The timbre may be rather plain, not individual, but his singing is at once fluent, elegant, and manly. In successive revivals of the opera, Donizetti enlarged the tenor role: for Napoleone Moriani, the *tenore della bella morte*, he devised a beautiful death, a G-major larghetto, which is the most romantically Verdian passage of the score, and this was by Mr. Bonynge rightly included; for Mario, the composer added a suave cantabile air in Act II, "Anch'io provai le tenere," and a different, elegantly amorous one for Nicholas Ivanoff, "T'amo, qual s'ama un angelo." The Ivanoff air, the autograph of which is now in the Morgan Library, was chosen for Vancouver, and with it Mr. Alexander made a great effect. Alfonso, a bass role (composed for Luciano Mariani, Bellini's Count Rodolfo in "La Sonnambula"), has long been adopted by baritones; by Louis Quilico it was securely and imposingly sung. Donizetti revivals, when carelessly undertaken, with emphasis only on a prima donna, or crudely cut, ineptly staged, can be sorry, insubstantial—or, at best, one-sided—affairs. This Vancouver "Lucrezia," however, was at all points strong. So well done, it proved to be an opera well worth doing. —ANDREW PORTER

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

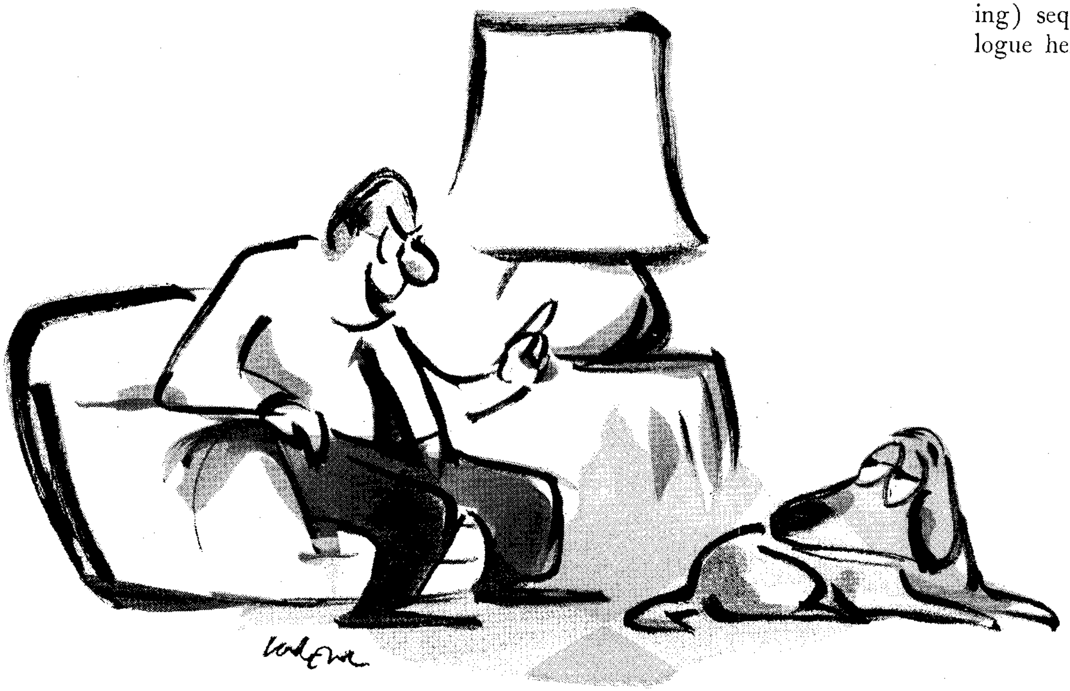
Foundering Fathers

WHAT could be more soul-curdling than a Broadway folk operetta featuring the founding fathers, and double-entendres, and national tragedy? The movie version. The opening of "1776" is perfectly timed for post-election regression, and Thanksgiving and Christmas at the Music Hall, and maybe Easter, too. Even before the titles, we're treated to a little cornball joke about whether the Rhode Island militia should have matching uniforms; this cues you in to the finicky silliness of the American Revolution. "1776" is shameless: first it exploits the founders of this country as cute, clodhopping fools, and then it turns pious and reverential, asking us to see that their compromise on the issue of slavery may look like a sellout but was the only way to win the unity needed to break away from England—that what they did we would have done, too. So it sends us home better, more mature Americans, presumably. "Ah, yes," we are meant to think, "it was the only way, but . . ." Yocks and uplift—that's the formula. And, of course, a thick padding of mediocrity. Put it all together and you may have a hit, a musical "Airport."

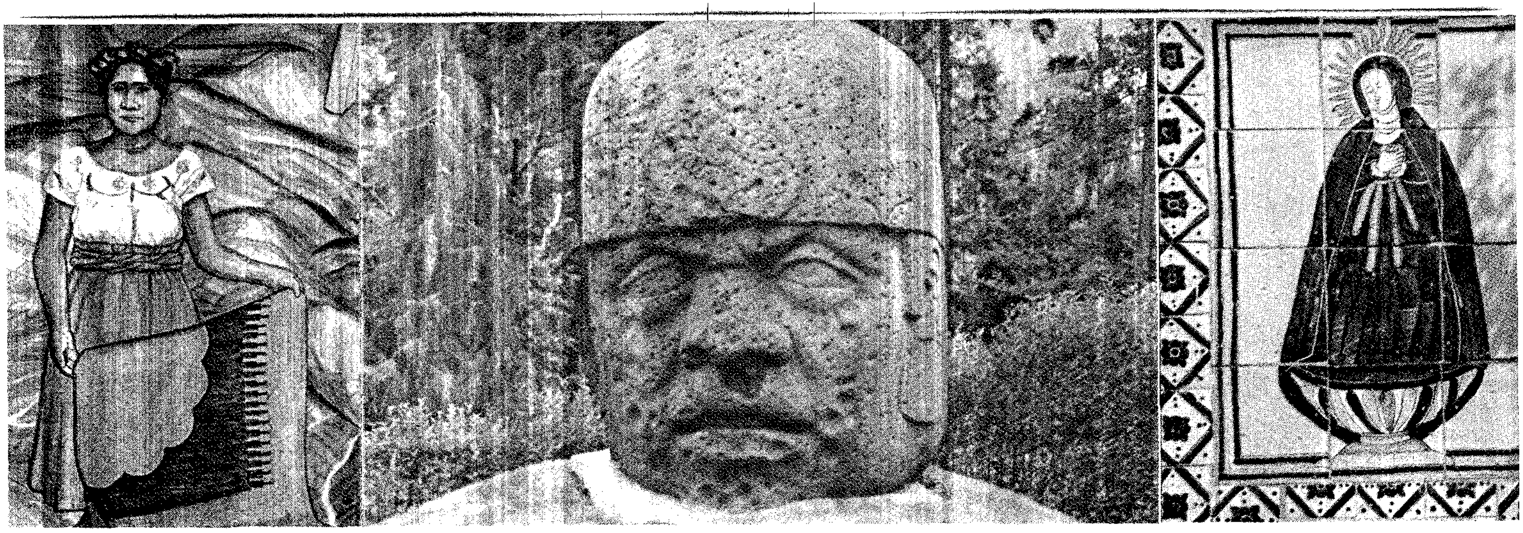
The actors who impersonate the men gathered at the Second Continental Congress snicker and guffaw and josh each other, and the director Peter H. Hunt's idea of camera movement is to follow them as they scamper about. His camera is as busy as a nervous puppy chasing its master. The dialogue features current slang, for sure cackles, and frisky anachronisms, for belly laughs. The actors are like kids dressed up as lovable old codgers. John Adams, the sparkplug of this Revolution, is the sarcastic schoolboy who shows off his smartiness and makes himself unpopular (the prim William Daniels), and his snoozing sidekick is Benjamin Franklin (that blue-ribbon coy attention-getter and overactor Howard Da Silva). Thomas Jefferson (Ken Howard) moons for his bride, Martha (Blythe Danner), and can't write the Declaration of Independence until that pandering cupid Ben Franklin sends for her; Franklin and Adams, eager for their Declaration, wait outside, chortling, while the couple go to bed. This movie says, Behind every great man, and underneath him, too. Afterward, Franklin and Adams dance with the bride while Jefferson writes the paper. Everything is trivialized: the Congress rocks with laughter at sex jokes and toilet jokes. The show doesn't even have enough spirit to be campy; it's just arch—about a quarter of the way to camp. It might be possible to take the beginning as some sort of low-burlesque *opéra bouffe* if it had style or buoyancy, or any good jokes, but when you realize that this is priming you to accept the switcheroo to pseudo-seriousness, when that paper becomes a life-and-death issue, how is it possible not to be offended? The show is nothing if not "relevant": the melodramatic peak comes when the Southerner Edward Rutledge (John Cullum) sings the rousing "Molasses to Rum"—demonstrating that New Englanders are involved in the slave trade—so the show can prove it's not afraid of the tough issues. Slavery and its consequences are treated in the most impassioned musical-comedy style before being laid to a reassuring rest. After the show degrades the men into yokel jokers, it asks us to see their dignity and stature; when the sneering villain, John Dickinson (Donald Madden), reveals his hidden streak of patriotism and gallantry, it's one cheap piece of melodrama upon another. Our history is turned into a mincing, childish romp, and then further exploited to fill us with surges of national pride.

Peter Stone wrote the original show and adapted it for the screen, and Sherman Edwards conceived it (what a pregnancy was there!) and did the music and lyrics; they touch every Broadway base they can—they even throw in an anti-war song ("Momma Look Sharp") that is about as appropriate as the double-entendre number Martha Jefferson sings about her husband's "fiddle" after she gets out of bed. There's the obvious Broadway "showstopper"—a comic number about "The Lees of Old Virginia," delivered by Richard Henry Lee (Ron Holgate) as if he were a hillbilly eunuch at the Grand Ole Opry. Most of the other songs are just glorified recitative. The single most unbelievable (and revolting) sequence is a soul-searching dialogue held in the bell loft of the Liberty Bell between John Adams and a vision of his wife, Abigail (Virginia Vestoff); he sings, if you will forgive me for saying so, a song called "Commitment." The demagogic self-conceit of this sequence is so vast and so apparently unconscious that the dialogue and the lyrics deserve to be immortalized in the cement in front of Grauman's Chinese.

"1776" is a hymn to self-righteous commerce. Stone and Edwards have the kind of commitment you can take to the bank. This show had to be made into a movie; where but in Hollywood do they put crests and monograms on hair shirts? "1776" probably can't fail,



"Feign indifference."



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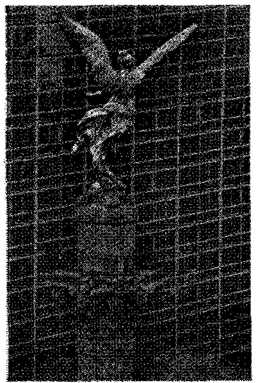

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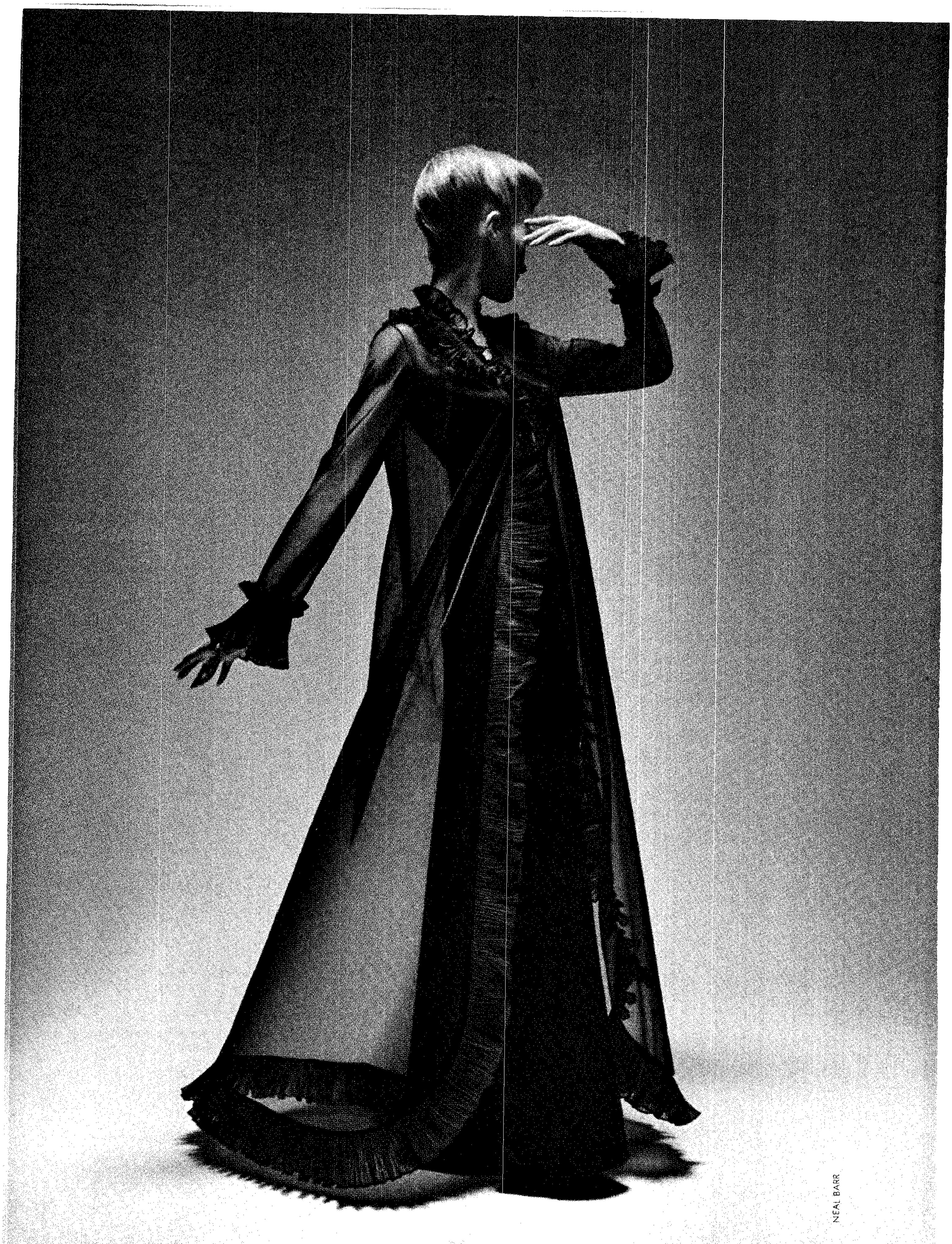

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because it has those gulping, throat-clogging emotions for the suckers. I guess this is a movie for people like the Sally Kellerman nurse in "M*A*S*H" before she snapped out of it—for the Regular Army clowns and their liberal-clown cousins. Why else are the two women turned into lyrical, hair-flowing Jeanette MacDonalds, so soft-focus, ultra-wonderful feminine that you feel Sigmund Romberg will rise and write "One Alone" all over again? W. C. Fields would have eaten them both for breakfast. Blythe Danner is pretty, and Ken Howard is a little more restrained than most of the others, but what does it matter? The dumb, crusty jocularity had me shrinking in my seat. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment; it may go on to reap millions and collect awards. Can this show really please multitudes of Americans? Have we lost the capacity for knowing when we're insulted?

"THE Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book," by Arlene Croce, has verve and wit, like the series of musicals it covers. Movie criticism suffered a loss when, in the mid-sixties, Miss Croce abandoned the field and gave most of her energies to dance criticism; now she has joined her two major talents. No one has ever described dance in movies the way she does: she's a slangy, elegant writer; her compressed descriptions are evocative and analytic at the same time, and so precise and fresh that while bringing the pleasure of the dances back she adds to it. There is a sense of pressure in her style that has something like the tension and pull of the dances themselves. Her descriptions are original and imperially brusque in a way that keeps the reader alert; one responds to her writing kinesthetically, as if it were dance. This small book, published this week by Outerbridge & Lazard, and about half text, half photographs (with two flip-page dances, of which one is effective, the other badly cropped), is a history of the team and an assessment of its place in dance and movie history, and also an acute examination of how movies were made in the factory-system days. We learn who did what on those musicals and how they "happened," and yet, just as Astaire never lets you see the hard work, so that his dances appear to be spontaneous, Miss Croce doesn't present the history as history; she lets it come in casually, jauntily, as she covers the series of films, fitting the background material to the il-

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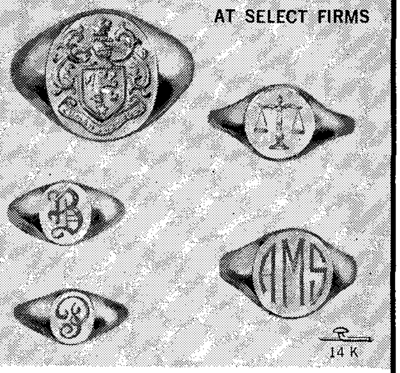

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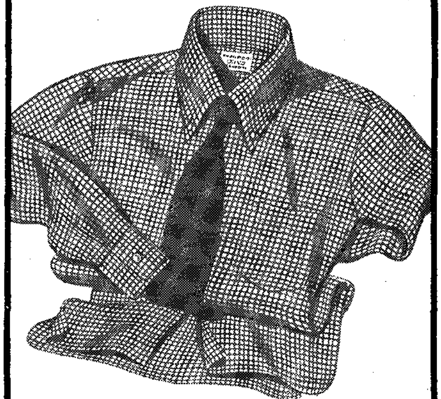

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lustrated section on each movie. There are times when one may want her to expand on a point or explain, but the reward of her brevity is the same achieved nonchalance that she prizes in these movies; it comes out of her controlled ecstatic response to the dances. Here is a sentence of Miss Croce's on Astaire in the "I Won't Dance" number from "Roberta":

> Two big Cossacks have to carry him protesting onto the dance floor, and there he does his longest and most absorbing solo of the series so far, full of stork-legged steps on toe, wheeling pirouettes in which he seems to be winding one leg around the other, and those ratcheting tap clusters that fall like loose change from his pockets.

And here a fragment on Astaire's singles:

> With him, a dance impulse and a dramatic motive seem to be indivisible and spontaneous, so that we get that little kick of imaginative sympathy every time he changes the rhythm or the speed or the pressure of a step. And though we don't perceive the dance as "drama," the undertone of motivation continually sharpens and refreshes our interest in what we do see.

And, on the pair in "Let's Face the Music and Dance," from "Follow the Fleet":

> The mood is awesomely grave. The dance is one of their simplest and most daring, the steps mostly walking steps done with a slight retard. The withheld impetus makes the dance look dragged by destiny, all the quick little circling steps pulled as if on a single thread.

Every few sentences, you're stopped by the audacity of a description or by some new piece of information; we learn what that mysterious name Van Nest Polglase in the credits actually meant, and of the writing contribution of Laurette Taylor's son Dwight Taylor, and we get such footnotes to social history as this, from the section on "Top Hat":

> The most quoted line in the film is the motto of the House of Beddini, delivered with supreme flourish by Erik Rhodes: "For the women the kiss, for the men the sword." This was originally written, "For the men the sword, for the women the whip," and was changed when the Hays office objected.

I doubt if anyone else will ever love Astaire the dancer and creator as fully as this author: the book is a homage to him and the simplicity and mastery he represents. Miss Croce documents how he choreographed the dances—improvising them with Hermes Pan, with Pan doing Rogers' steps and later training her to do them. ("With Fred

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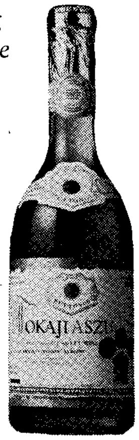

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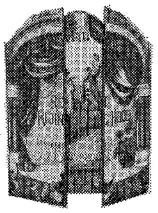

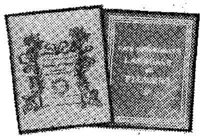

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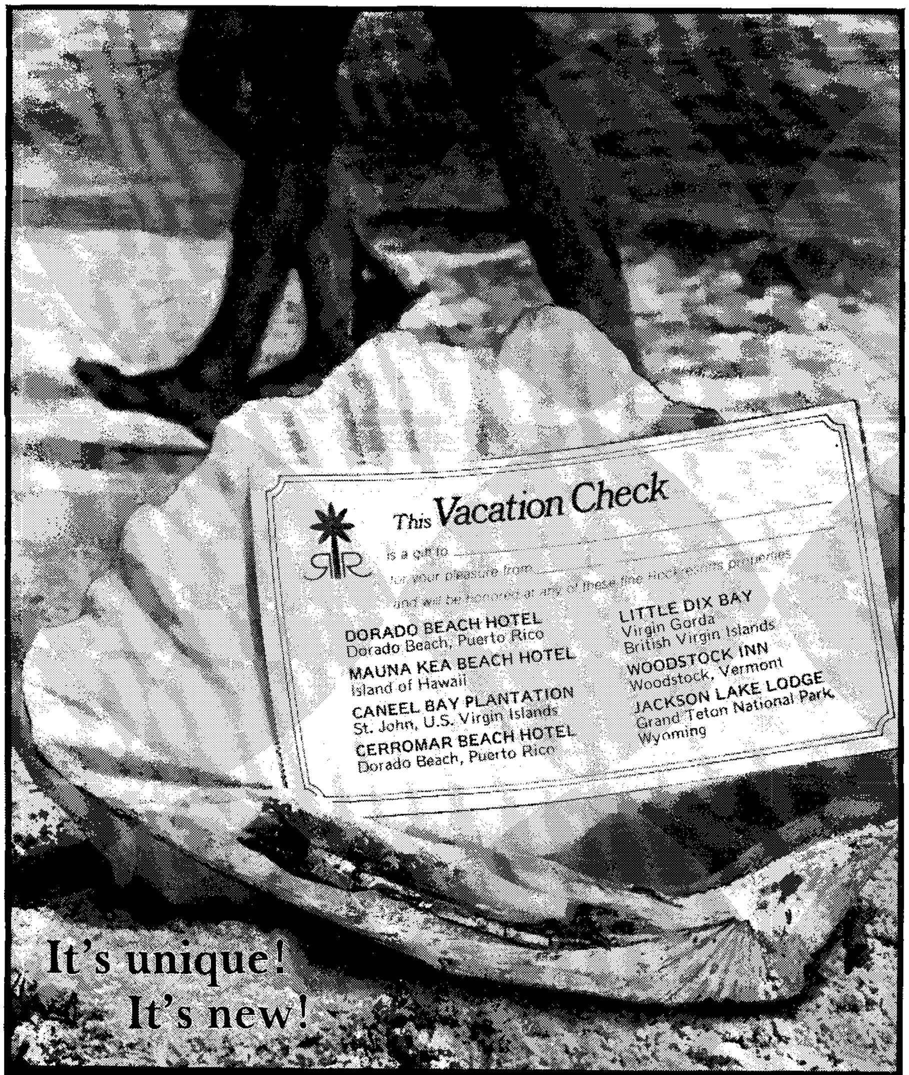
I'd be Ginger," Pan says, "and with Ginger I'd be Fred." After the dances were photographed, Hermes Pan usually dubbed in the taps for her as well.) It was Astaire himself who controlled the shooting, and he insisted that each dance be recorded in a single shot, without fakery, and without the usual cuts to the reactions of onlookers. But sometimes the ideal of "perfection within a single shot"—the dance just as it would be done for a live audience, so that moviegoers would see it as if from the best seats in a theatre—wasn't attained. There is a cut toward the close of the "Never Gonna Dance" number, in "Swing Time;" Miss Croce explains that it "may have been one of the few Astaire-Rogers dances that couldn't be filmed entirely in one continuous shot, for its climax, a spine-chilling series of pirouettes by Rogers, took forty takes to accomplish, and in the middle of shooting Rogers' feet began to bleed."

For Miss Croce, in the best Astaire-and-Rogers films ("The Gay Divorcée," "Roberta," "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," "Swing Time") something happened that "never happened in movies again"—"dancing was transformed into a vehicle of serious emotion between a man and a woman." And from this, I think, flow my disagreements with her. We have had many happy arguments about dance and movies; I suspect that they hinge on temperament. Miss Croce (she is the editor of *Ballet Review*) is a perfectionist—a romantic perfectionist. I, too, find Astaire and Rogers rapturous together, but Miss Croce's romanticism about the two leads her to ascribe a *dance* perfection to them. I think that Astaire's dry buoyancy comes through best in his solos, which are more exciting dances than the romantic ballroom numbers with Rogers. Miss Croce says Rogers' "technique became exactly what she needed in order to dance with Fred Astaire, and, as no other woman in movies ever did, she created the feeling that stirs us so deeply when we see them together: Fred need not be alone." Well, that's maybe a bit much. Of Rogers in a rare tap solo (on "Let Yourself Go," in "Follow the Fleet"), she writes, "It's easy to underrate Rogers' dancing because she never appeared to be working hard. . . . She avoided any suggestion of toil or inadequacy. She was physically incapable of ugliness." But she was certainly capable of *clumsiness* when she danced with Astaire, and you can see that she *is* working hard. She doesn't always look comfortable doing the steps—her arms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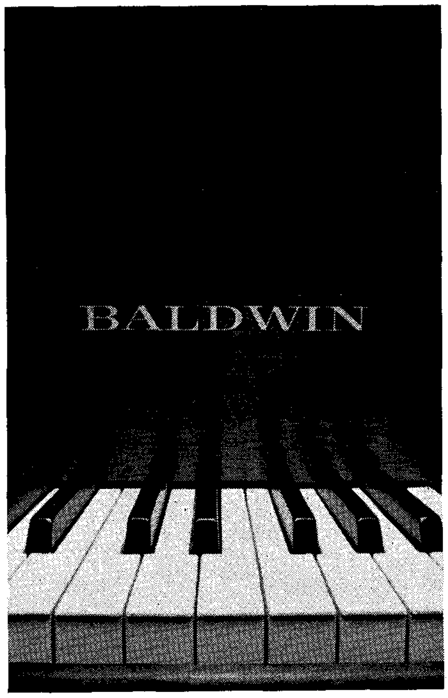

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are out of kilter, or she's off balance. And, from Miss Croce's own account of how the dances were devised, you can see why: If Astaire had improvised the choreography with Rogers instead of with Hermes Pan, Rogers would probably have worked out things that came more easily and naturally to her, and you wouldn't have the sense you often get—that it's too difficult for her and she's doing her damnedest just to get the steps right. Rogers, of course, who was making three pictures to each one of Astaire's, was too valuable a property of R.K.O.'s to be spared for these sessions (even if the men had wanted her, which is doubtful). A ballet dancer, whose technique is set in training, can accept the choreography of others far more easily than a pop dancer. In the case of this team, Astaire, with his winged body, his weightless, essentially bodiless style, devised his own personal balletistic jazz form of dance, and then Ginger Rogers had to try to fit into it. But her clumsiness is rather ingratiating; it isn't *bad*, and the choreography and the whole feeling of their dances is so romantically appealing that you don't *mind* Ginger's dancing. We don't care if Ginger Rogers isn't a *superb* dancer. (The team might be boringly ethereal if she were.) It's part of Ginger's personality that she's a tiny bit klutzy. Yes, she has that beautiful figure, which Miss Croce rightly admires, but there is also the slight grossness of her face and her uncultivated voice. What makes Ginger Rogers so unsettling, so *alive*, on the screen is the element of insensitivity and the happy, wide streak of commonness in a person of so much talent. Maybe it's her greatest asset that she always seems to have a wad of gum in her mouth. I don't mean to suggest that Miss Croce is unaware of this side of Ginger Rogers (she's at her satirical best on Rogers as an actress, and there really isn't much that Arlene Croce is unaware of)—only that she and I view it differently. Miss Croce sees it as what was *overcome* in the dance—"Astaire would turn her into a goddess;" she believes Rogers was transformed, that she "turned from brass to gold under his touch." Sure, she was Cinderella at the ball, but we still thought of her as the spunky, funny, slightly pie-faced chorus girl trying to keep up with him. Rogers seems most fully herself to me in the comic hoofing showing-off numbers, and that's when I love her dancing best; in the more decorous simulated passion of the dramatic dances with Astaire, she's not that different from other fancy

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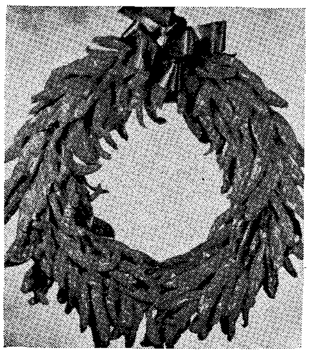

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ballroom dancers—she's not quite Ginger.

Miss Croce takes their dancing perhaps a bit too seriously, seeing it not just as heavenly romance or—as perhaps many of us did—as a dream of a date but as something more: "Astaire in his flying tails, the pliant Rogers in one of her less-is-more gowns, were an erotic vision that audiences beheld in the electric silence of the dance. Everyone knew what was happening in these dances." But how could Fred Astaire be erotic? Fred Astaire has no flesh, and I think the only conceivable "eroticism" in their dances is a sort of transfigured view of courtship and romance, a fantasy of being swept off one's feet.

I suspect it is this "Camelot" view that leads Miss Croce to be rather unfair to Gene Kelly. She says, "The major difference between Astaire and Kelly is a difference, not of talent or technique, but of levels of sophistication." I should say the difference starts with their bodies. If you compare Kelly to Astaire, accepting Astaire's debonair style as perfection, then, of course, Kelly looks bad. But in popular dance forms, in which movement is not rigidly codified, as it is in ballet, perfection is a romantic myth or a figure of speech, nothing more. Kelly isn't a winged dancer; he's a hoofer, and more earthbound. But he has warmth and range as an actor. Kelly's "natural," unaffected line readings, in a gentle, unactorish voice, probably come from the same basic sense of timing that leads Astaire to the clocked, tapped-out readings. Kelly's inflections are subtle and delicate, while his acting is slightly larger than life. He leaps into a simple scene, always "on" (as "on" as Cagney), distinctively eager and with a chesty, athletic, overdramatic exuberance that makes audiences feel good. Though there was something moist and too exposed in the young Judy Garland, Kelly and Garland, both emotional performers, had a special rapport based on tenderness. They could bring conviction to banal love scenes (as in "Summer Stock") and make them naïvely fresh. They balanced each other's talents: she joined her odd and undervalued cakewalker's prance to his large-spirited hoofing, and he joined his odd, light, high voice to her sweet, good, deep one. Their duets (such as "You Wonderful You," in "Summer Stock," and the title song in "For Me and My Gal") have a plaintive richness unlike anything in the Astaire-Rogers pictures. They could really sing together; Astaire and Rogers couldn't, despite Astaire's skill and charm when he sang alone. Astaire's grasshopper lightness was his limitation as an actor—confining him to perennial gosh-oh-gee adolescence; he was always and only a light comedian and could function only in fairy-tale vehicles. Miss Croce, for whom ballet is the highest form of dance, sees the highest, subtlest emotional resonances in the most stylized forms. I don't think she's wrong in her basic valuation of Astaire and Rogers, but she's too exclusive about it: she has set up an ideal based on Astaire which denies the value of whatever he didn't have.

What it comes down to is that Miss Croce, as in her discussion of Astaire and Rogers in "Swing Time," sees "the dance as love, the lovers as dancers;" in a funny way, Astaire and Rogers are both too likable for that, and it's the wrong kind of glorification of their frivolous mixture of romance and comedy—a fan's deification. Astaire and Rogers were fortunate: they embodied the swing-music, white-telephone, streamlined era before the Second World War, when frivolousness wasn't decadent and when adolescents dreamed that "going out" was dressing up and becoming part of a beautiful world of top hats and silver lamé. It was a lovely dream, and perhaps Miss Croce still dreams it. A possible indication of the degenerative effects of movies on our good sense is that a writer with a first-class mind can say of Astaire, after the partnership ended, "He never ceased to dance wonderfully and he has had some good dancing partners. But it is a world of sun without a moon." However, it is also because of such swoony romanticism that this writer has brought her full resources to bear on the kind of subject that generally attracts pinheads. I think it's perfectly safe to say that this is the best book that will ever be written about Astaire and Rogers.

—PAULINE KAEL

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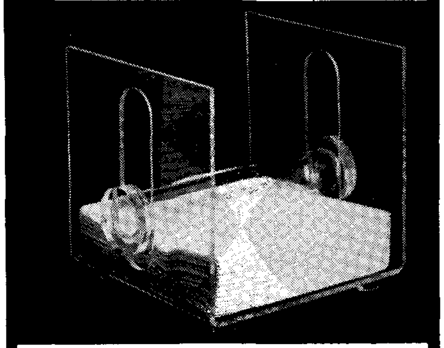

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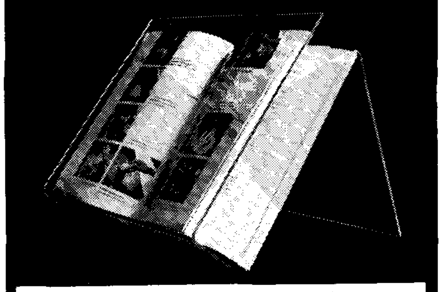

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THE RACE TRACK

Twilight Days

WE'RE getting down to the heel of the meeting at Aqueduct, and stables are on the move. Greentree, the Phipps horses, and Calumet are heading for Florida, and others will soon follow. There are still a lot of three-year-old fillies around, though. In fact, so many came out for the Long Island Handicap the other day that it was run in two divisions. The going was very muddy, and now and then a swirl of snow came down, but it was a lively ladies' affair. Mrs. Ada Rice's Primsie won the first division, and Mrs. John Franklin's Twixt the second. The Big A isn't having much luck with weather. The afternoon Decimator won the Great American, a couple of weeks ago, there were only 9,935 cash customers in the stand—the fewest since the place opened, in 1959—and the day of last week's big rain there were 10,185. Betting at the OTB shops dropped, too—from $855,482 the day before to $570,978. Perhaps OTB's customers aren't mudders.

MATCH RACES seem to be coming back. There was one between Convenience and Typecast at Hollywood Park last summer. (Convenience won.) We might have had another at Aqueduct, because just recently Sigmund Sommer bantered—that's the word horsemen used in the old days—Mrs. Mary Jones to run her Cougar II against his Autobiography for $100,000 a side, winner take all. Alfred Vanderbilt, who engineered the match in which Seabiscuit bested War Admiral at Pimlico, in 1938, when he was running the show there, was all for it, too, but Mrs. Jones declined. Instead, Cougar II will run in the Gallant Fox Handicap on December 2nd, if the footing is to his liking. Maybe Autobiography will also run.

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past, when horses were driven to chariots because they were too small to carry men on their back, up to the days of Kelso and Nijinsky. There were chariot races at the early Olympic Games, and such races reached their peak in Imperial Rome. There, at the Circus Maximus, quadrigae, which were teams of four horses abreast, started from something surprisingly like our stall gates. There's a photograph of an ancient mosaic showing one, with barred swinging doors that opened at the starter's signal. Mr. Longrigg, who races a stable in England, is at his best recounting racing there—the days of Henry VIII and the Stuarts, the great horses and characters of Georgian Britain, and the Victorian scene. He also tells entertainingly of the racing in Colonial America, and in the years before and after the Civil War, and he has a word, too, about trotting. The illustrations are magnificent: thirty-two pages of paintings in full color, and a hundred and thirty black-and-white plates. The painting by Sir Alfred Munnings on the front of the jacket, in color, should be inside.

"Horses and Courses," by David Hedges and Fred Mayer (Viking, $22.50). Mr. Hedges is the head of the International Racing Bureau, in London, and, among other things, smooths the way for writers visiting racecourses in England and on the Continent. Mr. Mayer is a photographer. Both get around, and together they have turned out an outstanding pictorial book. Mr. Hedges, a good observer and a graceful writer, takes you to Royal Ascot, Longchamp (for the Arc de Triomphe), Churchill Downs, the Big A, Belmont Park, the Curragh of Kildare, the Moscow Hippodrome (its track is only six furlongs around; I wonder if the horses get dizzy in those long races over there), Japan (a growing power in racing), and Australia, where everybody eats, sleeps, and talks racing. He also gives you a rundown on the background of the sport in many other nations, and his list of the Twelve Best Horses. Mr. Mayer's photographs, a number in color, are tops, especially those of the stable area and of horses in action. For both men, I'd like to break out the Royal Navy signal "Well done."

—AUDAX MINOR

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Evangelist of the Life Force

SURELY, George Bernard Shaw possessed more energy, physical and mental, than any other man who ever lived. I am not surprised to learn that he suffered from migraine: How else could Nature persuade him to take a rest? "Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1898-1910," published by Dodd, Mead, at twenty-five dollars, and superbly edited and indexed by Professor Dan H. Laurence, covers a period of twelve years. Professor Laurence says that he has cut passages which seemed to him repetitious or trivial. (He has also corrected the spellings, for Shaw, it seems, like his fellow-Irishman Yeats, was a poor speller.) Even so, they run to nearly a thousand pages. When one remembers all the other things he was doing—writing and often directing his plays, sitting on committees, writing tracts, making public speeches, and indulging in hobbies like photography and playing the pianola—it hardly seems credible.

The volume opens shortly before Shaw's marriage to Charlotte Payne-Townshend and his decision to give up being a dramatic critic. Though already well known as a critic of both music and drama, and as a stump orator, he was virtually unknown as a playwright. By the time it ends, his plays are being performed frequently in many countries, and he is sometimes referred to as "the Millionaire Socialist." Though the letters, quite rightly, are printed in chronological order, I would advise the reader to start by reading some of the extended correspondence with certain individuals rather than to try reading the volume straight through; he will find it less exhausting. I would particularly recommend the letters to Archibald Henderson, his future American biographer, to Siegfried Trebitsch, his German translator, and to William Archer, the translator of Ibsen.

In the correspondence with Archer, I was startled to discover, they both indulged in what in the Middle Ages was called "flyting;" that is to say, they showered each other with insults out of sheer high spirits.

Here is Archer on Shaw:

> . . . you have done nothing really big, nothing original, solid, first-rate, enduring. If you were to die tomorrow, what would happen? In the history of literature, you would find a three-line mention,—like that we now give to Peacock or Beddoes—as an eccentric writer, hard to classify, whose writings a few people still remember with pleasure. . . . I don't mean to say that I despair of you as a dramatist; but I am bound to confess that "Man & Superman" rather dashes my hopes. I think, with all your extraordinary talents, you want a measure of mental discipline before you can produce a real work of art, which it is rather late to think of your attaining. I don't despair, but I am not sanguine.

And here is Shaw on Archer:

> You really are a very curious character. You admit the superiority of my talent and wit. You are quite wrong. Incredible as it sometimes seems, you have just as much talent and wit as I have. You have all the tools of the trade; but you have no conscience. . . . There is an absolute gratuitousness about your perversity that is inexplicable unless one sees you as a sort of child in fairyland who has never learnt to live in the world and who resents the intrusion of moral problems as angrily as it joyfully welcomes the advent of the poetic glamor.

On the evidence of the text alone, who would imagine that they were friends?

Though they will always be important to historians, the average reader, particularly if he is under sixty, will find the letters in which Shaw expresses his political and social views the least interesting. Our world is so utterly different. I myself was interested by his views on the Boer War. Most of the Liberal Left were pro-Boer. He thought that both sides were in the wrong. Though he did not foresee Apartheid, he forecast that if the Boers won the war, which in the long run they did, it would be good for England but bad for South Africa. He tells us that in his youth he was unpolitical but was converted to Socialism by Henry George, though without ever swallowing his single-tax theory. From then on, he was, as Chesterton said, a great Republican; that is, a man who cared passionately about the Public Thing but not, like Scott and Dickens in their different ways, a Democrat:

> The Social-Democratic Federation and the Socialist League aimed at being big working-class organisations. I wanted something in which I could work with a few educated & clever men of Webb's type.

Like all the Fabians, Shaw thought that the average worker was too ignorant and too lazy to know where his true political interests lay. Shaw was also a Puritan, and the Puritans are always a minority group. He was a vegetarian, I believe also a teetotaller who even disapproved of tea, and he seems to have thought the sexual act repulsive. He objected to marriage as a social institution on the ground that it gave official license to unbridled sensuality, and his own marriage was, by mutual consent, never consummated.

His quarrel with the censorship in

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his day was that it licensed plays like "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," which he thought immoral, but refused to license a moral tract like "Mrs. Warren's Profession." He would, I am certain, be deeply shocked by the modern toleration of Porn. But then, nearly everyone—I know that I do—believes in censorship on condition that he or she can be the censor. Some would be permissive about sex but severe about political opinions they disapproved of, and vice versa. It is in keeping with his puritanical nature that he thought certain people, like the murderer Rayner, should be exterminated—as painlessly as possible, of course, but still put to death.

His own description of his style of public speaking reveals him as an élitist:

> As I have always had to try to make my audience think new things, I have never had the successes of the orator who is the mouthpiece of his audience. But I have once or twice been the most unpopular man in a meeting and yet carried a resolution against the most popular orator there by driving in its necessity.... I never practised speaking as an art or an accomplishment.... I needed it as a weapon, as an instrument, as a means to the end of making people listen to what I had to say.

Though unorthodox, Shaw was a profoundly religious man. In his youth, he tells us:

> I simply bolted Darwin without chewing him because I was so very anxious to get rid of "the argument from design," Paley & the watch, &c&c. I did not notice that, as Butler used to say, Darwin banished mind from the universe. It was not until "neo-Darwinism" began to apply the doctrine practically—politically in dynamite, and socially in vivisection—that I began to see that to the ordinary man Darwinism meant simply the application of a pigeon fancier's ideals to all the social problems. Secularism is not a philosophy of life: it is only an attempt to leave life out of the question because no rationalistic, materialistic explanation of it has been found.

His doctrine of the life force, which owes something to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche but more, I think, to Samuel Butler, he defines as follows:

> My doctrine is that God proceeds by the method of "trial and error," just like a workman perfecting an aeroplane. He has to make hands for himself & brains for himself in order that his will may be done. He has tried lots of machines—the diphtheria bacillus, the tiger, the cockroach; and he cannot extirpate them except by making something that can shoot them or walk on them, or, cleverer still, devise vaccines & anti toxins to prey on them. To me the sole hope of human salvation lies in teaching Man to regard himself as an experiment in the realiza-

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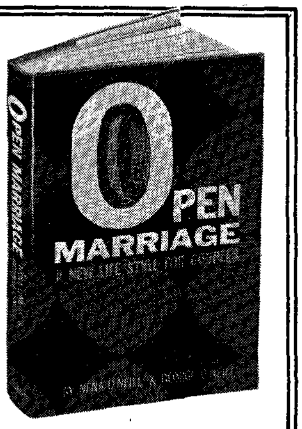

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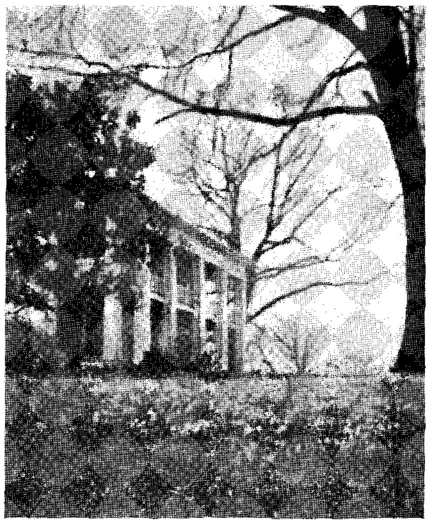

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tion of God, to regard his hands as God's hand, his brain as God's brain, his purpose as God's purpose. He must regard God as a helpless Longing, which longed him into existence by its desperate need for an executive organ.

How far he was from being an atheist or even a freethinker may be seen from his views about the education of children:

> I am not a believer in the possibility of what is called Secular Education. You must either give children religious reasons for behaving themselves or else use the brute force of the cane. I object to the cane. And as to modern science and ethics, I know too much about them to imagine that they are any less superstitious than the creeds of the sects.

How one would like to read a tract by Shaw about behaviorism!

On one occasion, while bathing, he nearly got drowned, and in a letter to H. G. Wells he gives a fascinating description of his reactions to the prospect of immediate death:

> My reflections were of the most prosaic kind: I utterly failed to rise to the occasion dramatically. Chiefly I damned my folly for having postponed altering my now obsolete will, which I had brought down to Llanbedr for the purpose. My affairs were not in order: Charlotte would be a widow and would never make out about my translators, whose contracts are all higgledy pigg. . . . Conclusions. Whenever you get a serious call at the apparent approach of death, you may depend on it that your imagination is only at play, and that your organism hasn't the slightest intention of dying. . . . If anybody had suggested a discussion on religion or immortality or the ethical aspect of my past to me, I should have given him my last kick for obtruding such heartlessly unreal and irrelevant stuff on me under such circumstances. Nothing of the kind occurred to me for a moment. The business inconvenience of my death preoccupied me completely.

I think that most of us in such a situation would feel the same. What Shaw, however, does not seem to have realized is that the situation of a man who knows he is dying of some disease is very different. He has the time to set his affairs in order, and he may very well be grateful for spiritual advice if it is given in the right way.

The general impression Shaw's letters give is of a man who was not only very intelligent but also good and generous. There was only one trait in his character which I, at least, find unsympathetic; namely, his behavior toward women other than his wife. He seems to have fitted his own definition of a philanderer:

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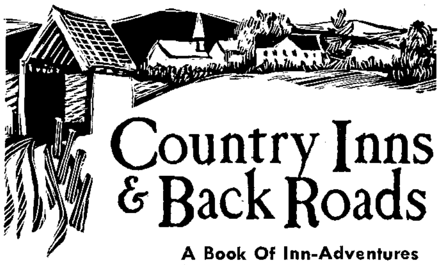

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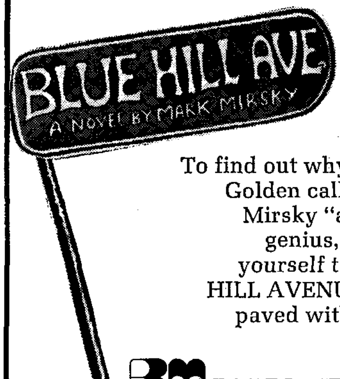
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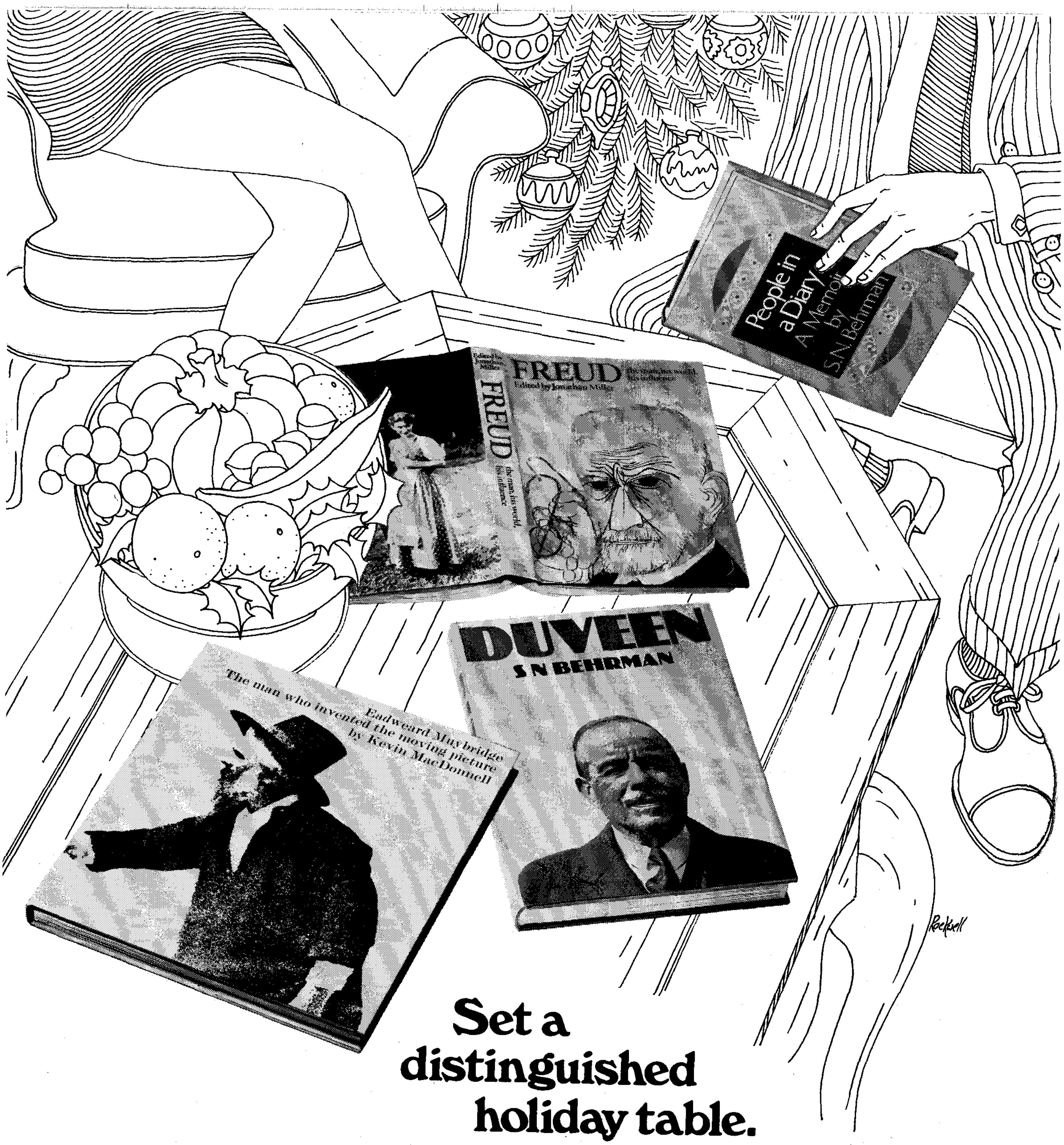
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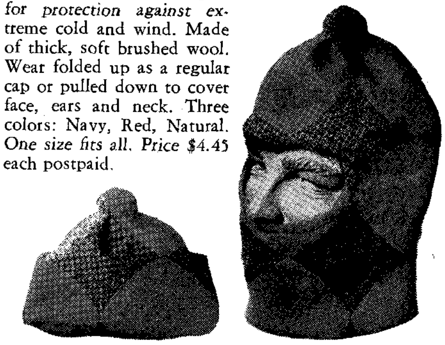

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falls half in love with them, makes them fall in love with him, but will not commit himself to any permanent relation with them, and often retreats at the last moment if his suit is successful—loves them but loves himself more—is too cautious, too fastidious, ever to give himself away.

His letters to Erica Cotterill make painful reading. This talented but mentally unbalanced young lady fell madly in love with him and bombarded him with pash notes. He should have soon realized that for both their sakes he should avoid all communication. Instead, he sent her theatre tickets, invited her to his house, where she behaved hysterically, and wrote her long letters full of fatherly advice. The advice was sound enough, but in her condition she could only interpret it as meaning that she might make him. It was not until five years later that he did what he should have done long before: dictate a letter to be signed by his wife, forbidding her the house.

To most people, Shaw means Shaw the dramatist, so they will turn most eagerly to the letters in which he talks about the drama, acting, stage directing, and his opinions of other dramatists. He is curiously unfair to Shakespeare, whom he accuses of taking his morality ready-made. But who knows what Shakespeare's personal views on any subject were? Whereas Shaw had to invent his characters, all of whom, including the women, were variants of himself, most of the raw material for Shakespeare's plays came from others. The opinions uttered by his characters are appropriate to their characters and situation. "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods: they kill us for their sport" is, as Shaw says, a frightful blasphemy, but in the context it is dramatically right, and who on earth ever imagined that Shakespeare is speaking personally?

Shaw was evidently a superb stage director. Professor Laurence describes his methods thus:

> His system was based largely on musical principles. . . . Invariably Shaw would begin by reading the play in its entirety to the assembled cast, thus indicating his basic intent as to rhythms, pacing, intonation, and accent. He would annotate the actors' scripts musically: Robert Loraine's "Don Juan in Hell" script, his widow recalled, "twinkled with crotchets, crescendoes, and minims; with G clefs, F clefs, and pianissimos." Actors embarking on long speeches were given a specific pitch on which to begin, and were instructed at specific points to modulate to another pitch. As Shaw told a performer on a later occasion, "Begin at a low pitch and drag the time a little; then take the whole speech as a crescendo—p to ff.". . .

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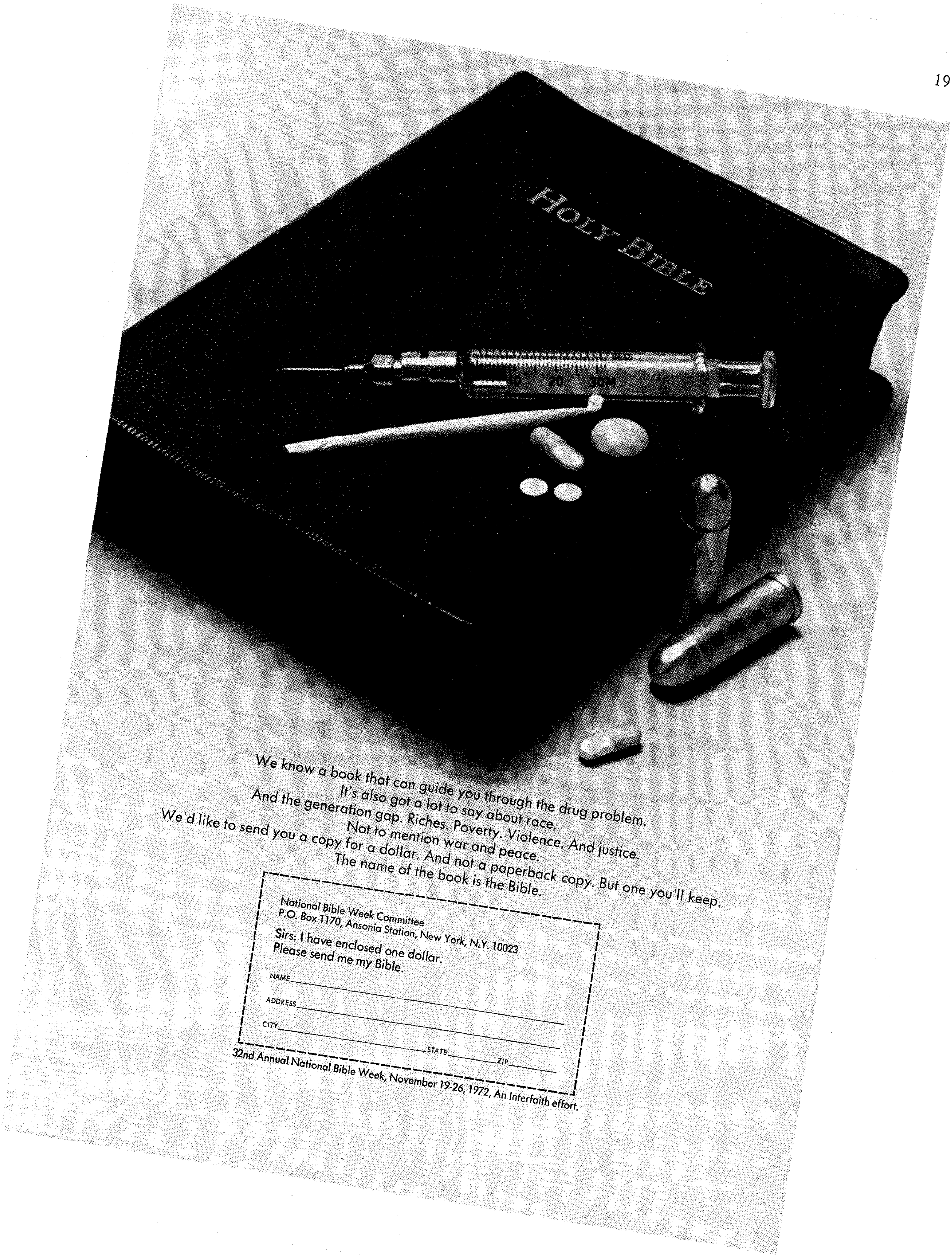

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rules, "feeding" readings of lines to performers, or handing them series of final instructions on changes in blocking and interpretation just hours or minutes before an opening performance. Yet his actors loved him, for he was patient, considerate, tactful, open to suggestion, respectful of disagreement, and tolerant of innovation.

Shaw was often accused of having no interest in passion, of being interested only in logic. This is a half-truth. We have all observed that when a man is acting logically it never occurs to him to justify his actions, either to himself or to others. When, however, in the grip of some passion or other, a man is behaving irrationally, he has to invent "reasons" to persuade himself and others that his behavior is really rational. It was such rationalizations rather than the passions themselves which fascinated Shaw's imagination.

The impression we get today from Shaw's plays cannot be the same as that of his first audiences. The trouble about a theatre of ideas as a theory is that ideas lose their dramatic impact as soon as they cease to be novel. His plays continue to live not because of his ideas but because of his fascinating characters and the wonderful eloquence of their speech. Only two of his characters, I think, must be judged as failures: Marchbanks and Dubedat. It is impossible to portray a poet or a painter on the stage, because the dramatist cannot produce the poems and the paintings which would convince the audience that they are what they claim to be. All we get is the artistic temperament, and that, as Chesterton said, is a disease which afflicts amateurs, and was certainly not a complaint from which Shaw himself ever suffered. I can only repeat something I wrote fifteen years ago. Now that we have got used to them, what impresses us most about Shaw's plays is their musical quality. He has told us himself that it was from "Don Giovanni" that he learned how to write seriously without being dull. For all his claims to be just a propagandist, his writing has an effect nearer to music than the work of most of those who have claimed to be writing "dramas of feeling." His plays are a joy to watch, not because they purport to deal with social and political problems but because they are such wonderful examples of conspicuous waste; the conversational energy displayed by his characters is so far in excess of what their situation requires that, if it were to be devoted to practical action, it would wreck the world in five minutes. The Mozart of English Letters he is not,

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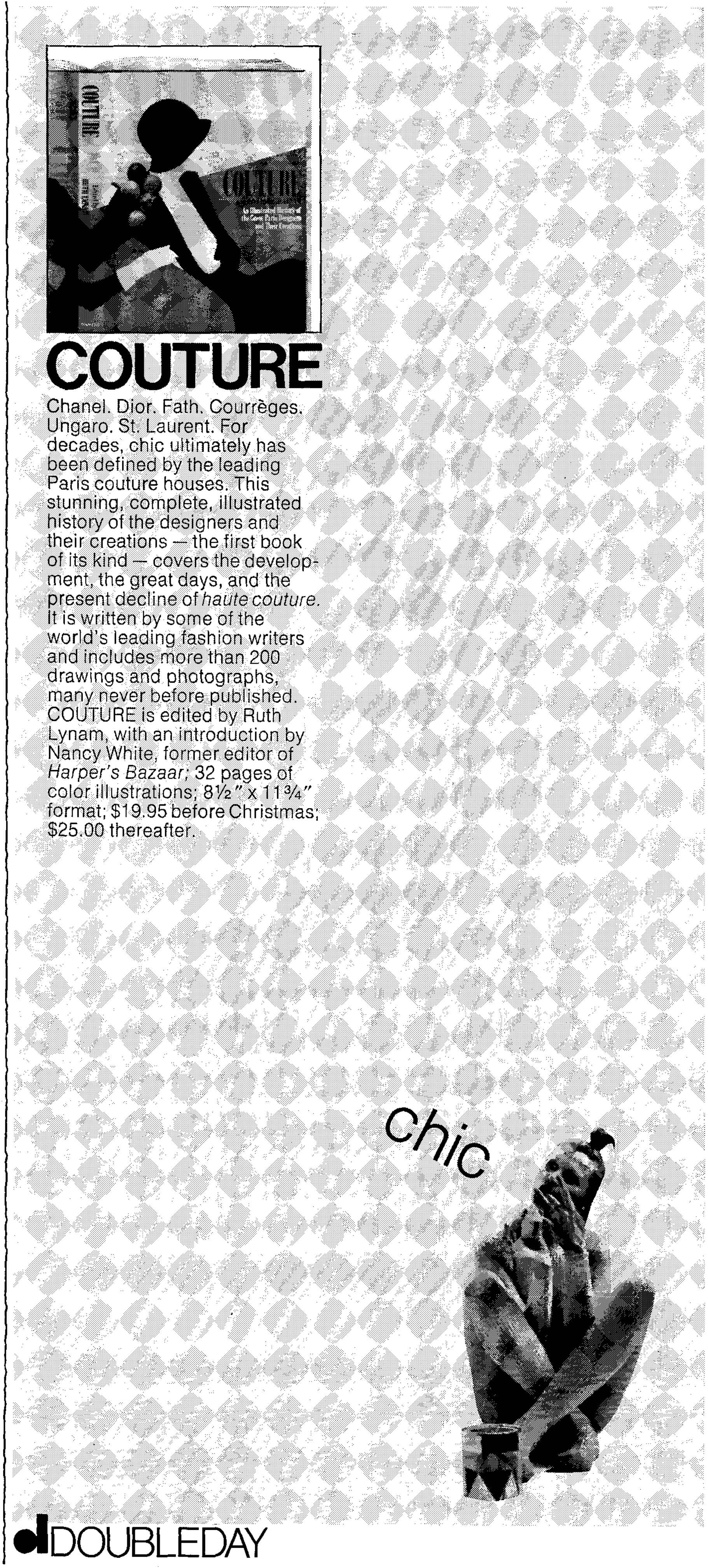
THE BREAST, by Philip Roth (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). David Alan Kepesh, a professor of comparative literature, having admired, and even envied, his mistress's breasts, and having studied Kafka, Gogol, and Swift, becomes one night the object of his thoughts—a gigantic breast. The experience proves disastrous. Immobilized in a hospital sling, deprived of all his faculties except feeling, speech, and hearing, he at first panics, then aches with frustration—he wants to use his nipple as he in other days used his penis—then becomes convinced that he has gone mad, and finally decides to make the most of his fate. The story constantly comments on itself, and in the end Kepesh's breasthood seems mainly an arbitrary catastrophe against which he must courageously assert his humanity. A bit of a chore—and with



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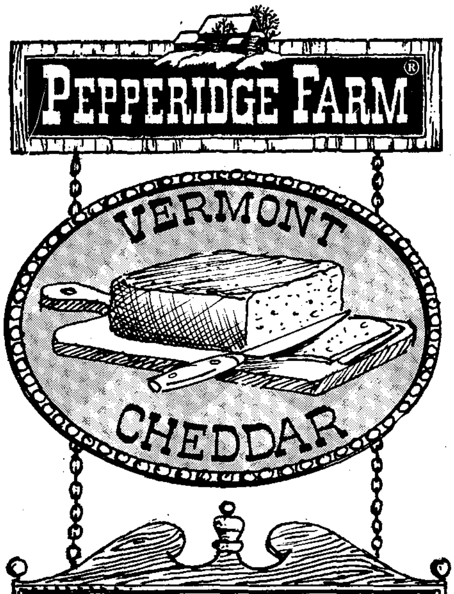

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only a few smiles and laughs—for a modest conclusion.

GENERAL

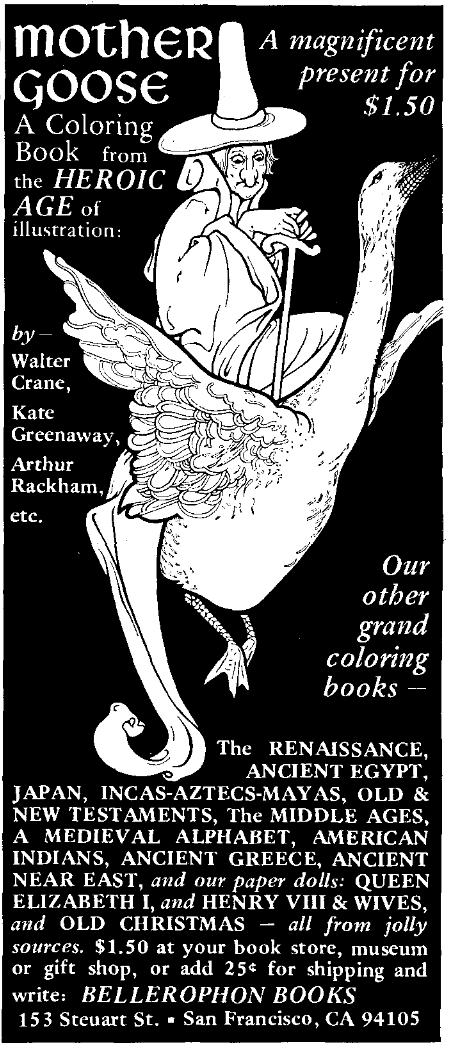
BLACKBERRY WINTER: MY EARLIER YEARS, by Margaret Mead (Morrow). Everything that has been so appealing about Miss Mead's previous writing is on hand here—a plain, no-nonsense style that means what it says, and a kind of common-sense humaneness that clarifies as it edifies. The fact that she is writing about herself instead of about others adds greatly to the book's interest, allowing Miss Mead's fans to learn how this remarkable woman happened. Not that the author sees herself as particularly striking: she merely recounts her childhood and education and work, and tells about her family, friends, and teachers. There are plums galore—a most affecting recollection of the young anthropologist in Samoa wishing there were someone around to tell her whether she was going about field work the right way; an entertaining description of her ever-expanding office space at the Museum of Natural History; the notes of a scientific but doting grandmother.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: A BIOGRAPHY IN HIS OWN WORDS, edited by Thomas Fleming (Harper & Row). Mr. Fleming has cleverly extracted this book from the volume-by-volume complete papers that Yale has been working on, and he has given the general reader an idea of how wise and how charming this great man was. Franklin seems to have had, along with all his other gifts, two that made him happy as well as successful—a marvellous sense of humor and an equable temperament. The first makes this book delightful, and the second makes it profitable—as in his advice to quarrelsome, touchy Ralph Izard about "preventing . . . imaginary hurts," which was "to suppose one's friends may be right till one finds them wrong." Fifteen dollars.

•

The action being taken by both sides in reinforcing their allies in South Vietnam—the North Vietnamese keeping heavy supply columns moving all last week and the Americans borrowing more than 100 F-5 fighters from Taiwan, Iran and North Korea to bolster the Saigon air force—indicated to observers that both sides were improving their positions in preparation for a cease-fire.—*Bernard Gwertzman in the Times.*

North Korea knows something.



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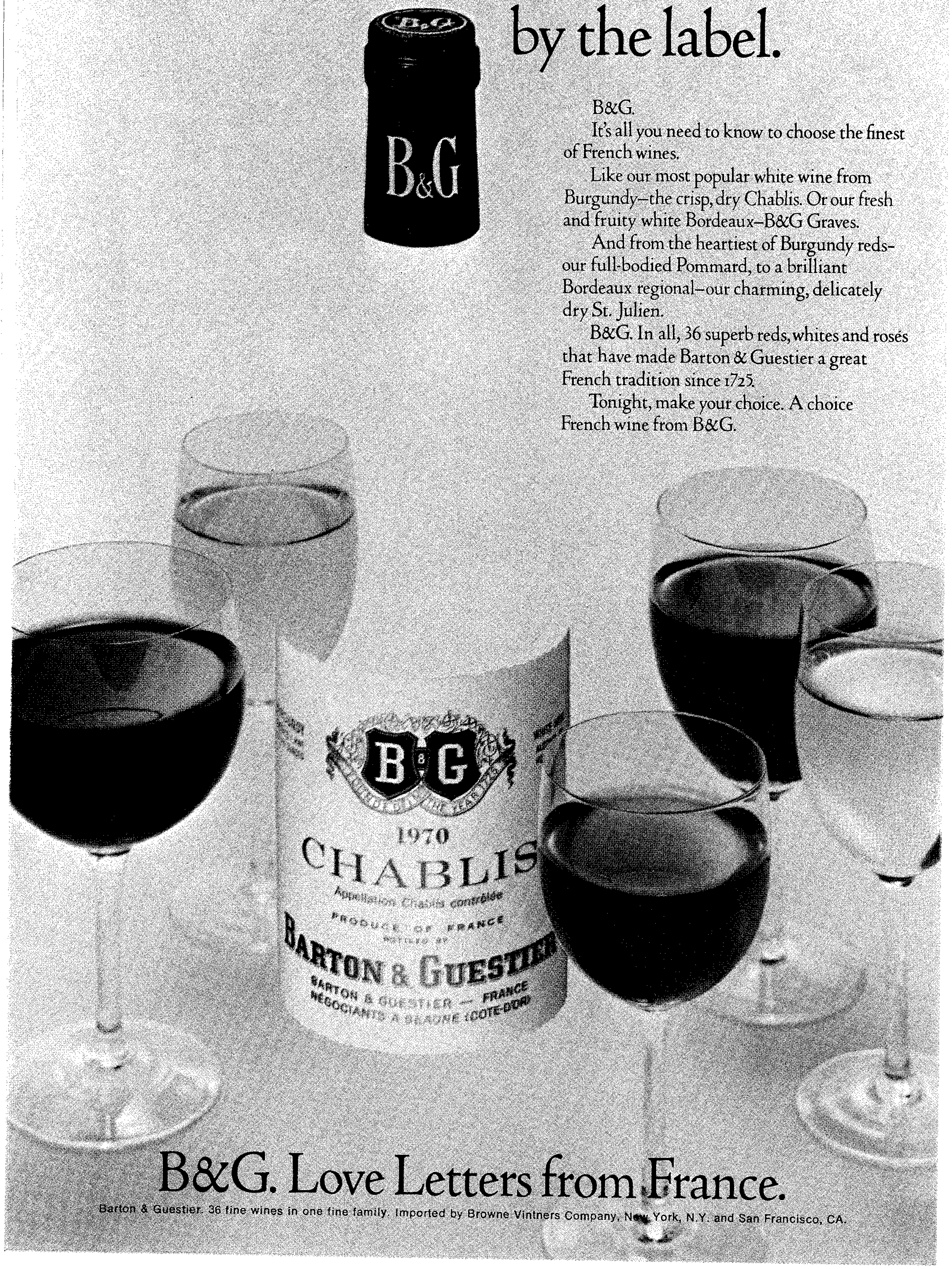
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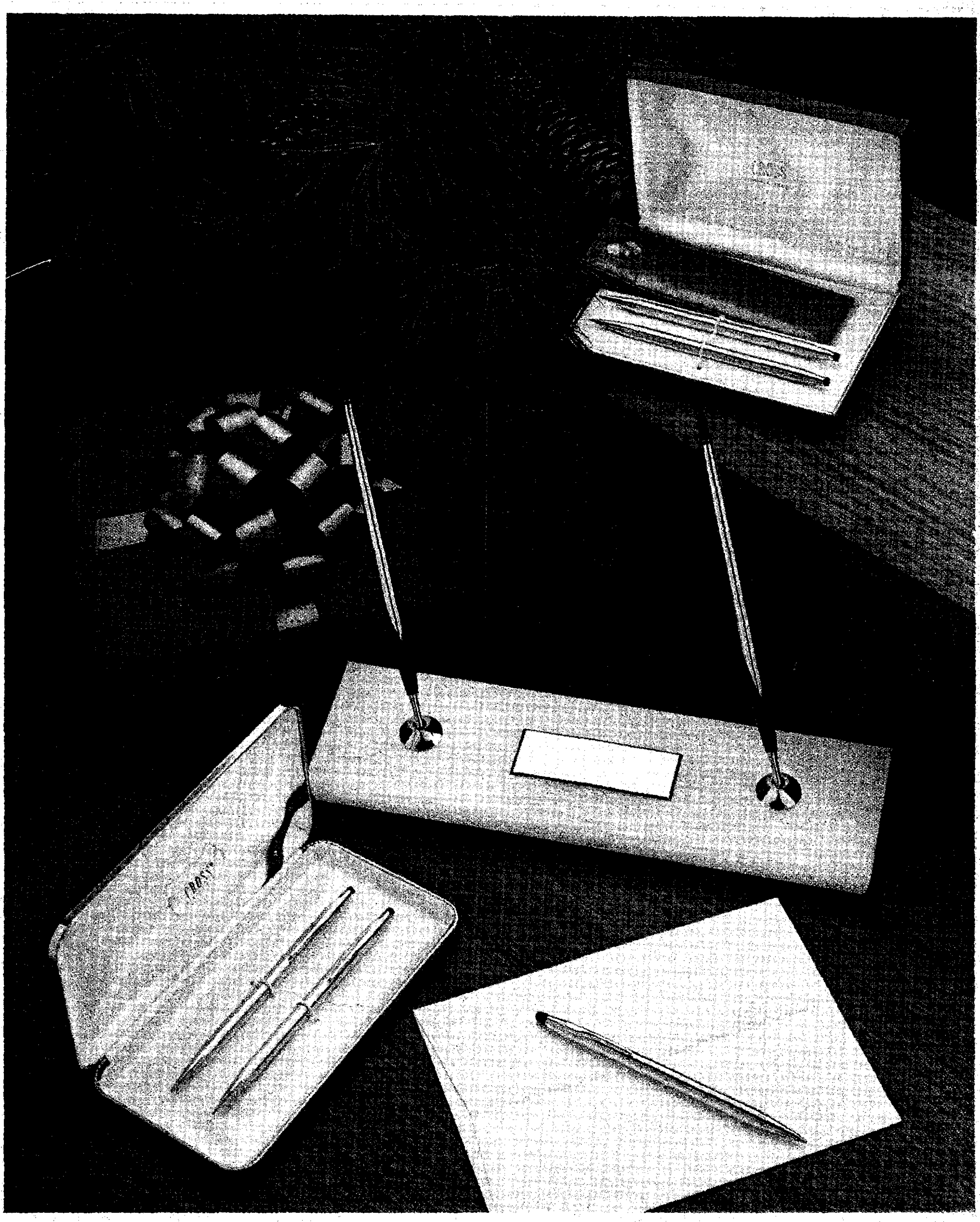

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